



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

From the North British Review.

## THIERS' HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE.\*

THE drama of the French Revolution, and of the rise and fall of the first Napoleon, is so vast, grand, and complicated, it contains such a variety of phenomena, and it suggests such a multitude of reflections, that, like that of the Reformation, it will probably never find an adequate exponent. The historian who would truly unfold it should possess a character, moral and intellectual, which is seldom found in our imperfect nature. He should be able to pass the bounds of party and country, to free himself from their prejudicing influences, and to survey a wide range of human action and passion in almost every possible phase of development, with an eye alike philosophical and

sympathetic. He should not write in the interest of any state or opinion, and especially he should avoid to warp his theme into evidence of any particular theory of government and politics. He should take care to prevent the fascinations of genius, when in alliance with colossal power, from blinding him to truth, justice, and right; and he should remember the claims of honor and patriotism, although divorced from ability or good fortune. Above all, he should remove the false halo of success from events, actions, and personal qualities; and his judgment should keep firm to that standard of conscience which is the only just canon of approbation. To these moral gifts he should add a force of intellect and a mass of multifarious acquirements, which rarely unite in a single person. He should tho-

\* *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire. Faisant suite à l'Histoire de la Révolution Française.* Par M. A. THIERS. Tome XVII. Paris, 1860.

roughly understand and vividly reproduce the social and political condition of Europe before the convulsion of 1789. He should penetrate the inner life of the various communities which, in the strife between 1792 and 1815 became theaters for the antagonism of Democracy and Monarchy. He should be able to point out how the furious energy of Revolution, after having overcome all obstacles to its progress, surrendered itself to an absorbing despotism, which gradually, through its wide-spread tyranny, arrayed against itself the very spirit which first gave it its evil ascendancy. He should trace out the effects which the fall of the old French monarchy and the growth and collapse of the rule of Napoleon have had upon the frame of European society, and upon its divisions, laws, and institutions. He should have the genius to portray such opposite characters as Mirabeau and Talleyrand, as Wellington and Metternich, as Napoleon and Alexander, as Pitt and Caulaincourt, and to note accurately their influence on the period. His mind should thoroughly master and assimilate not only an immense variety of facts, but also the secrets of cabinets and councils, the mysteries and intricacies of diplomacy; the correspondence of princes, generals, and statesmen; the operations of war of every kind, on sea and land, in all parts of the world; and the effects produced on European society by different principles of government or policy. And he should have the art to extract the truth on all these subjects from an enormous mass of undigested materials; to place it vividly before the mind in its natural order and significance; and, finally, so to arrange his narrative as to make it clear, harmonious, and, when necessary, eloquent.

How M. Thiers has conformed to this ideal in his *Histories of the French Revolution, and of the Consulate and First Empire*, is tolerably well acknowledged by competent persons. It would be unjust to deny him the merits of industry, of much skill in composition, of occasional felicity in describing events, and in portraying individual characters, and of a style never solemn or dignified, but generally glowing, and sometimes brilliant. He has the genius of order common to his countrymen, and the faculty of hitting on incidents and details which throw light on periods and historical personages; and he has described the inner life of the French

Empire with more minuteness and vividness than any of his fellow-laborers. But he is entirely wanting in several of the qualifications which are necessary to a great historian, especially as regards the subject he has chosen; and he frequently displays a deficiency of knowledge, and a hastiness and inaccuracy when dealing with details, which are equally censurable and ridiculous. He has no consciousness of the awful moral tragedy which the events he describes reveal to the thinker. He has not grasped the deep and sad significance of the Reign of Terror and the rise of Napoleon; for in the one he sees only an unintelligible chaos, and in the other the growth of his country's glory. He does not perceive that the strife which preceded the Empire was a contest between contending principles; and he dwarfs it into a brilliant episode in the annals of French military history. He ascribes the sudden downfall of Napoleon to errors of policy and individual ambition; and he is too shallow to trace it to the effects of a despotism that sapped life and energy at home, and that gathered on itself the vengeance of Europe. He has a sentimental love for free government; but he is so blinded by the glory of Napoleon, that he forgets that he was the inveterate enemy of freedom, and he evidently considers her gifts less valuable than a glittering page in the national history. So long as the career of his hero is crowned with success, he can scarcely find a fault in him; he only begins to condemn Napoleon when he is obviously endangering his people's strength; and it is plain that he would have approved of all the sins of the Empire had its wild dreams of ambition been realized. And, as he thus sacrifices the truth and the lessons of history to the love of flattering national vanity, and to the exaltation of a single man, so he is quite insensible to many events which should have roused his deepest sympathies; and he defaces his narrative by a partiality which would be scandalous were it not laughable. He can not comprehend the pious heroism of La Vendée, the nobleness of Hofer, or the patriotism of Blücher. He sees nothing to admire in the conflagration of Moscow, in the efforts of the German Togenbund, and in the insurrection of Prussia and Holland. He can appreciate the attitude of France in 1793, when she stood in arms against her tyrants; but he has no feeling



for the agonies of Germany when in the grasp of French despotism. It is significant of the same spirit, that, while he magnifies Jena, Marengo, and Austerlitz beyond their natural measure and compass, he depreciates the Nile, Trafalgar, and Leipsic; and he underrates miserably the Peninsular War, and misrepresents every battle in it. Add to this, that he shows very little acquaintance with any writers but those of his own country; that he is extremely ignorant of English history, even for the period he has to deal with; that he is often greatly at fault with respect to facts of which we have complete evidence; and that in no portion of his work is he really sober, thoughtful, and candid. No grace of narrative and brilliancy of style can atone, we think, for the want of depth and feeling, for the vanity and the Talleyrand ethics, and for the one-sidedness and the perversion of facts which are visible in every part of this History.

The most interesting part of the volume before us is an abridgment of the entire History, in the form of a sketch of the reign of Napoleon. It is characteristic of the author's political creed; of his utter insensibility to moral considerations, when inconsistent with French aggrandizement; of his pandering to the ruthless spirit of conquest, except when it is too self-destructive; of his readiness to sacrifice liberty to glory; of his gross unfairness, and of his hasty errors. His idea of the balance of power is that France is to be predominant in Europe. His standard of the merits of a government is not, whether it secures respect abroad by its good faith and regard to justice, nor whether it adds to the happiness of its subjects, but whether it succeeds in making the Continent dependent on one only of its many communities. The test he applies to any course of policy is, that it is right if it extends the authority of France to the utmost limits compatible with her safety, but that it may be wrong if it proceed further. The European settlement made at Luneville, assigned to France her true position, and to attain it again should always be her object. The policy of Napoleon, when First Consul, is the grand ideal for French statesmen, not because it stanchd the wounds of anarchy, nor because it reconstructed society, but because it gave France her "natural limits," and without overtasking her energies,

made her arbiter of Spain, Italy, and Germany. It is true that this policy extinguished her liberties, not merely for a season, but designedly forever; and that it bound her under a grinding despotism, which, "based on force, believed itself immortal;" but it gave her the Code, the Concordat, and the conscription, it placed her under an excellent organization, and it made her formidable to all the world. The murder of the Duc d'Enghien was a mistake, because it alienated Austria, Prussia, and Russia; and the invasion of Switzerland and the plot against Turkey were wrong, because they gave umbrage to England; but, on the whole, the reign of the First Consul was a noble specimen of "power and moderation." After this, it was an error to break the peace of Amiens, for the navy of England was then too powerful, and it would have been wise to wait for a better season; and the peace of Presburg was bad policy, because it tended to combine Austria and Prussia in a league against French ambition and rapacity. There was no great harm in annexing Venice and Piedmont; but the seizure of Holland and the Illyrian provinces, and the conceptions of the Confederation of the Rhine and of the kingdom of Westphalia, were to be deprecated, because France was unequal to such an enlargement. At the same time, the Continental system, for the sake of which chiefly this enlargement was made, was a really grand and noble idea, since, although it steeped half of Europe in misery, and was a monstrous piece of tyrannical violence, it weakened the strength of "impregnable England." The Spanish war, however, was a notable fault, not because it sowed the Peninsula with ruin, but because it gave a field to a British army, and put an end to a great deal of French boasting; and the Russian expedition was a piece of madness, since even Napoleon was no match for Nature. It is also satisfactory to know that the partition of Europe planned at Tilsit, can not be justified in point of prudence, although it was a magnificent thought; and that the weakening and spoliation of Germany, the plunder of Rome, Madrid, and Florence, the erection of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, the destruction of the Hanse Towns, the absorption of the Duchy of Oldenburg, and the rending asunder the system of Europe, according to the fancy of a despot, were calculated to "cause a

reaction" against France, and for this reason, were an "unsound policy." Finally, we are told that the Empire fell, it is true, but that it fell solely from Napoleon's "mistakes;" that he never committed an error in strategy; and that the French army, though often "unfortunate," has no equal or rival in the world.

We are at a loss to decide whether this review of the affairs of Europe between 1800 and 1814 is more calculated to excite indignation or laughter, is more morally wrong or logically absurd. M. Thiers is a statesman who held power under a dynasty whose very watchword was "Peace," and yet he coolly proclaims a policy for his country which could never succeed except at the cost of war and misery from Finland to Cadiz. When he tells us that the right of France is her status at the Peace of Luneville, he means that she should expand to the Rhine and the Alps, that she should possess Savoy and Nice, Belgium, and the Rhenish Provinces; that she should occupy Holland as a dependency, that she should hold Switzerland in mere vassalage, that she should keep Italy to the Adige in subjection, and stretch her influence from Venice to Palermo, and, finally, that she should menace Germany and be able to dictate to Spain as she pleases! For whatever M. Thiers may say to the contrary—and, indeed, he says very little to the contrary—this was the actual position of France in 1801, at the close of the war which ended at Marengo. The Peace of Luneville gave her the Rhine as a boundary, with all the strong places of the Netherlands, and sanctioned the annexation of Nice and Savoy. It broke up completely the German Empire, humiliated and weakened Austria excessively, and brought the assent of Prussia to aggression. As, unfortunately, it made no stipulation for Piedmont, the Great Republic of course annexed it immediately, and thus acquired the outwork of Italy. The recognition of the Batavian Republic made France as completely the ruler of Holland as England is of the Ionian Islands. The guaranteeing of the Cisalpine, the Helvetian, and the Ligurian Republics laid Italy at the feet of a dictator who, in a few years, converted her into an appanage to his empire. As for Spain, the Peace of Luneville "left her in such a state of disintegration, that one word sent from Paris to poor Charles IV. or to the

wretched Godoy was sufficient to govern her; and it was evident that she would soon be obliged to ask from the First Consul, not only a system of policy, which she had already done, but a government, and perhaps a king." In fact, this "just and glorious" peace made France the mistress of the Continent; and yet a statesman who speaks of public right, and even of the balance of power, calls that peace a legitimate arrangement of Europe, though he must know that Europe would run to arms were France even to hint a claim to such a position!

M. Thiers next tells us that the government of the First Consul, from 1801 to 1804, was, on the whole, a model for admiration. Its foreign policy is especially to be approved of, since it secured the predominance of France in Europe without engaging her in perilous aggression. To follow up the system laid down at Luneville—to complete the destruction of the German Empire, to degrade Austria and exalt Prussia, for the purpose of placing them in hostile equipoise, and laying them bare to French conquest—"was a masterpiece of practical and profound policy, which placed in our hands the balance of German interests." It was very commendable to "gorge Prussia" with German prey, for this bound her over entirely to France, and made her a tool for French ambition; and France, "with the alliance of one continental state, was certain of the submission of the others, and the Continent once having been reduced, England would be obliged to devour in silence her vexation." The "beneficent dictatorship" of the First Consul was compelled to "send an army to Berne," which secured French ascendancy in Switzerland; and although this step was perhaps ill-timed, for it "irritated Albion," and "excited a weak minister," it was really "frivolous" to protest against it. Indeed, every part of this ruthless and selfish policy was worthy of "a philosopher and a conqueror," except perhaps the "not humoring England sufficiently to induce her to forgive us her glory," and "the caring little for the rights of nations in causing the fusillade of Vincennes," which "chilled Prussia, encouraged Austria in her excesses, and induced Russia to join in the struggle with England." As for the domestic policy of the Consulate, "it did not give liberty to France, it is true," but "the only species of liberty

then suited to France was the moderation of a great man;" and "no man has ever reached such a pitch of glory as the author of the Concordat, the Code, and the Recall of the Emigrants." How weak-minded is the ideologist who hints that such a foreign policy as this is exactly that denounced by international equity—the policy of overwhelming the feeble, of dividing the strong for the sake of ruining them, and of disregarding all thoughts of justice to attain the ends of territorial aggrandizement! And while we admit that much in the government of Napoleon was really beneficial to France, and that possibly his seizing the reins of power was justifiable in 1800, we should have thought that a constitutional minister would have found some words to denounce the ruler who, on the plea of restoring order, attempted to perpetuate tyranny in his country. If the Consulate produced the Code and the Concordat, it gave birth also to the silent Senate, the emasculated Tribunate, and the venal Legislative Body; it established the odious spy system, and the complete subjugation of the intellect, which were the characteristics of the Empire; and it hastened the consummation of a plan to hand France over to an hereditary absolutism. It is singular that the tyranny of Napoleon is scarcely deprecated by M. Thiers until its fruits appear in national ruin.

It is fair to say, that after 1804 M. Thiers disapproves of the Napoleonic ideas. He does not assent to the interesting theory, that crushing war, commercial tyranny, rapacious exactions, and remorseless conquest, were a philosophic effort "to agglomerate the peoples" into obedience to "the dominion of enlightenment." The apology set forth for the uncle by the nephew finds little favor with a "positive" mind, which does not care at all for cosmopolitanism, and looks only at French interests. It is true that, when criticising the Imperial system, M. Thiers betrays so sublime an indifference to the rights of nations, the sufferings of the world, and the mangled liberties of his country, that he reminds us of those "who were born for servitude." The agony of Prussia after Jena and Friedland, when her Queen was insulted in her own palace, when her plains were eaten up by a swarming host of military tax-gatherers and civil locusts, and when her youth were chained at the chariot-wheels

of the conqueror, does not excite a word of sympathy. The havoc of Spain after the crime of Bayonne suggests merely the deep remark, that "a popular insurrection should only have been conquered by well-directed masses, and overcome by daily and obstinate battles." When thousands bled at Eylau and Friedland, and when half a million of brave soldiers were swallowed up in the snows of Russia for the mere purpose of "pursuing a prodigy," we hear simply that it is to be regretted that "Napoleon did not serry his ranks, consolidate his base of operations, and inflict a mortal blow on the Russian Colossus." So it is when Austria was crushed at Wagram, when the pious author of the Concordat carried off the head of his Church from Rome, when the operations of the Berlin and Milan decrees made half the ports of Europe desolate, and when the Hanse Towns were placed under the rule of Davoust—the measure applied to this policy does not take into account its hideous iniquity. Nor, indeed, does the greatest crime of the Emperor—his steady sapping of the national life, his debasement of the national energy, and his enfeebling of every national institution in the interest of a single ruler—find much disapproval in the eyes of M. Thiers, who panegyricizes Napoleon's "infallible system of finance, and his active, honest, and efficient administration." But though M. Thiers cares little for public justice, and is blind to the moral aspect of Imperialism, he has a keen eye to its political mistakes, and these, he says, were very abundant. It was a mistake to throw down the gauntlet to a power which had "a hundred ships and two hundred frigates, wherewith she hovered around the world;" for, although the design of invading England "is an enduring monument of capabilities of resource," it ended unhappily at Trafalgar. It was a mistake, after the battle of Austerlitz, to pluck Austria to the quick, "for treating people in this way is like attempting their death, and if we do not kill them we prepare for ourselves enemies who will stab us in the back;" and "Austria should have been placed on the Danube, where she would ever have been at enmity with Russia," and, of course, have left the field open to French aggression. It was a mistake to outrage Prussia in 1806; to treat separately with England and Russia after Austerlitz—"for an over-refined

policy is only legitimate upon the conditions of success;" to mutilate Germany at Tilsit; to erect the Grand Duchy of Warsaw against Russia; and to set up the Confederation of the Rhine, and the Kingdoms of Westphalia and Holland. Above all, it was a mistake to attack Spain, "for this prepared an impregnable battle-field for the English;" to reduce Austria to despair at Wagram; to annex Bremen, Hamburg, Lubeck, and the Duchy of Oldenburg; and to attempt the subjugation of Russia "while the Spanish war seemed difficult to terminate, and even likely to be protracted." All these mistakes destroyed the Empire, "for though genius is forgiven much and long," she can not always err with impunity; and at length, when the Empire has fallen to pieces, M. Thiers coolly turns on Napoleon, and tells us, "that in reference to international law he was only a kind of military Jacobin." The sea of glory turns into an ocean of blood, and France seems likely to be engulfed; and M. Thiers throws the Emperor over as an offering to the Nemesis of Justice, though not, it must be owned, without a lying eulogy at the last.

We entirely agree with M. Thiers that the evil policy which he denounces was calculated to destroy the Empire of Napoleon. For it was a policy which trampled on international right, which condemned every consideration of justice, which mapped out Europe in arbitrary military divisions, without reference to the laws of nature; which attempted to violate the first axioms of commerce, and the strongest feelings of self-interest; which sustained itself by a crushing tyranny, that provoked only hatred and resistance, and which, therefore, either sooner or later, was certain to combine all Europe against it. But we think that a plausible case might be made for it upon the principle announced by M. Thiers, and if his views of the politics of Europe are tenable. It is easy to be wise after the event; but if it be a maxim of French statesmanship, that France should always expand to the furthest limits consistent with her actual powers, that she should "hold the balance of Germany" in her hands, that "she should govern Spain," and in a struggle with England should attempt the Continental system—and these are the doctrines of M. Thiers—we think that Napoleon's Imperial policy, so far as

regards its foreign aspect, can not justly be open to censure. In 1805, the Emperor had a fair chance to develop the maritime strength of France without exposing her to much peril, for the combined fleets of France and Spain were far more powerful than that of England; and, therefore, on M. Thiers' principles, a war with England was quite justifiable. It is true that the contest ended at Trafalgar, and that the Boulogne flotilla went to pieces, but the odds were in favor of Villeneuve, far more than they were in favor of France at either Rivoli or Marengo; and if this be so, an attack on this country was surely not a fatal error. Again, if France has a right to "hold the balance of Germany," was it not wise to degrade the great German Powers, to crush Prussia, and weaken Austria, and to create a French interest beyond the Rhine in the Rhenish Confederates and the kingdom of Westphalia? Even the idea of a Grand Duchy of Warsaw, which M. Thiers thinks so indefensible, may be vindicated on this very principle, for that duchy was a thorn in the side of Austria, and through its nominal ruler in Saxony, it extended French influence up to the Vistula. Assuredly France never so thoroughly "held the balance of Germany" as when she sat on the neck of Prussia, kept all the fortresses on the Elbe and the Oder, and made Prussia a parade for her armies; and as then there seemed to be "no limit to her powers," the policy of "expanding" her as far as the Niemen, should hardly find in M. Thiers a censor. This maxim justifies even the Russian expedition, for all the chances were in its favor; and, had it succeeded, no doubt can exist that the Empire would have extended to Russia, and that Germany, throughout her length and breadth, would have been, for a time, at the feet of Napoleon, who, accordingly, would have "balanced" her at his pleasure. And surely, if France had a right to "govern Spain," there was no wrong in taking possession, though the attempt was followed by Baylen and Vittoria, and although the English army, which in 1809 "could not run away as fast as the Spaniards," issued from the Pyrenees in 1814, to give the *coup de grace* to the Empire.

There is one consideration, however, which, according to M. Thiers' reasoning, is decisive against his theory of the "mistakes" of the Empire. He tells us that



the "Continental system," "the closing all European ports, both to England and to those who would submit to her maritime laws, was the most important and the most efficacious of all the designs conceived by Napoleon." He regrets exceedingly that Napoleon "committed infractions in this system by granting licenses to trade with England;" and he insinuates that "the absolute prohibition of English commerce, and the methodizing of the continental blockade," would ultimately have caused England to submit; and, in the event of another war, would paralyze her resources. Now, we shall not make any observations on the facts, that the continental system did not originate with Napoleon, but was a frantic idea of the Directory, that it was one of the most monstrous attempts at wrong which was ever perpetrated by a despot, that it caused the bitterest indignation in France as well as throughout the Empire, that it filled Amsterdam, Venice, and Hamburg with paupers, and inflicted the greatest wretchedness on their merchants; that it was sustained by a code of custom-house laws to which those of Draco were mild in comparison; that if it reduced at all the opulence of England, it reduced that of France in a greater degree; that it was able to exasperate this country it is true, but entirely impotent to force it to submission; that, had it not been for our own Orders in Council, it would have been all but an utter nullity; and that the wide-spread poverty and ill-will which it produced were one of the many reasons for Napoleon's downfall. These facts have been established over and over again, and, indeed, rest for the most part on plain principles, since the design of closing the markets of Europe against a Power which possessed all others, in virtue of her command of the sea, and to do this in the most savage manner, was obviously, even if it had been possible, an expedient to injure the commerce of Europe, to deprive her of imports, and restrict her exports, and to inflict loss and misery on many of her inhabitants; but, in reference to England, it was sure to be a failure. But if M. Thiers be right in his theory, if the continental system was a "great thought," if the sealing up the ports of Europe against our manufactures, and against the products of our colonies, was the true method of subduing England, how can he object to any attempt of Na-

poleon to extend the boundaries of his Empire, and thus to secure the obedience of Europe to this system? The only means of enforcing the continental system were to make all Europe subject to France, and to place French garrisons in every port, so as to compel the exclusion of British and colonial produce, and to insure the observance of Napoleon's decrees along the whole seaboard from Archangel to Constantinople. If a single point along this vast circumference were open to the prohibited commerce, it is obvious that commerce would find its way to it, and through this entrance would reach the interior; and thus, by the smallest breach in the line of restrictions, the entire design would be defeated. On M. Thiers' principles, accordingly, Napoleon was right in occupying the Illyrian provinces, in seizing on Holland and the Hanse Towns, in grasping Venice, Trieste, and Italy, in entering the Peninsula, and assailing Russia. On these principles, he should never have ceased until he had established a universal empire, for the purpose of bringing England to reason, and of causing the fall of "the modern Carthage." We should like to know how M. Thiers can escape the dilemma into which his own reasoning here has seduced him.

The Empire fell, and great was the fall of it; but M. Thiers derives some solace in the thought, that "Napoleon was a miraculous commander," that those who dare "to blame the military genius of Napoleon are guilty of an error of judgment," that he never erred in point of strategy, and that the French army is something incomparable in excellence. We do not question the abilities of Napoleon as a general—the depth and accuracy of his plans, the vigor and brilliancy of his attacks, the energy and rapidity of his movements, his great skill in pursuing an advantage, his masterly tactics when inferior in force, his prolific capacity and resoluteness of purpose. The general who conducted the campaign of 1796, who planned the strategy which led to Marengo, who conceived a scheme for invading England in 1805, which he justly said was a model of combination, who struck that tremendous blow at Austerlitz which rent in twain the opposing armies, who annihilated the strength of Prussia at Jena, who effected the grand maneuvers of Friedland, who saved the

French army in 1809 and triumphed at Eckmühl, Ratisbon, and Wagram, who resisted half Europe in 1814, with no more than sixty thousand men at his command, and who, at the close of his great career, made that daring spring on Blücher and Wellington, must always rank as a master of strategy. But Napoleon himself would be the first to ridicule the absurd pretension of M. Thiers, that his generalship is never to be called in question. He would be the first to admit that he made mistakes, and that no commander is infallible; and we suspect that, especially in his later campaigns, he frequently sacrificed military rules, nay, the first principles of his art, to the exigencies of his political situation. All competent critics are agreed that he erred greatly at the battle of Aspern, that it was ruinous at Leipsic to venture to fight with one bridge only in his rear, that he showed indecision at the Moskwa, that he threw away a day after the battle of Ligny, and thus lost a chance of crushing Wellington, and that, on his last and most terrible field, he did not display his wonted genius. So, too, except upon political grounds—the necessity of awing Germany in his rear, and of producing a strong impression on Europe—his advance to Moscow can not be justified; and from a strategical point of view, his conduct of the campaign of 1813, his prolonged stand upon the Elbe, his vain demonstrations against Berlin, his detaching himself from all his lieutenants, and extending them on an immense line, while he “hung in the air” unable to protect them—all this, if necessary for his political objects, was not in accordance with sound generalship. And as for the extravagances of M. Thiers in reference to the French army, while we admit its admirable valor and energy, its high intelligence and great achievements, that army was not the “finest in the world,” which, with every rational chance in its favor, was beaten at Salamanca, Orthez, and Toulouse, and which never yet, under any general, successfully encountered an equal army of England.

For many reasons, therefore, we object to the review of the Empire contained in this volume. We think it vicious in point of morality, pervaded by a bad spirit of ambition, regardless of justice and sometimes of decency, and not seldom false in logic and assertion. To us the history of that Empire appears in a very different light from that in which M. Thiers be-

holds it. A nation, maddened by long misgovernment, and brutalized by wrong, neglect, and atheism, destroys its rulers, and, torn by revolution, becomes a people of ruthless soldiers. This nation has many lofty impulses, but, above all, that of military glory; and a great general appears before it, who, having secured it from foreign aggression, and raised its renown to the highest point, becomes its chief and soon its master. The position of this ruler is certainly difficult, for his title depends on his military prestige, and the spirit of war is still abroad among his subjects; but there is no reason why he should not ultimately control, and direct to peaceful and useful pursuits, the turbulent forces he has now under him. This, however, is not his real object; and he resolves to organize his people into a machine, compact, harmonious, and of giant strength, which shall make him a mighty conqueror abroad, and at home shall obey his imperious will. For this purpose he heals the wounds of revolution, and unites all Frenchmen to his government; but he flatters their vehement appetite for glory, and he binds them gradually to the yoke of despotism. His army is enormous, and his administration excellent, but the one requires a field for conquest, and the other rests on his single life, and has an inevitable tendency to destroy all energy in the nation, all self-reliance and patriotism. Soon he plunges into war, and forms an Empire which contemns natural right and justice, which disregards the laws of political society, which ignores national distinctions and limits, and depends solely on force for its existence, which, along its bounds from Russia to Spain, marks its presence in acts of cruelty and exaction, and which, resting ultimately on a dominant race, exhausts and degrades that race itself, and even irritates it in many particulars. That Empire, a gigantic defiance to every civilized nation in Europe, a source of universal fear and odium by reason of its grinding oppression, stands awhile upon the renown of its author; but it is beset on all sides by the hatred of the world, and it is ruined within by its palsying tyranny, and by the severity of its burdens. At length a single misfortune assails it; its sovereign loses a single army; and Europe rises at once against him, with a spirit as fierce as that of the Revolution; he is feebly seconded by his own people, who have become weak, and, at

heart, dislike him; and, notwithstanding his genius and his fame, and the terror felt at his conquering sword, a few months see the end of his edifice of ill-directed power and ambition. Not in virtue of mere political "mistakes," but of his re-

belling against eternal laws, of his despotism at home, and his tyranny abroad, did the great Emperor meet his doom:

"Thus he fell; so perish all  
Who would man by man enthrall!"

From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE PATRIMONY OF ST. PETER.\*

HAVING thus traced the title by which the See of Rome enjoys its present possessions, it remains to show that such title has never been recognized as having any spiritual sanction, or any notion of inviolability attached to it, even by the most Catholic Powers of Europe; and that its possessions have always in all international relations been dealt with in the same way as those of any merely temporal Power.

Already, at the peace of Westphalia, the great Catholic Powers of Europe had shown that even ecclesiastical matters were to be dealt with as European interests demanded, without respect to the Papacy. The terms of the treaty were such as the Pope had expressly forbidden, and the spiritual articles of the peace of Westphalia were prefaced by the declaration that the contracting parties would not regard the opposition of any one whatsoever, whether of temporal or spiritual estate. The Pope, by his nuncio, in vain protested against the execution of the treaty.

But the history of the duchies of Parma and Piacenza is a proof that neither the popes themselves, nor the Catholic Powers, Austria, Spain, or France, considered the estates of the Holy See of that indivisible nature which is now claimed for them. Julius II. had annexed the duchies of Parma and Piacenza; but Paul III., (Farnese,) having filled the College of Cardinals with his creatures, obtained their consent to erect this part of the patrimony of St. Peter

into an independent principality for his nephew, Pier-Luigi Farnese, to be feudatory to the See of Rome.\* As the succeeding popes had no connection with the House of Farnese, the dukes transferred their allegiance to the Emperors of Austria. The protests and claims of the popes were continually disregarded, and when the House of Farnese was extinguished, Don Carlos took possession of Parma in 1732, again in opposition to the protests of the Papacy.

Nor has the Papacy been more happy with respect to Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia, which it has always claimed as fiefs of the Holy See. These claims have never been admitted by the European

\* The Bull of Paul III., by which this cession was made, recognized in precise terms the right and the expediency of detaching these principalities from the temporalities of the Church, "in order to prevent wars and the scandal of sedition among the immediate subjects of the Church." It then goes on in these words:

"Superioribus siquidem diebus animo revolventes, quod civitates Placentiæ et Parmæ, provinciæ Galliæ Cispadanæ, à reliquo statu et dominio temporali Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ disjunctæ et separatæ, ac exinde plurimis indies periculis expositæ erant, maximisque pro earum custodiâ sumptibus indigebant, et quod, si aliquando ab aliquo occupatæ fuissent, quod non semel nostris temporibus tentatum fuerat, præter earundem civitatum omissionem, sedem prædictam bellis involvi omnemque ejus ditionem in periculum conjici necesse erat, ex quo turbandæ tam diu exoptatæ et tandem impetratæ pacis materia sine dubio nata fuisset."—On these grounds the Duchies are to be granted in fief to the Duke Pier-Luigi, with the full concurrence of the Sacred Consistory. What becomes then of the argument that a Pope can not alienate his temporal dominions, the same arguments being entirely applicable to other provinces at this very day?

\* Concluded from page 172.

Powers; and in 1713 the Treaty of Utrecht disposed of Naples and Sardinia, as well as the duchy of Parma, without regard to the objections of the Pope.

Louis XIV. has certainly a melancholy claim, by persecution, to be considered an orthodox Catholic, yet he not only did not recognize the Pope's infallibility in temporal matters, not only did not consider the Pope's temporal power to have any different basis from that of the other governments of Europe, but he endeavored to abridge the Pope's right of sovereignty in his own capital, and in 1663 he seized Avignon and the Comté Venaissin, and his troops actually crossed the Alps for the purpose of inflicting punishment on the Papacy for an insult offered, in the heat of a tumult in the streets of Rome, to his ambassador, and the Pope was compelled to take the humiliating step of sending his nuncio, Cardinal Chigi, to Paris to ask for pardon.

We have already had occasion in another part of this number to refer to the Political Testament of Prince Charles V. of Lorraine—a document drawn up by that eminent statesman and commander for the express guidance of the Sovereigns of the House of Austria, and which has been regarded for more than a century and a half as the basis of their policy towards the States of Italy. After recommending them to abandon all claims to Spain in order to establish their ascendancy in Italy, the prince dealt thus with the pope:

"C'est le pape qu'il faut pousser le dernier de tous les princes d'Italia, afin de réduire tous les autres sous le joug et au titre de gouverneurs seulement, avant que d'entreprendre de réduire le pape au seul domaine de la ville de Rome, en unissant par là le royaume de Naples avec le Milanais, bon gré, mal gré, et la force à la main. Il faut avoir à sa dévotion des docteurs profonds qui instruisent le peuple, de vive voix et par écrit, de l'inutilité et de l'illusion des excommunications, quand il s'agit du temporel—que Jésus Christ n'a jamais destiné à l'Eglise et qu'elle ne peut posséder sans outrer son exemple et sans intéresser son Evangile."<sup>\*</sup>

These were not the opinions of heretics or revolutionists, but of a Prince of the Most Catholic House of Lorraine, addressed by him to the Emperor Leopold

of Austria, in 1690, for the guidance of the Court of Vienna, and adopted by that Court as the traditional rule of its policy. Yet we are not aware that any modern writers of that class which M. Villemain and his friends now vituperate and condemn, have ever gone further in asserting the absolute nullity of the claims of the popes to temporal authority. Nor are examples wanting of the application of these principles by the Catholic Powers. In the famous dispute between the Venetians and Pius V., in which Paolo Sarpi took so prominent a part, the republic set the Pope's excommunications at defiance, and were prepared to go to war with the Pope about a matter in which he claimed spiritual jurisdiction.

In the only war of Italian origin of the seventeenth century—a war caused by the rivalry of the Barberini and Farnese families—the Pope's territories were invaded by the allied forces of Parma, Modena, and Venice, and the Pope was obliged to sign a disadvantageous treaty, by which he resigned his claims to the duchies of Castro and Ronciglione.

Finally, the Papal Court, after being compelled to submit to ecclesiastical sequestrations by the Catholic monarchs, Joseph II. and Leopold of Tuscany, almost equal to those of Henry VIII., was also constrained to accept the dismemberment of Avignon and the Comté Venaissin, in 1791, to which it had claims more just than to any other portion of its territory. Pius VI., likewise, by the treaty of Tolentino, surrendered the Romagna; and the treaties of 1815, which alone, in the international law of Europe, form the present title of the Pope to his dominions, gave the Polesina and a right of garrison in Ferrara and Comacchio to Austria, in spite of protests from Cardinal Consalvi on behalf of the Holy See. It has recently been stated by M. Thouvenel, in a public dispatch, and without contradiction, that in the course of the negotiations between Austria and the King of Naples (Murat) in 1814, the Court of Vienna offered to transfer to Naples a province of four hundred thousand inhabitants to be taken from the Papal territories, and undertook to reconcile the Pope to this arrangement. Such was the estimation in which Prince Metternich held the claims of Rome to the sanctity and inviolability of her territorial possessions.

Thus we have seen that, both intrinsic-

<sup>\*</sup> Quoted by M. d'Haussonville (vol. iii. p. 377) from a copy of the original document in the archives of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.



ally and extrinsically considered, the claims of the Holy See to any inherent sanctity in the origin and nature of its temporal dominion, is an impudent fiction, baseless in itself, and utterly unrecognized by the international law of Europe. Since, however, the Papal government lays claim to an exceptional character among the states of Europe, and actually owes its existence at the present time to the countenance given to this claim by the Catholic Powers, we can not refuse to consider the effect it has exercised on the material and moral condition of its people. The Venetian envoys, and other observers of the sixteenth century, can scarcely find words to describe fitly the fertility and luxuriance of the rich and splendid province which had fallen to the lot of the popes. "We traveled," wrote the Venetian ambassadors in 1522, "from Macerata to Tolentino, through the most beautiful country; hills and valleys covered with corn; for thirty miles nothing else was to be seen; we could hardly find a foot of land uncultivated. It appeared to us impossible to gather in such a quantity of grain, much more to find consumers for it." The Roman States exported corn to its neighbors on all sides. Every district was famed for some especial produce. The trade at the sea-ports was most abundant, and carried on with the whole world. Levantine caravels crowded into the harbor of Ancona, freighted with all the rich produce of the East; on its quays were to be seen Armenians, Turks, Greeks, Flemings. The same Venetian ambassadors, in passing the people under review, say the inhabitants of the States of the Church made the best soldiers in Europe. The Venetians, indeed, drew their best troops from the Marches and from Romagna. And yet over so magnificent a territory, with so spirited and gifted a population, has the black leprosy of Papal decay crept wider and wider and sunk deeper and deeper, till its melancholy and dreary desolation is one of the most painful reminiscences of the traveler. From whichever side the Papal States are entered, whether from Naples or Tuscany, the difference is at once lamentable. It is possible at many places, like Chiusi for example, to look down on a valley and observe, on the Tuscan side, all the cheerful signs of life and cultivation, to see the ranks of mowers in the fields, and hear the vine-dressers among the vines; while

the Papal side exhibits a lifeless, monk-stricken, and desolate solitude. And things grow worse and worse till the traveler reaches the Eternal City, which is surrounded on all sides by an immense tract, which has been reduced, within the last three centuries, by Papal rule, from a district as luxuriantly fertile as the Terra di Lavoro, to a plague-bearing, uncultivated, uninhabitable wilderness.

This decline, vast as it is, is the logical consequence of a government which holds in honor mendicity, celibacy, and inactivity, and treats with contempt all the aspiring and busy energies of human nature. Under the republics, in the Middle Ages, art, enterprise, industry, and trade, were esteemed honorable; but in modern Rome the dominant caste consider it their chief virtue to have renounced the business of life, and no industry can bring a man honor or reward. It is necessary, in order to be treated with respect in Rome, to be one of the privileged classes—a priest, a prince, or a mendicant. The rest of the population, comprising all the intelligence and industry of the country, are comprehended, with a disgust due to their unclerical aspirations, under the denomination of *mezzo ceto*, and carefully excluded from any share of consideration, authority, or respect.

But though such a tyranny of caste, with the best organization, would be more intolerable than a bureaucracy of mandarins in the midst of Europe, the vicious nature of its elective constitution is such that it may be fairly said no worse form of temporal power has ever been imagined by man. In 1827 years, more than two hundred and sixty popes have succeeded to the tiara, which gives an average of about seven years to each pontificate. As each new and aged pontiff seated himself in the chair of St. Peter, there flocked around him a fresh brood of harpies, whose boundless voracity was to be satisfied at the expense of the Roman people. Each pope brought to power not only a fresh batch of illegitimate children, nephews, nieces, and relatives, all insatiate and insatiable, but an entirely new administration, for it appears to have been a rule that no pope should retain the ministers of his predecessors. Consequently, no nation in Europe has had to support so continuous and rapid an elevation of new families to enormous wealth and princely dignities as the Roman people. Hence it

was that, *quod non fecere Barbari, fecere Barberini*, that those stupendous palaces arose, to build which the most venerable ruins of ancient Rome were torn from their foundations. "Every traveler," says Gibbon, "who views the Farnese Palace (built out of the spoils of the Coliseum) may curse the sacrilege and luxury of the upstart princes of the House of Farnese." The Borghese, Ludovisi, Barberini, Pamphili, Chigi, Rospigliosi, and Odeschalchi families all started up in this way. The Braschi, the relatives of Pius VI.,\* were the last family so founded; and though for the last fifty years no such flagrant instances of nepotism have arisen, and the present Pope has been entirely free from the slightest imputation of it, the same praise can not be awarded to his ministers and his household.

It may seem strange, that under such a government, any class of the inhabitants of the Papal States should have sufficient moral feeling left to regard their government with invincible hatred and contempt. Nevertheless, with the exception of those princely houses and their retainers who have sprung from the Papacy, thrived by the Papacy, and been educated by the Papacy to perfect imbecility, such is undoubtedly the case. No where in the world have the whole of the agents of government ever been regarded with such unutterable disgust and uncompromising execration. The Papal soldiery is looked on with such abhorrence that no inducement of pay, no increase of bounty, is sufficient to induce the peasantry to enlist in defense of the patrimony of St. Peter. To the absurd falsehood that the revolution of the Romagna was the work of a turbulent few, it is sufficient to reply, that in despite of all the offers and efforts of the Papal Government, it has been compelled to fill up the ranks of its army with mercenary heretics and Lutherans—the refuse of German populations, who would as soon fight for Nana Sahib as the Pope, provided the pay were the same. Nor

can the Papal Government reply that this was through any lack of military feeling among its inhabitants. The number of Romagnoli who departed as volunteers to serve under the Sardinian flag, in the spring of 1859, amounted to fifteen thousand; while the Pope, with a bounty of twenty scudi (£4) per man, was able to procure but one hundred and fifty soldiers from the whole of the four legations. If the military administration of Monsignor de Mérode and the command of General de Lamoricière be more successful, it is because, with genuine French energy, they have attempted to sweep away the contemptible abuses of the Italian members of the Papal Government, and appealed to other elements for the defense of the Pope than those which his own dominions can afford.

This contempt and hatred of every thing in the shape of Pontifical authority has been increasing in intensity ever since the restoration of Pius VII. The populations had become accustomed to a secular administration under the French occupation; and the retrograde character of clerical rule too soon displayed itself for the people to regard a return to a national government as any advantage. All the privileges of an ecclesiastical caste were immediately resumed; and the more the inhabitants showed their repugnance to the tyranny of monks and priests, the more intolerable were the measures taken to secure silence and compliance.\* The government entered into a conspiracy with the most abandoned of its subjects to put down every aspiration for improvement. By means of the secret societies of the Sandfedists and Centurions, they formed a clandestine militia of assassins and thieves, spies and informers, villains exempted from taxes and stimulated by every prospect of immunity and advantage. When the mild and superstitious nature of Pius VII. was succeeded in the Papal chair by the narrow-minded and still more superstitious Leo XII., a new age of severity commenced. A regular crusade against liberal opinions was set on foot. Petty Neros, in cardinals' hats and red stockings, like Rivarola†, Pacca,

\* Pius VI., after draining the Pontine marshes at enormous expense, gave them over in one block (a tract sixty miles in length) to the Braschi family, and so converted them into the pestilential swamp they are at this day. The properties of the Borghese family are enormous. The Campagna of Rome can never be cultivated while held as it is now, by ecclesiastical corporations and princely proprietors who make impossible all attempts at improvement.

\* See Farini, *State of Rome*, vol. i. book i.; also the *Ultimi Casi di Romagna*, by the Marchese Massimo Azeglio.

† Cardinal Rivarola had a gallows erected before the gates of his own palace at Ravenna.

and Pallotta, revived the engines of the Inquisition; they reestablished torture; they adopted every means of annoyance and depression which malignity could devise. There was no refuge from the insults and the rapacity of the savages in pontifical uniform who raged over town and country. Noblemen, landed proprietors, advocates, men of letters and science, public functionaries and artisans, were tracked by spies and informers, insulted by the Papal rabble, dragged from their domiciles on the most trifling pretense, subjected to the *precetto politico*, and condemned to the indignity of being obliged to undergo the sacraments of the Church as a measure of police. Innumerable were the assassinations by the Papal mercenaries, innumerable the processes, sentences, incarcerations, banishments, deaths, and confiscations. The intensity of the hatred generated by the inordinate perfidy, cruelty, and stupidity of this feeble and bankrupt government, which owed its very existence to foreign bayonets, is well set forth in a passage of the manifesto, published by the inhabitants of the Roman States to the Governments of Europe in 1845:

"And most important it is to repeat a thousand times over to the natives and Potentates of Europe, that the incessant political inquisitions and the unparalleled persecutions carried on in the Roman States from 1820 to our time, and the war against ideas, doctrines, and feelings, that are most honorable to the human race, and the summary judgments and multiplied assassinations committed in the name of law, have defiled and corrupted the general mind with hatred and vengeance, and have not only deprived the Roman Government of all moral regard, but have brought us to consider it as the *unappeased and unappeasable foe to civilization*, the despoiler of our substances, the conspirator against personal liberty and life—to resist whom every instrument of defense and offense must needs be held allowable and honorable by the consciences whom it has perverted."

It is true that on the accession of Pius IX. in 1847, a brighter era seemed to have dawned on Rome and on Italy. The new Pope made an attempt to reform his government, and in the following year he placed the administration in the hands of the most eminent layman who has ever exercised power in Rome. But, unhappily, the instruments which had been too faithful in the hands of despotism were faithless in those of freedom. No reliance could be placed on the army, and the lead-

ers of the popular assembly soon engaged in a conspiracy which ended in the murder of Count Rossi—an event which we shall ever regard as the most odious and atrocious crime that has sullied the history of modern Italy. But the task of regenerating the Papal government with such elements as were to be found amongst the Roman people was beyond even his strength, and he perished in the attempt.

Yet in spite of universal and unvarying evidence of the feelings of its populations—in spite of the sanguinary pages of history of 1848 and 1849—in spite of the late spectacle of the Romagna voting to unanimity for severance forever from Papal misrule—the Papacy still makes the foolish assertion that the discontented are few in numbers. If this be asserted of the Romagna, where events have so unmistakably contradicted it, are the same assertions to be believed as to the state of public feeling in those portions of the Papal States where the government power is still supported by French soldiers, and where all publicity is impossible? If the discontented are few at Bologna, how many are they at Rome? Every incident which has been made public proves to us that the hatred of Papal authority is as vehement and irreconcilable in the capital of the Pope as in any other portion of his dominions; and that the continued support, by French arms, of so loathsome a tyranny is a scandal to the age, and one which must shortly cease.

The conduct of this country has been consistent from the first time that the public opinion of the people of the Papal States clearly manifested itself. We have constantly and uniformly declared that it was impossible that a government infected with such overwhelming abuses could continue to subsist amid the just indignation of its oppressed people. As early as 1832, Sir Hamilton Seymour protested, to the representatives of France, Austria, and Prussia, on quitting the conferences which ensued subsequent to the Austrian intervention of the previous year, that in consequence of the irritating and obstinate spirit of the Papal Government, "no body of Swiss would suffice to maintain tranquillity, which must sooner or later be disturbed." The anomaly in Europe of so barbarous a government being supported in its dotage by the intervention of foreign Powers, has been pointed out, by none so constantly or so forcibly as

ourselves; and the events which have happened and are about to happen, are but the results which successive governments of this country had long ago foreseen and foretold. It is impossible, after the astonishing unanimity of aversion to the Papal Government, shown in the late votes at Bologna and Ferrara, that these legations can ever again be subjected to the tyranny of the Vatican. This portion of the indivisible patrimony of St. Peter is rent away forever from the grasp of the Pope; and no reasonable observer can imagine the misfortunes of the Papacy are yet at an end. The same aversion, the same national enthusiasm, has permeated every corner of the Pope's dominions and must lead to the same results. With the aid of French bayonets and foreign mercenaries, the Papal Tiara may be enabled further to preserve a little while longer the barren ensigns of its power on its public buildings and *dogane*, but in the affections and hearts of its people its doom is irrevocably sealed, and a million of foreign soldiers would never be able to restore that sovereignty which alone is acceptable in the eyes of a just prince, the spontaneous allegiance and loyal respect of contented populations.

While the Head of the Roman Catholic Church is thus losing considerable portions of his temporal possessions, the Pope and his defenders still clamorously assert the indivisibility of his temporal and spiritual power. But we confess, if such indivisibility could be proved, we should look upon it as the strongest argument against his spiritual supremacy. It is impossible, with the history of the growth of the Papal power before us, to allow the so-called patrimony of Peter to be any thing more than the accumulated winnings of the Papacy in a long game of political ambition. We have shown that the Papal title is the worst and most recent among European nations. If the spiritual power is inseparable from the temporal, so much the worse for the spiritual. But this also is a convenient fiction, devoid of all historical basis, created merely to throw a fraudulent vail of sanctity over the worst government in Europe. When the Papal power was at its greatest height, when it was really the inspiring genius of mediæval civilization, it was, as we have seen, destitute of that sovereign power which it now asserts to be indispensable to the exercise of its

spiritual functions. From the days of Gregory the Great to those of Eugenius IV., it never enjoyed supreme authority within the walls of Rome; the popes were often indeed denied the liberty of residence there, and compelled to carry on the business of the Papacy at Viterbo, Anagni, Avignon, or elsewhere. This indispensable subservience of the temporal to the spiritual is a doctrine which doubtless grew out of the innovations of Gregory VII., but it is one which has no origin in fact, and its validity has never been admitted either by Europe at large or by the inhabitants of the Roman States. No profanation of Christianity can be greater than that it should be declared that its existence is in any degree dependent upon an execrable system of misgovernment, and the misery and degradation of three or four millions of Christian people. It is preposterous to assert that the Pope would be less independent relieved from his temporal dominion, than he has been under the protection of Austria and French bayonets; on the contrary, it is precisely the possession of a temporal authority which he has not the strength to exercise or defend, which makes him entirely dependent on a foreign army of occupation. His vaunted independence since 1815 has resulted in a servile reliance on Foreign Powers for support, against a people in perpetual revolt. Even were the White Cross of Savoy to float over the whole Peninsula as the symbol of Italian nationality, it can not be imagined that the position of an Italian Pope would be so ignominious as it has been under the shadow of foreign protection. Nor can we see that the deprivation of a single Italian of the political privileges incident to civil society, is necessary or expedient for Papal independence.

It were indeed to be hoped that the Church of Rome itself, instead of indulging in vain lamentations for the loss of its temporal power, would make a virtue of its necessities. The entire separation of all political functions from its spiritual authority may, if the occasion be turned to proper account, prove a means of salvation to itself. Perplexed by this union of two antagonistic characters, it has frequently declared it to be impossible to admit a change in its temporal constitution without also bringing about a revolution in the spiritual. By its hold on the



temporal power, it has hitherto succeeded in resisting, with the most obstinate insensibility, all the concessions claimed by the new ideas and advancing civilization of Europe. But if its temporal basis be removed from it, the power of the Church would rest on the free allegiance of the consciences of believers.

In the course of this article we have dealt with the Papacy simply as a political institution, and considered its direct relations in that capacity to the people of the Roman States. We have not thought it necessary, at this moment, to review the history of its external policy since its restoration, in 1815, from exile and helpless prostration to the Chair of St. Peter by the united arms of Europe; we have not thought it necessary to dilate on the restless and aggressive pertinacity with which it has incessantly disquieted governments, assaulted the liberties of every denomination of Christians, and scattered broadcast the dragon's teeth of religious intolerance and civil warfare. We have spared to dwell on its usurpations in this country and in Holland, on its machinations in Belgium, on its violence in Switzerland, on its intrigues in Austria and Catholic Germany; on the factious and all-grasping effrontery with which it pursued its encroachments in France to the destruction of the sound traditions of the Gallican Church. True to the principles of which this Journal has ever been the earnest advocate—those of perfect toleration—we are as willing now as ever to combat the influence of Rome in foreign countries by free discussion; and to leave such matters to be decided, as they have been decided, by the voice of public opinion. Still less have we thought it proper to urge accusations against the morality of the priesthood of Rome; against the abuses of the confessional and of the sacred office; or to make any use of the imputations thrown on the Romish clergy by one of the books which stands at the head of this article, and which professes to be written by a member of the old Constituent Assembly of Rome. Were the whole hierarchy of Rome honest zealots—of unimpeachable lives—the situation of the Roman people in the present state of clerical despotism and tutelage would not be the less intolerable.

Severe as are the judgments, condemnatory as are the statements which we

have brought against the Roman hierarchy from a political point of view, we conceive that it is a service both to religion and to Roman Catholicism, to hasten the disappearance of an incorrigible and perilous system of oppression—a system which day by day degrades the name of religion under the mask of religion, and brings greater scandal on Christianity and on Europe, by its perversion of those precepts which or the very spirit of the teaching of Christ. It is the unexampled hardship of the Roman people to be persecuted in their lives, in their liberties, and in their fortunes, by him who professes to be the Vicegerent upon earth of the Divine Author of the Gospel of Love.

Moreover, we have considered the question apart from the wider field of Italian politics, which for the past two years has absorbed the attention of Europe. The Papal Question is the Gordian knot of Italian politics, and its solution is indispensable to any permanent settlement of the Peninsula. It also unhappily involves considerations directly affecting the interests and the faith of the Catholic Powers and of the Catholic populations of other states. In behalf of the Catholic Church, and of the principles of toleration, the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, and the entire independence of its spiritual authority, must be protected by the strictest securities which European statesmen can devise; but in behalf of the peace of Europe we would earnestly implore the Catholics themselves to use to the head of the Church of Rome the language of firm and conciliatory admonition. The Italians likewise, if they continue to act with true political wisdom, will exercise extreme caution and prudence before they bring themselves anew into collision with the authorities at Rome, and rouse the apprehensions of the great Catholic Powers. By establishing law, order, and unity in the other portions of the peninsula, they will give to the Papal Government further opportunity of recognizing the necessities of their position, as well as greater security to the cause of Italian independence. Italy may now be said to hold her destiny in her own hands, and true honor, as well as true patriotism, should determine them to rely on no other support than that of their own courage, wisdom, and endurance.

From the National Review.

## MICHELET'S LIFE OF RICHELIEU.\*

THIS work is the last which has appeared of M. Michelet's amusing historical notices. It includes the latter years of the reign of Louis XIII. and the beginning of that of Louis XIV., that is to say, the administrations of Richelieu and Mazarin. Those thirty years (from 1629 to 1659) are perhaps the most important in French history. In the course of them France was raised from a second-rate power nearly to her present position, her army became the first in the world, and the supremacy of her formidable rival, Austria, was destroyed, apparently forever.

In spite, however, of the glory and the promise of this period, no Englishman can rise from its records without disgust and depression. Under Richelieu it was the reign of tyranny, hatred, fear, and treachery between every class, and almost between every individual. The King, the Queen, and the queen-mother, deceived, distrusted, and detested each other, and they all joined in hating Richelieu.

M. Michelet is not an historian; he is a describer of scenes. He instinctively seizes on all that is amusing, and his picturesque language fixes his narratives in the memory. But his series of pictures, like an historical gallery, is intelligible only to those who are familiar with the persons and the lives of the originals. We therefore think it advisable to prefix a short summary of the events which preceded those which are contained in the volume before us.

Queen Marie de Medicis was, say the historians of the time, neither sufficiently grieved nor sufficiently surprised by the assassination of Henri IV. She had never deserved nor obtained his affection, and she now looked forward to a long period of power and of freedom; for the little Louis XIII. was only ten years old.

Her expectations were deceived. Her

weak and vicious government revived the pretensions of the upper classes, restrained for a time by Henri IV. and his minister Sully. The money which Sully had accumulated was squandered on the princes and nobles, in the vain endeavor to suppress insurrection; and seven years had not elapsed before Louis XIII., at the instigation of De Luynes, exiled his mother, and caused her favorite minister Concini, Maréchal d'Ancre, to be murdered within the walls of her palace.

She was followed into exile by the controller of her household, Armand Jean du Plessis de Richelieu.

Born in 1585, he was at this time thirty-two years of age. The church was not his choice. He had already embraced a military career, when in 1605 his elder brother, the Bishop of Luçon, retired into a convent. The family could not afford to lose a bishopric, and Armand was compelled to abandon the sword for the crossier. He spent two years in study at the Sorbonne, and was consecrated to the see of Luçon before his twenty-second year.

Early in life he showed consciousness of his powers, and eagerness to exercise them. He first attracted attention by his eloquence in the States-General of 1614. His speech in favor of the royal authority and of the regency recommended him to the notice of Concini, who introduced him to the queen-mother. The person and manners of the young prelate gained her heart, and she appointed him high almoner to Anne of Austria, the bride of Louis XIII., and, in 1616, secretary of state.

During his brief period of office he conciliated all parties. After the death of Concini, the King intimated to him that he did not count him among the evil counselors of the late minister. The new favorite de Luynes held a similar language. But the time was past for Richelieu to occupy a subordinate position, and he resolved to withdraw till he could be a master.

\* *Richelieu et la Fronde*. Par M. J. MICHELET. 8vo. Paris, 1859.

The two following years he spent in retirement at Avignon; meditating, we may believe, the gigantic projects which he lived just long enough to accomplish.

In 1619 he was recalled to effect a reconciliation between the King and his mother; and, to reward his services, Marie de Médicis asked for him the cardinal's hat. He obtained it in 1622.

For a few years Richelieu was devoted to his benefactress, and we trace his influence in the unusual wisdom of her advice to the young king. The council, however, was still governed by Luynes, and after his death by Brulart de Puiseux. He was turned out in 1624 by La Vieuville, who, to win the favor of the queen-mother, introduced Richelieu into the council, after a feigned resistance on the part of the Cardinal, and a real reluctance on that of the King. In six months La Vieuville was in prison, and Richelieu reigned supreme.

A total change took place in his demeanor. The subtle and insinuating courtier became the uncompromising statesman, scorning remonstrance and punishing opposition. Louis XIII. was captivated by the prospect of glory opened before him. He had at last found a minister strong enough to hold the scepter which fatigued his feeble hand.

Protestant alliances were formed. The marriage of Madame Henriette-Marie and Charles I. was concluded, and an army sent into the Valtelines to check the Pope and the House of Austria.

The revolt of the Huguenots in 1625 interrupted Richelieu's foreign policy. A long civil war ensued, which terminated in the celebrated siege of La Rochelle. The capture of this, their principal stronghold, in 1628, forever crushed the Protestants as a political party.

The hands of Richelieu were now free to pursue the war in Italy; and amidst the frost and snow of the early spring of 1629, he and the King crossed the Alps at the head of their army, took Susa, imposed a French alliance on the Duke of Savoy, and drove the Spaniards out of Casale.

Louis XIII. had courage, but not perseverance. He had soon become tired of the siege of Rochelle; he was now equally weary of the campaign in Italy. In spite of the representations of Richelieu, he left Susa on the twenty-eighth of April, and

proceeded to extinguish the dying embers of the Huguenot rebellion in Provence.

The Cardinal joined him on the nineteenth of May, but a severe attack of illness confined him to his bed; and Louis indulged himself in slaughtering his own subjects, and burning his own towns. A lasting peace was finally settled on the twenty-eighth of June, 1629. The Huguenots were required to lay down their arms, to swear allegiance, to raze their fortifications, and to reestablish the Roman Catholic ritual; but they were allowed the free exercise of their religion.

It was not enough for Marie de Medici that she retained her seat in the council, and that she had been regent during the absence of the King: she could not forgive Richelieu's independence or his growing indifference. She detested his policy, and she reproached him with his heretical alliances abroad, and his ingratitude towards herself. A violent quarrel was the result, which ended in his dismissal from the office of comptroller of her household. On this the King wrote with his own hand the patent which appointed Richelieu prime minister, leaving a blank for the salary, to be filled up by the Cardinal himself.

He was already high admiral, under the title of Superintendent of Navigation. The strong places of the Calvinists were delivered into his hands. Saumur, Angers, Honfleur, Oléron, and the Ile de Ré were his. A guard of honor attended him, and his magnificence exceeded that of the King. His presence was again required in Italy. The troops of the Emperor were besieging the capital of his ally the Duke of Mantua. Richelieu once more exchanged the robes of peace for the sword and buckler, the buff jerkin, and the cocked hat and red plume, in which he has been so often described. He was generalissimo of the army: two marshals of France were under his orders, and the same honors and obedience were paid to him as to the King himself.

In two days he became master of Pignerol and Chambéri. On the tenth of May, 1630, the King and his minister met at Grenoble. They marched together upon Savoy, and in less than a month subdued the whole country. Still Mantua was not relieved, the pass of Susa was once more in the hands of the enemy, and Richelieu felt that the campaign had failed

in its real object. The queens loudly demanded peace; but Richelieu persuaded the King to attempt another descent upon Italy.

Louis XIII. did not get beyond St. Jean de Maurienne. In the beginning of September, illness forced him to return to Lyons. The struggle that followed between the queens and Richelieu forms one of the first pictures in M. Michelet's volume.

When the King reached Lyons, he became so seriously ill that his decease was hourly expected. As usual, the surgeons aggravated the evil by their barbarous remedies. In the faces of all around he read nothing but anxiety for the moment of his death. He hardly dared to taste either food or medicine for fear of poison. Yet, except for the pleasure of cheating his enemies, he could hardly wish for a longer life. There never was a more melancholy one. Gloomy, suspicious, and taciturn, he was in all respects the opposite to his father, the gay and genial Henri IV.\*

In his domestic relations he was most unhappy. His mother, Marie de Medicis, preferred to him his brother, the clever and profligate Gaston; and tried, not without success, to alienate his wife.

Anne of Austria was quite ready to love her young husband. "*Sa beauté brune ne déplaisait pas à la jeune reine,*" says Mme. de Motteville; and when for a short time she suspected him of a partiality for the Connétable de Luynes, (afterwards Mme. de Chevreuse,) she fell ill with jealousy and vexation. After a time, however, stung by his coldness and neglect, surrounded with bad companions, she gave at least an excuse for his suspicions. He felt his own unfitness for government. He had neither scientific nor literary pursuits. Out of doors he lived with horses and dogs; indoors he was persecuted by ennui. He frequently asked one of the courtiers to sit with him at a window, "*et puis ennuyons nous, ennuyons-nous;*" and he soon succeeded. He tried to kill the time by all sorts of trifling manual employments. He made locks, he preserved fruits, and he took lessons from his cook in larding.

\* M. Michelet throws some doubt upon his legitimacy, as he does upon that of most of his characters. Our own James I. he asserts to have been the son of Rizzio.

His religion partook of the gloom of his character. He rejoiced in the sufferings of the Huguenots; and at the siege of Montauban, from the windows of the castle he watched the struggles of the wounded, left to die in the dry moat. He amused himself for hours in mimicking their contortions. And yet he was not without good and great qualities. In an age of almost unbridled license, his moral conduct was pure. His choice of ministers was conscientious. When, at length, he fell under the dominion of Richelieu, his sole motive was the welfare of France. Although, when viewed from a distance either of space or of time, by surrounding nations or by posterity, the great statesman appeared to his cotemporaries, and appears to us, omnipotent, his tenure of office did not depend on the affection or on the fear of his sovereign. He was neither a favorite nor a master.

During the King's illness at Lyons, the two queens, one of whom hated Richelieu for having begun to make love to her, and the other for having left off, extorted from Louis a promise to dismiss their common enemy. When the Cardinal returned to Lyons to wear the laurels which he had well earned in his victorious campaign, his situation was nearly desperate. The French envoys had taken advantage of the King's illness, and of Richelieu's absence, to sign, without authority, the Peace of Ratisbon. The emissaries of Gaston, whom he had always persecuted, filled the town, eager to clutch the crown from the brows of the dying monarch. Whether the King lived or died, Richelieu seemed lost. By a miracle the King recovered. At this moment the queens introduced a new character upon the stage.

Louis XIII. had always some reigning favorite—some very young man, whom he undertook to bring up in the way in which he should go; but till now he had appeared to be insensible to the charms of female beauty.

"Still weak from the effects of recent illness, the King," says M. Michelet, "went to return thanks at the shrine of St. Jean de Lyon. The eyes of the convalescent fell upon a new-comer, Mlle. de Hautefort. This Aurora, as she was called, on account of her rosy complexion and her waving hair, gilded now by the reflection of the painted window, seemed a ray from heaven—a new life—to the royal Lazarus. He ordered the hassock on which he was kneeling to be carried to her. A northern maiden would have



been overcome with surprise and confusion, and have committed some blunder. She, however, with a slight blush, which added to the brightness of her large blue eyes, took the hassock, and, without using it, placed it respectfully by her side."

From that day the King was an altered man. He became assiduous in his attendance in the Queen's circle, avowedly for the new maid-of-honor. Entirely devoted to her royal mistress, Mdle. de Hautefort used her influence in favor of Anne of Austria, whose mouthpiece she became.

What was Richelieu to do? He tried to soften the heart of his old patroness the queen-mother. He established himself in her barge as it slowly descended the Loire, and he passed long hours on one knee by her couch "*filant le parfait amour*," trying to revive a spark of an extinct flame.

It was in vain. The queen-mother reached Paris more angry, if possible, than ever. She demanded his dismissal. The King seemed to waver. In the midst of the discussion Richelieu burst into the apartment, and entreated her forgiveness. She replied by a torrent of abuse. The King fled to Versailles. Marie de Medici remained at the Luxembourg in triumph, and received the congratulations of the courtiers.

Richelieu had the wisdom to follow his master. Louis XIII. already had missed him. Oppressed by public cares, surrounded by enemies, foreign and domestic, what should he do without his right hand? At that instant Richelieu appeared. He humbly tendered his resignation, and was commanded to remain.

So ended the eleventh November, 1630, the famous *journée des dupes*, by which the only gainer was Richelieu.

Clemency was not one of his attributes. Death, exile, and imprisonment were the fate of the enemies who were already rejoicing over his downfall. The King never again attempted to part from him.

Somewhat similar to the relation between Louis XIII. and Richelieu, and equally galling, was the bond which united the Cardinal to his prime minister, the celebrated Père Joseph, who under his flannel robe, hid a heart as ambitious as that of his patron.

"In spite," says Michelet, "of his bare feet, his rope girdle, and his humility, he aimed at the cardinal's hat, which would no doubt have

enabled him to supplant his friend. Richelieu, who saw his object, tried as early as the year 1628 to get rid of him by shutting him up in a country town. He offered him the bishopric of La Rochelle. But Joseph, with equal cunning, declined the honor of being buried alive, and insisted upon remaining at Capuchin. Joseph had four chief secretaries belonging to his order, an establishment of his own, horses, carriages, and apartments in all the royal palaces. Nothing pleased the King so much as to see the ministry filled with these gray gowns. He thought that much might be permitted to a king who provided Capuchins with carriages.

"On the other hand, Richelieu, who had experienced the falsehood of Joseph, while he made him so important, took care to keep him under his eye. He said that he loved his dear brother so much that he must live with him. So the Père Joseph with his Capuchins and his secretaries, were established on the same floor and in the same apartment with the Cardinal, who was thus himself a spy upon this chief of spies."

Joseph was violently anti-Austrian. A cotemporary historian (Tallemant des Réaux) says of him, that he imagined himself born to defeat the House of Austria; and at this time he assisted Richelieu in obtaining the King's consent to the masterpiece of his foreign policy — the alliance with Gustavus Adolphus.

The Thirty Years' War was raging. The leaders of the Catholic party were the two fanatical heads of the House of Austria, the Emperor Ferdinand II. and Philip IV. of Spain. They thought that the banner of their faith was a cloak for every crime. Under its cover they oppressed their own subjects, broke faith with their allies, and persecuted their enemies without hesitation or remorse.

In 1629, the Emperor, after exterminating heresy by the sword in Austria and Bohemia, prepared to re-convert Protestant Germany. At the head of his armies was Wallenstein.

We insert Michelet's description of this great adventurer. The portrait, indeed, is too picturesque to be faithful. The shadows are blacker, and the features more exaggerated, than the coloring or the forms of nature; but it is an impressive sketch, after the manner of Rembrandt:

"He was a tall, thin man, of sinister aspect and doubtful origin. He signed 'Waldstein,' in imitation of the great German families; his round head pronounced him of Slavonic race. Every thing about him was contradictory. His reddish hair would have proclaimed him German, if it had not been qualified by his dark

olive complexion. He was born at Prague, amidst ruin, fire, and massacre, and went forth from Bohemia like an evil spirit to ravage and destroy the rest of Germany. Each peak of that volcanic country still seems to be dyed in blood. Wallenstein had no faith and no God; he trusted in the stars, in fate, and in gold. At first a Protestant, he changed his religion for his first wife's large fortune, which he realized in base Austrian coin, and bought up confiscated estates: afterwards he bought soldiers, regiments, armies. The avalanche increased daily.

"Somber, silent, inaccessible, he spoke only to pronounce sentence of death, and yet all flocked to him. Was it a miracle? No, it was natural. Wallenstein made the soldier a king, and gave him absolute power over the people, their property, their lives, their women and children.

"There can no longer be crime; for all is permitted—the horrors of sack and pillage, and the delirium which follows victory, renewed every day in defenseless villages and families; men beaten, wounded, and murdered; women passing from hand to hand; the voice of weeping heard every where. Yet no complaints. How was it possible to reach Wallenstein, intrenched in the midst of his camp? The specter was blind and deaf.

"An excellent Dutch picture in the Louvre represents a wretched countrywoman kneeling in urgent entreaty at the feet of a captain in red velvet. She looks so miserable and so dirty, she has evidently suffered so much, that one knows not what more she can fear. They have killed her husband and children; how can they harm her? In the background is a group of soldiers throwing dice. What is their stake? Perhaps this woman; the pleasure of torturing her. She is made of flesh and blood, poor creature, and she shudders."

Such was the army, and such, or nearly such, the leader, which the wicked folly of Gaston called to ravage the fair plains of his country.

The army of Wallenstein amounted to one hundred and sixty thousand seasoned troops. Besides these, many bands, almost armies, in Germany, Poland, and Italy were ready to join him, in order to fall upon the rich prize of France.

Two centuries later, in our own day, we have seen a mighty conqueror, regardless of the ruin of nations and of individuals, and of every thing but the satisfaction of his own ambition, advance with apparently resistless force to destroy all intellectual and moral progress, and to establish the dominion of the sword. But Providence will not suffer such a career to remain unpunished. In the seventeenth century a champion was raised up in the person of the Swedish king Gustavus Adolphus, in whose favor M. Miche-

let allows himself the only burst of genuine admiration contained in the volume.

We have copied his portrait of Wallenstein; we give as a pendent that of Gustavus:

"He was tall; it has been said that he was the tallest man in Europe. His forehead was broad, his nose aquiline, his eyes were light gray, small according to the engravings, but penetrating, although short-sighted. He inherited from his German mother a tendency to fat, which was probably increased by his calmness and serenity in a life of danger and struggle. His size was inconvenient, as he could scarcely find a horse to carry him; but on one occasion it saved his life—a bullet which would have killed a thin man buried itself in his flesh.

"His temperament was sanguine, and subject to short fits of irritation, at which he himself laughed when they were over. He exposed himself too much—like a soldier more than a general. These are the only faults that have been attributed to him, and they leave him more nearly perfect than seems to be compatible with human nature.

"He was wonderfully just, and never complained when unsuccessful in private affairs before the Swedish tribunals. In the horrible Thirty Years' War, when there was neither law nor God, he appeared as a divine avenger, a judge, nay as Justice herself.

"The perfect purity of his camp was in itself a revolution. One of his men, who had just stolen a cow, felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. Turning round, he beheld the good giant Gustavus, who gently addressed him in these words, 'My son, my son, you must offer yourself up to justice;' which meant, you must be hanged.

"He was the representative of the oppressed principle, Protestantism, which then in Europe represented liberty. For his father became king of Sweden only in consequence of the ruin of the Catholic John. Gustavus was king as her defender against Poland and the Jesuits. While yet a child, his father pointed him out as the avenger of this cause: 'I shall not complete this work,' said he; 'it will be my son.' Germany understood that it was to be so. And when Gustavus reached the age of twenty, (in 1614,) the great and enlightened towns of the empire—Strasbourg, Nuremberg, and Ulm—named him as their defender against the house of Austria.

"He had received an excellent education. He wrote and spoke German, Dutch, Latin, Italian, and French; he understood Polish and Russian. But, what was still more important, in the twelve years' truce between Holland and Spain, numbers of officers of all nations, who came to serve in the Swedish army, taught to him the famous Dutch art of war. He was, in fact, the successor of Prince Maurice.

"It was a war of sieges, of canals, and of marshes. But the master of real strategy—the art of maneuvering on a grand scale in the field—was in Sweden. Pontus de la Gardie was the

first upon whom the light of this new system dawned; it shone fully upon his son Jacques, who put it in practice, and taught it to Gustavus."

The principle of this new system was that of moral force as opposed to brute force. The victories of Wallenstein were achieved rather by numbers than by discipline, and the premium which he offered was license. Gustavus came, not to conquer, but to deliver. He trusted in the courage of his men and in the righteousness of his cause.

But M. Michelet, as we have seen, will not allow even his favorite Gustavus to have been the inventor of the new art. Europe of course owes it, as she does every other good thing, to France.

"A Frenchman had discovered a mode of warfare opposed to the three systems which were then in vogue. It may be thus described—that real strength lay not in the dash of the Turks, the storm of their cavalry, not in the weight of the imperial cuirassiers, nor even in the walls and skillful fortifications of Holland—but in human walls—the firm foot-soldier in the open field—and in the breast of man."

M. Michelet seems to have forgotten that the power of the foot-soldier had already been discovered by Spain. The famous Spanish infantry was invincible till 1643, when its destruction at Rocroy was the first triumph of the grand Condé. As we do not find in other historians the same importance attached to the lessons of Jacques de la Gardie, our readers will perhaps forgive us if we attribute the improvement to Gustavus himself. Otherwise, how could he lay claim to the pre-eminence which was freely granted to him by his great rival Wallenstein, later by Turenne and Condé, who raised their hats when his name was mentioned, and lastly, by Napoleon, who places him among the eight great generals of ancient and modern times?\*

If we deny him the inventive faculty, he falls from the first rank of men into the second—from the man of genius to the man of talent; the essential difference between whom is, that the man of genius is an originator, and the man of talent an imitator.

In 1629 Gustavus had reigned eighteen years, and was already famous by his vic-

tories in Denmark, Russia, and Poland. A truce of six years with the latter country had just been effected through the mediation of France and England. Gustavus was able to turn his attention to the internal affairs of his kingdom. The liberality and ability of his administration proved that in more tranquil times he might have been as celebrated as a statesman as he was as a general. But he was not long suffered to rest on his laurels. Wallenstein had marched unresisted across the north of Germany, and was laying siege to Stralsund, a fortress opposite to the island of Rugen, whence it was but a step to the coast of Sweden; he had created himself Admiral of the Baltic, and was forming a fleet whose destination could not be doubted. Gustavus felt that he could no longer stand aloof. A Swedish contingent was dispatched, which saved Stralsund; and he assembled a state council to deliberate on the expediency of himself taking the field. Most unwilling were the Swedes to part with their good king. They insisted on the distance, the difficulty, the danger, his slender resources and small army. The great Chancellor Oxenstierna, who enjoyed the implicit confidence of his master, was against the measure. Afterwards he spoke of the King's resolve as of a divine impulse; no persuasion could shake it. On the nineteenth of May, 1630, Gustavus bade a solemn farewell to his subjects, and on the thirtieth left the country which his life and death were to render illustrious, but which he was to see no more.

We have not space to recount here the history of his campaign, the results of which are well known.

The success of Gustavus procured to him at length an open and regular alliance with Richelieu. It was signed on the twenty-third January, 1631. By this treaty France agreed to pay an annual subsidy of four hundred thousand crowns towards the war, on condition that Gustavus should spare the possessions of the Duke of Bavaria and of the Catholic League. The moral effect produced by this alliance was prodigious. But it was not long before Richelieu, like the ignorant disciple in the fable, was thrown into consternation by the power of the spirit which his own charm had raised.

All that Richelieu could do was, while nominally the ally of Sweden, to encour-

\* Alexander, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugène, Frederick II., and Napoleon.

age the neutrality of the Catholic states, to promise them a support which he could not afford, and, on pretense of protecting Lorraine, to lay hands on it himself.

At length, Wallenstein having resumed the command of the imperialist forces, Gustavus suffered a severe check before Nuremberg. A reaction in public opinion is one of the few things which may always be safely predicted. The world was tired of admiring the virtues and wondering at the deeds of Gustavus. Because on this one occasion he was not victorious, he was of course vanquished forever.

So thought Gaston, Duke of Orleans — Monsieur, as he was generally called — who, since the exile of the queen-mother, had been brooding over past follies, and hatching new disturbances in the Low Countries.

He was a specimen of a clever fool; he was devoid both of moral sense and common-sense. He was a craven both in mind and body; his conduct was always either weak or wicked, or both. Under Louis XIII., as under the regency, he was ever in revolt and conspiring with the enemies of his country, often without a chance of success, and still more often defeating his own plots by his clumsy irresolution. He generally escaped punishment by betraying his accomplices; for, like Louis XIII., though never without a favorite, he never had a friend. Though so deficient in judgment, his talents were above the average. He was an admirable speaker, his memory was excellent, and he was a proficient in several branches of science.

Imagining the power of Richelieu to be indissolubly bound up with that of his great ally, Gaston resolved upon a decisive blow. He was sure of the assistance of Spain and Lorraine; and he dispatched emissaries into France to secure that of the nobles. He was especially desirous to gain Henri, duc de Montmorency, the Governor of Languedoc.

Till now the loyalty of this nobleman had been unblemished. Godson and favorite of Henri IV., devoted to his sovereign, for whom he had gained several battles, the fate that could least have been expected for him was to die as a traitor.

After many misgivings, Montmorency consented to join Gaston's cause.

We must pass over Gaston's ignomini-

ous failure, and the capture and condemnation of Montmorency. Petitions poured in from every quarter for Montmorency's pardon. Foreign powers interceded. It was all in vain. "With the head of Montmorency," said the Cardinal to Louis XIII., "his party will fall. The King had perhaps another motive besides the interest of the state. The beauty and misfortunes of Anne of Austria had touched the heart of Montmorency. He styled himself "Chevalier de la Reine;" and when taken prisoner, her picture was found bound upon his arm. Montmorency's accomplished wife, Marie des Ursins, was first cousin to Louis XIII. Her affection for her husband, which neither trial nor time could shake, was well known. She made every possible effort to save him; so did his sister, the Princesse de Condé. But Louis XIII. would neither see them himself, nor permit them to penetrate to the prisoner.

Gaston saved himself by signing a treaty containing these words: "That he would not interpose in favor of those who had joined with him on this occasion for their own purposes, and that he would not complain when the King obliged them to suffer the penalty which they deserved."

Louis XIII. and Richelieu proceeded to Toulouse. Montmorency was removed thither on the twenty-seventh October. His trial began on the next day. He pleaded guilty, was condemned on the twenty-ninth, and beheaded in the court of the Capitol on the thirtieth. The statue of Henri IV., which stood in the center, was sprinkled by his blood.

He died like a saint, forgiving all his enemies. In his will he left a valuable picture to the Cardinal. On the night before his execution the whole town was in commotion. The streets swarmed with people demanding his pardon, with loud cries, under the windows of the palace, where Louis XIII., somber, taciturn, and resolved, sat playing at chess — his own the only dry eyes in the chamber.

"Many of Montmorency's friends," continues M. Michelet, "the principal members of his household, were punished for having followed him — a novelty which excited scandal, even indignation. It broke through the old connection between vassal and lord, client and patron, servant and master. No master henceforth but the king and the state. It was a terrible but a necessary severity. It was the commencement



of the reign of law; and, considering the manners and opinions of the time, there was both danger and grandeur in daring to strike the blow. The desired effect was obtained. For a long time the party remained without a head; civil war was impossible; and Spain had lost her lever. Conspiracies were reduced to the chances of assassination. But there was a base cruelty in the mode of punishment, which excited mortal enmity against Richelieu. The execution of the noble followers of Montmorency might have been forgiven, but not their being sent to the galleys to row on the same bench with plebeian convicts. Even the daring act of Montmorency's death was done in a cowardly manner. Without doubt, it was the Cardinal's wish, but he had not dared to advise it. He had shown the courage of a priest; not striking himself, but presenting the knife. He felt terribly alone."

It is extraordinary that Richelieu chose this very moment, his hands red with the blood of her chevalier, to pay court to Anne of Austria. We compress the picturesque language of M. Michelet. Found out in her perpetual plots with Spain, suspected of collusion with Gaston, the Queen's position was humiliating. She had been forced to accompany this southern expedition as a hostage whom it was not safe to leave behind. The King attended her circle every evening, but spoke only to Mdle. de Hautefort. Immediately after the closing scene at Toulouse he returned to Paris, leaving her in the hands of the Cardinal, who had *carte blanche* to treat her as he pleased. Richelieu made an accommodation with Spain the pretext for his sudden change of conduct. It is true he was not young and handsome, but he was successful and all-powerful. Essential to Sweden, desired by Spain, aggrandized by the victories of Gustavus, the abasement of Lorraine, and the discomfiture of Monsieur, Richelieu seemed to hold in his hand the fate of Europe. Richelieu led the terrified court and the trembling Queen in triumph down the Garonne into the Gironde. At Bordeaux he expected to enjoy the mortification of the governor, the Duc d'Epemon. This old man was nearly eighty, and perhaps the shock would kill him. What a satisfaction it would have been to the Cardinal to bury him as he passed through!

Vain hope! At Bordeaux the scene changes.

Richelieu falls dangerously ill; and the old governor, surrounded by armed re-

tainers, walks every morning into the Cardinal's bedroom to ask him how he does, and frighten him almost to death. The Queen and court start without him, and proceed to enjoy the magnificent fetes which his presence would have spoiled. At La Rochelle there were all sorts of rejoicings — triumphal arches, tournaments, naval reviews, concerts, and balls. The Queen was dancing when news arrived which turned all this feasting into mourning. Richelieu was out of danger, and Gustavus was dead. He fell on the plain of Lützen on the sixth of November, 1632.

"All that romance writes," says M. Michelet, "of the fate of heroes was accomplished literally in him: To save the world, to die young, and by a traitor's hand." He goes on to say: "In the terrible battle of Lützen, Gustavus overpowers Wallenstein; beats, wounds, cripples, and overthrows him; kills his famous generals, even him who was the very incarnation of war — Pappenheim, who at his birth was marked with two bloody swords on the forehead. Gustavus was returning, tranquil and pacific and trusting, as usual, from the dreadful execution. His only companion was a petty German prince, who had frequently changed sides. A shot is fired, and Gustavus falls. The companion flies, and goes straight to Vienna."

We are happy to be able to disbelieve that Gustavus died by treason. It would have been like the death of Cordelia, too sad for the justice either of truth or of poetry. But our author, trusting to the inspirations of genius, did not think it worth while to study the facts. Gustavus was killed in the beginning of the battle. Pappenheim did not come up till near its close; otherwise there would have been no battle at all. Gustavus would never have attacked a force numerically so superior to his own. Gustavus had already made one successful charge at the head of his gallant Swedes, and already made sure of victory. He led them on again; the foe proved too numerous, and the Swedes retreated, not perceiving, in the thick fog, that they had left their king in the hands of the enemy. A pistol-ball shattered his arm, and feeling faint, he requested the Duke of Saxe-Lauenberg (the *homme suspect* of M. Michelet) to lead him out of the battle. An imperial cuirassier then shot him in the back; and he is reported to have said to the Duke: "Take care of yourself, brother; I have had enough." He fell

from his horse; and a party of the enemy coming up, asked who he was. "I was the King of Sweden," said Gustavus, and expired. His white charger was seen galloping riderless over the field, its housings covered with blood. The Swedes knew that their king was dead. Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar assumed the command of an army as eager as he was to avenge their common loss. Wallenstein's troops were completely routed. In vain did Pappenheim's arrival turn the scale for a moment in favor of the imperialists. They were overpowered by the furious onslaught of the Swedes; and Pappenheim fell covered with wounds, willing to die since the mortal enemy of his faith was slain.

So ended the memorable battle of Lutzen, in which perished perhaps the greatest hero whom the world has ever seen. If the Reformed Church had her saints as well as her elder sister of Rome, we should see many a stately cathedral and decorated altar dedicated to the memory of Gustavus Adolphus. Yet he had none of the bitter exclusiveness which sometimes adheres to sanctity. He was gay and genial, and so sure of his own faith, that he was willing to allow perfect liberty to those of a different persuasion. We read of no persecution sanctioned by him. All Europe, foes as well as friends, mourned for him. For himself, however, his early death was perhaps not to be regretted. Scarcely a cloud had dimmed the splendor of his career. Years might have brought their cares, and ambition and power their temptations, and in time they might have obscured the radiance of a character whose perfection, as it now stands, is an everlasting glory to human nature.

It is a satisfaction to reflect that our own countrymen contributed to the success of this great general. In his third campaign Gustavus was served by fifty-seven British officers and ten thousand men.

With him, in spite of the skill and the bravery of his successors, the unity and the progress of the Protestants was at an end. At Nordlingen, in 1634, the Swedes, under Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, were completely routed, and their *prestige* destroyed. France then stepped in as the champion of Protestantism, and enabled Bernhard to obtain on the Rhine successes so great that they were beginning to ex-

cite the jealousy of Richelieu, when Bernhard died, in 1639, at the early age of thirty-five. Sudden death was so frequently the fate of those who stood in the Cardinal's way, that strong suspicions were entertained of poison.

During the few years which followed the death of Gustavus, the arms of France were far from successful. Richelieu's mania for centralization allowed no discretion to his generals, each of whom had an associate who was at the same time a spy. So little was there of national feeling, that the court rejoiced at the discomfiture of the minister.

Foreign affairs were not the only subjects of Richelieu's anxiety. There seemed no end to the plots of the incorrigible Queen. M. Michelet thus describes her at this period of her life:

"Queen Anne of Austria, in 1637 was no longer young. She was of about the same age as the century; but she retained the extreme freshness of her complexion; it was all lilies and roses. Flaxen and Austrian in her early youth, her hair had grown darker; she was becoming more Spanish. But as she was fat, her incomparable fairness had only increased. Flora became Ceres in the full meridian, the royal splendor of summer.

"She nursed her beauty a little too much; ate a great deal, and got up very late, either from southern indolence, or for the sake of her complexion. She heard one or two low masses, dined copiously at noon, and then visited some convent. Of sanguine temperament, proud and passionate, she yet was weak; her attendants called her *toute bonne*. She was, especially when young, charitable to the poor; her heart was loving, credulous, unguarded. Mme. de Chevreuse, who knew her well, said to Retz: 'Put on a dreamy air, forget yourself in admiration of her white skin, her pretty hands, and you may do what you like with her.' Her ignorance and incapacity made her the tool of interested lovers and intriguing women.

"She betrayed whilst she flattered. She had drawn nearer to Richelieu; she asked favors of him; she even visited him at Ruel, and accepted his fêtes and his collations, and his verses.

"Richelieu was not quite a dupe; he was uneasy at so great a change; and at this very moment he was planning a little plot which should banish Mdle. de Hautefort, the Queen's advocate—her virtuous spy."

He directed the King's attention towards Mademoiselle de Lafayette, a relation of the Père Joseph. She had not the enchanting loveliness of the *Aurora*, but she possessed qualities which captivate the affections more securely than mere

beauty. She was dark, slender, and delicate; and her large black eyes were full of tender or lofty feeling. Louis, for the first time, knew what it is to love and be loved. Louise de Lafayette was not dazzled or corrupted; she felt intense pity and sympathy for the man who, betrayed by all who were nearest and dearest to him, was dying of premature old age, alone in his splendid solitude. In her society Louis shook off his reserve, and showed all the better parts of his nature, his high principles and real kindness; he told her all his griefs and cares.

Richelieu could not induce her to betray the secrets of her friend. As she refused to be his instrument, she was to be his victim. Through her confessor he worked upon her scruples, and when Louis in a transport of passion, urged her to accept an apartment in Versailles, and to become wholly his, she was advised to put an impassable barrier between herself and her royal lover. Soon afterwards she announced to the King her intention of taking the veil. He long combated her resolution, but in vain. She entered the convent; but the struggle ended in a serious illness.

Richelieu triumphed; so did the Queen, little knowing that she was on the eve of the most bitter humiliation in her life. One of her letters to Madame de Chevreuse, who was dying of ennui in her exile at Tours, fell into Richelieu's hands. It contained allusions to her correspondence with Spain, Lorraine, and England; it had been written at Val de Grace, and it is said that a young cavalier strikingly resembling Madame de Chevreuse rode from time to time from Tours to the convent. Richelieu obtained permission to revisit the Queen's apartments at Val de Grace. His emissaries, however, found only books of devotion and instruments of penance. In the hope of extorting evidence, her confidential servant Laporte was thrown into the Bastille.

The Queen at first swore before a priest, on the holy communion which she had just received, that she had written only to Madame de Chevreuse. The Cardinal warned her that he knew more; then, sending away all witnesses, alone with Richelieu, she made a partial confession, throwing herself on his mercy, and promising never to offend again; she offered to him her hand, but the Cardinal drew back with respectful gravity.

The fear was, lest Laporte might tell still more.

To prevent this, Mdle. de Hautefort, disguised as a grisette, her golden locks well hidden under her cap, procured admission to the Bastille, and contrived to transmit to Laporte a letter, telling how far, but no farther, he might confess. The Queen's personal danger was over, but not her humiliation. The King never addressed her, and the courtiers scarcely dared to raise their eyes to the window of her apartment. She was forgiven, but in disgrace. To reinstate her a miracle was required, and, by the intervention of a saint, a miracle was accomplished.

The intimacy between Louis XIII. and Louise de Lafayette did not cease on the threshold of the convent. From behind the grating of the parlor, she was still permitted to see the King; and her influence became greater than ever. She used it, as she thought, for his happiness. She never ceased to urge him to dismiss the pernicious minister who held him enslaved, and to be reconciled to his wife.

She pleaded so eloquently in behalf of Anne of Austria, that at last she succeeded; and in the following year, on the fifth of September, 1638, the whole nation went mad with joy on the birth of that sublime mediocrity, the prince who was to carry out the designs of Richelieu without his genius, the future Louis XIV.

"Richelieu," says M. Michelet, was "speechless. His fate was to be in the hands of the Infanta of Austria, the Spanish regent. In the dry, short compliment which he addressed to the Queen, the words stuck in his throat—'Madam, great joys are silent.'"

"The future was dark. Richelieu, it is true, need no longer fear Gaston. But who would be the Queen's lovers? That was the question. Hated by her to such an extent, could he induce her to accept a creature of his own? A man without family and without root, a foreigner, a priest, an adventurer without birth, suited him better than any other. This, if I am not mistaken, is the chief reason why he soon after adopted an Italian, whom he presented himself to the Queen as resembling Buckingham, the acute, the crafty, the handsome Mazarini. Did Richelieu know the man whom he placed so high in France? Perfectly; he knew him to be base, and therefore he chose him. He had seen him false and ungrateful to his earliest patron the Père Joseph. In the beginning of 1638, Joseph, seconded by his young kinswoman Lafayette, had been working against Richelieu. He had made the King promise to

recall the queen-mother, and to ask the Pope for a cardinal's hat for himself. The Pope dared not. Richelieu opposed the claims of Joseph, and urged against them those of Mazarini. Joseph saw that he was cheated. An attack of apoplexy struck him in May; the world said that he was poisoned. He fled from the Cardinal's house to his own convent, received bad news from Rome, and died in two hours after, on the eighteenth of December, 1638.

"Mazarini had calculated that, as his excellent patron the Père Joseph was at the point of death, it was advisable to be on the spot, to insinuate himself into the place while it was yet warm. He established himself in the house of his intimate friend Chavigny, whom he afterwards betrayed, as he had betrayed Joseph. He came, he said, to yield himself soul and body to the great master of politics, to study under him. Richelieu, who, in spite of his greatness, had some foibles of pedantry, took him at his word, and made him his pupil. One day, as his niece returned from the theater, the Cardinal said to her: 'Whilst you are amusing yourself, I am forming a statesman.' Richelieu saw the value of the tool which he was making. He who had known so many men, had never seen one so acute or so mean. Though not to be deceived, he was to be subdued by hope and by fear. He resolved to push him, and at last obtained for him the cardinal's hat."

Such was the first appearance in France of the man who, with neither strong passions nor elevated feelings to interfere with his love of power, with a heart never at variance with his head, though execrated and despised by all, yet beat every rival, oppressed France and its sovereign for fourteen years, and finally died possessed of more absolute power than Richelieu himself.

Soon after the birth of the Dauphin, the Cardinal treated the court to a grand fête—the ballet of *La félicité publique*: and this when the arms of France in the Netherlands, in Spain, and in Italy, had met with repeated disasters. But Richelieu was not to be dismayed.

In 1640 the scene changed. France turned to good account the revolutions in England, Spain, and Portugal. Arras was wrested from Spain, and soon afterwards General Harcourt entered Turin. At the same time Richelieu's nephew, the young Admiral Brézé, whose career was as glorious as it was short, defeated the Spanish fleet before Cadiz. The rejoicings for these victories were mingled with thanksgivings for a domestic event; a second son, Philippe, duc d'Anjou, was born to Louis XIII. on the 21st September 1640.

The humiliation of the House of Austria seemed at hand. The sun at length pierced the clouds, and prepared the way for the sore evening which was to close the stormy career of the minister. For the present, however, he was not allowed to pursue his policy in peace. His enemies at home were powerful allies to his enemies abroad. Marching steadily forwards, he had trampled on all that impeded his progress. Princes and nobles he had reduced to insignificance; the parliament he had deprived of privileges—usurped indeed, but sanctioned by custom. The people, exhausted by famine and rapine, called aloud for peace. Still no peace could be made till Austria was subdued.

Plot followed plot, detected, punished, and renewed. One after the other, Richelieu condemned to death the Duc de la Valette, the brother-in-law, and the Duc de Vendôme, the brother of the King. A more formidable conspirator, the Comte de Soissons, was killed by an unknown hand at the head of his rebel army.

But the worst of all was to come. Richelieu nourished a serpent in his own bosom. He had at length succeeded in separating Louis XIII. and Louise de Lafayette. He obtained the banishment of M<sup>lle</sup>. de Hautefort. Thinking female influence too powerful, he presented a new favorite to the King, a handsome boy of seventeen, Cinq Mars, the son of his old friend D'Effiat. The King took a violent fancy to this youth, and the insolence and pretensions of the new favorite knew no bounds. He despised the place of *premier écuyer*, hitherto granted to the King's companions. "C'était bon," he said, "pour de petits gentilshommes;" for himself, he would be *grand écuyer*. So he was styled by the court, "M. le Grand." Luxurious and dissipated in his habits, he soon became wearied of the dismal monotony of the King's life, and he made frequent escapes to Marion de Lorme, and to his former jolly companions. These irregularities shocked the grave and decorous Louis XIII., who tried to reform him, and set spies upon his actions. Perpetual quarrels were the result; the King used to draw up *procès verbaux* signed by the valets, and submit them to Richelieu, who in turn lectured the unhappy favorite.

Once or twice he intruded on secret conferences between the King and his min-



ister. At last Richelieu crushed his ambition with indignant scorn. From that day he swore the death of the minister.

He had only to look around to find accomplices in every rank. He became the nucleus of a wide-spreading conspiracy, at the head of which was the Queen, supported by the Dukes of Orleans and Bouillon. The King himself seemed to desire the death of the tyrant; he repeated that he wished to get rid of him—*s'en défaire*—though he objected to the assassination of a priest. The connecting link, and, from his high character and attainments, one of the chief members of this plot, was François Auguste de Thou, the son of the great Thuanus.

The object of the conspiracy was, that after the King's death, which could not be distant, the regency should be assumed by Anne of Austria. For this purpose it was necessary to kill the Cardinal; for it was known that he had the will, and it was believed that he had the power, to prevent it. The governors of the provinces and of the fortresses, and the commanders of the armies, were his creatures, or at least his friends: they might not be able to prevent his assassination, but they would avenge it. Foreign aid was therefore called in; and Fontenilles, a cousin and friend of Cinq Mars, concluded, in the names of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the Duc de Bouillon, and Cinq Mars, a treaty with Olivares, by which Spain engaged to invade France immediately with twelve thousand infantry, and five thousand cavalry, Spanish or German veterans, and to place in the hands of Gaston all the fortresses that should be taken.

The declared purpose of it was to force a peace between the two crowns. The true one was to make the Queen and her party the real governors of France.

Whether M. de Thou was ever cognizant of the details of this treaty is a question; that he knew of its existence, and disapproved of it, is certain. He was of a legal, not a military family; and at this time foreign intervention was always courted by the military factions, and disclaimed by the legal ones; but his affection for the Queen, his love for her favorite Mme. de Guémenée, and his patriotic desire for peace, to which the Cardinal seemed the only obstacle, blinded him to the treasonableness of the domestic part of the conspiracy, though not to its foreign portion.

Such was the state of affairs when, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1642, the King and the Cardinal left Paris to conduct the siege of Perpignan.

France was exhausted by her long warfare; she could supply neither money nor men. Richelieu was obliged to diminish the taxes, and to exchange the offensive for the defensive in all points save one. All forces were to be directed towards the Pyrenees. In his own words, he resolved to "strike no longer at the members, but at the heart of the enemy." Perpignan won, he expected Louis XIII. to cross the Pyrenees, enter Barcelona in state, and proceed to dictate peace at Saragossa.

Richelieu's retinue was more numerous and splendid than that of his sovereign, whom he followed at the distance of a day's journey; for the same resting-place could not accommodate both. From time to time they met in the large towns. On each occasion Richelieu observed the decrease of his own favor and the increase of that of Cinq Mars. More than once the project for the assassination was on the point of completion, but the hand of the favorite trembled. At Narbonne Richelieu's nerves fairly gave way. He declared himself too ill to go further. The King, accompanied by Cinq Mars, joined the camp on the twenty-second of April.

Many weeks were passed by the Cardinal in mortal suspense; but he had a powerful ally at court in the person of Cinq Mars himself, whose triumphant interference, joined to his ignorance and incapacity, wearied out the patience of the King. News of a reverse in Picardy arrived, and Louis XIII. began once more to miss his minister.

Richelieu had left Narbonne on the twenty-seventh of May. A few days earlier he dictated (for the abscesses which covered his body and extended to his right arm prevented his writing) a will, in which he bequeathed the Palais Cardinal, (now the Palais Royal,) and a considerable sum from his own privy purse, to the King. He started in a miserable state of mind and body. Once more fortune seemed to have deserted him, and he might expect to linger out his few remaining days in exile. He proceeded slowly towards Tarascon, where he was sure that the governor of Provence would afford him a refuge. He was overtaken, however, by Chavigny, who arrived from

the camp with a letter from Louis XIII., asking advice, begging pardon, and concluding with these words: "Whatever false reports may be spread, I am more attached to you than ever; we have lived together too long to be ever separated; and I wish this to be known to the whole world."

The King received in return a dispatch which he little expected. It was a copy of the treasonable treaty with Spain. How it fell into the hands of Richelieu may forever remain a mystery. M. Michelet, who, as we have seen, is not blinded by the charms of Anne of Austria, ascribes this treachery to the Queen. It is certain that, of all the conspirators, she alone was unpunished.

Chavigny found the King at Narbonne, returning ill from the siege. Cinq Mars had imprudently followed his sovereign. When he saw Chavigny, he became aware of his danger. He put off flight till too late. The order for his arrest was extorted from Louis with great difficulty. He attempted to escape, but was discovered hidden in the bed of the wife of a *bourgeois*; taken, and sent to Montpellier.

Orders were sent to the army for the arrest of De Thou, who was conveyed to Tarascon; and at the same time the Duc de Bouillon was seized in Piedmont, and dispatched to Pignerol.

Louis XIII. left Narbonne immediately, and proceeded to Tarascon, the scene of his first interview with Richelieu. Once more these two august invalids were in each other's presence; each almost on his death-bed, but each implacable as ever in his resentments; each hating and distrusting, but each necessary to the other.

A small bed was placed for the King by the side of that of his minister, who had the generosity and the tact to spare him all reproaches. Louis XIII. in return, laid all the blame upon Cinq Mars, and exhausted himself in expressions of attachment and protestations of fidelity.

Too feeble to return to the camp, the King proceeded to Paris, leaving unlimited powers with Richelieu, who remained in the dismal castle of Tarascon, under the same roof with his victim De Thou; who, in the lower vaults, waited in silence unbroken, save by the monotonous roar of the Rhone, to be led out to death.

The Duke of Orleans was traveling slowly towards Burgundy, expecting Cinq Mars, when he heard of his arrest. In

his terror, he dispatched his creature, the Abbé de la Rivière, with letters to Richelieu, owning his guilt, and offering a complete revelation. The Cardinal answered, that plenary confession had a right to absolution both from God and man. Gaston, overjoyed replied by a detailed accusation of his accomplices. He exaggerated the facts, and even invented imaginary details. In his first panic, he had burnt the original of the treaty with Spain, but he was willing to swear to its contents.

Furnished with this important testimony, Richelieu left Tarascon, on the seventeenth of August, for Lyons.

A few years back there was exhibited in Pall Mall one of Delaroche's fine small pictures, representing the attenuated form of the Cardinal, wrapped in his scarlet robes, (an appropriate livery for the bloody work he had in hand,) reclining on a bed in his gorgeous barge, and towing after him De Thou. The funeral *cortège* slowly ascended the river, and did not reach Lyons till the third of September.

The trial lasted ten days. As usual the penalty was paid by the inferiors. The Duc de Bouillon escaped by sacrificing Sedan, and Gaston by his base perfidy. However, no persuasions on the part of Richelieu could induce him to confront his associates.

Sentence of death was pronounced upon Cinq Mars and De Thou on the twelfth, and executed in the afternoon of the same day. It is said that Louis XIII. drew out his watch at the hour of his favorite's death, and said: "Cher ami doit faire à cette heure-ci une vilaine grimace."

The piety, the chivalrous bearing, and the courage of Cinq Mars and De Thou, during the trial and on the scaffold, blinded the world as to their real guilt. A sort of halo of martyrdom was cast around them. Four or five miles above Tours, on one of the finest reaches of the Loire, stands a castle, still perfect, except that its towers end abruptly, without battlements, a few feet above the curtain. This is the château of Cinq Mars, its towers "razées à la hauteur de l'infamie."

Richelieu left Lyons for Paris immediately after the trial. He could not bear the motion of a carriage. He performed the journey, which lasted five weeks, either by water or in a magnificent litter, fitted up with red damask, containing his bed, a table, and a chair for an occasional

visitor. It was carried by relays of eighteen guards. The walls of cities had to be broken down to admit of its passage, and scaffoldings were erected to raise this vast machine to a level with the apartments which were honored by the occupation of the cardinal-king. On the seventeenth October he reached Paris, was received with almost royal honors, and immediately retired to Ruel.

Richelieu had indeed reason to triumph. Every day brought tidings of the success of his vast combinations. In the north, and in the Low Countries, the Spanish army was held in check by the Count d'Harcourt and Marshal Guébriant. The princes of the north of Italy, that beautiful land, whose destiny has long been to be torn in pieces by the pretenders to her favor, rejected the continual oppression and interference of the House from which their country was to suffer so much in future ages, and formed an alliance with Savoy and with France. The allies took Tortona on the twenty-fifth of November, and thus obtained possession of the Milanais south of the Po. The sovereignty of the province was awarded to Prince Thomas of Savoy, who held it in fief from the crown of France.

In Germany, Torstenson, the last of the successors of Gustavus, drove the Austrians out of Silesia, and a great part of Moravia; and on the second November was fought a second battle of Leipsic, as glorious to Sweden as the first. Reinforced by Guébriant, the Swedes subdued nearly the whole of Saxony.

The war in the Pyrenees, the chief object of Richelieu's solicitude, was brought to a successful termination. Both Roussillon and Catalonia became provinces of France. All this glory and power could not give peace of mind to the dying statesman. Since the execution of Cinq Mars, he felt that the King hated him. He dreaded, not the death which was advancing towards him with giant strides, but the knife of the assassin. Ignorant and yet suspicious of the part taken by the King in the late conspiracy, it was Louis XIII. whom he chiefly feared. On the rare occasions when the King visited him, the apartment was filled by his guards, who retained their arms; an unheard of insult to royalty. He did not yet feel himself safe. He insisted upon the banishment of three of the King's favorite attendants — Messrs. Tilladet, De la Salle, and Deses-

sart, officers of the Royal Guard. Louis XIII. resisted long, but in vain, with this consolation, that their pretended disgrace would not last long, as the Cardinal's days were numbered.

To lookers-on it seemed, however, an even chance which should precede the other to the tomb. The King's health was failing fast; Richelieu by no means despaired of recovery. He returned to Paris, and on the fifteenth of November he gave a dramatic entertainment, at which, however, he was not able to be present. The piece, an allegorical tragicomedy in five acts, was called *Europa*. In it "Ibère" and "Francion" dispute the hand of the princess "Europa," and it ends with the triumph of "Francion."

On the twenty-eighth Richelieu was attacked by a violent fever, and spitting of blood. The symptoms increased. On the second December his life was despaired of. Public prayers were put up in all the churches, and the King had a long conference with the minister to whom he owed so much. After asking the King's protection for his family and descendants, he advised him as to his future policy, recommended Mazarin as his successor, and composed with him an act, afterwards registered by the parliament, which, after recapitulating the various conspiracies in which Gaston had been engaged, excluded him forever from any share in the government or in the regency, in the event of the King's death.

After the King's departure, Richelieu asked the physicians how long he had to live. Wishing to flatter him, they replied, that "God would work a miracle sooner than suffer the extinction of one who was so necessary to the welfare of France." His niece, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, running in, exclaimed: "Sir, you will not die; a holy woman, a Carmelite nun, has received the revelation." "My dear," he said, "we must laugh at all that; we must believe only in the Gospel;" and turning to the physician nearest him: "Speak to me," he said, "not as a doctor, but as a friend." "Monseigneur," was the reply, "in twenty-four hours you will be dead or cured." "That is speaking out," said Richelieu; "I understand you."

The sacrament was then administered to him. "Here is my judge," he said, when the consecrated wafer was presented to him — "my judge, who will soon pronounce my sentence. May he condemn

me if, in the course of my ministry, I have had any other aim than the good of the Church and of the State." "Do you forgive your enemies?" said the priest. "I have had none but those of the state," was the reply.

The symptoms continued to increase. He bore them with admirable patience and fortitude. He gave way but for an instant, when bidding adieu to his niece, "the being," to use his own words, "whom he had most loved on earth." All around were weeping; for the terrible minister was, by the testimony of his contemporaries, the best master, kinsman, and friend that ever existed.

He preserved the same composure throughout his long agony, which lasted till towards noon on the fourth of December, when, with one deep sigh, his great soul left the wreck of what had been its tenement on earth.

The King whose reign he had made glorious, the people whom he had raised to supremacy, alike were relieved by his death.

Richelieu had trampled on his contemporaries. He could not, therefore, be

judged fairly by them. It required the calm estimation of later ages to place him unrivaled as he now stands among statesmen. Since the days of Charlemagne till the advent of Henri IV., France had been retrograding in the scale of civilized nations. The great king died before he could accomplish any effectual reform. Richelieu carried out his projects, and added to them with a firmer hand and a more enlightened capacity.

He extended the country to its natural limits by his systematic conquest. He improved the army, created the fleet, encouraged commerce, gave the first impulse to the arts, fixed the language by founding the celebrated Académie Française, protected literature, and quelled for a time the intolerable tyranny of the nobles. For all these benefits France has to thank him. But such complete changes could not have been made so suddenly without despotism and centralization; and from these evils she is suffering now.

It was a system of government dependent on its head; and what head could be found to replace its author?

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From the London Quarterly Review.

## DR. LAYCOCK ON MIND AND BRAIN.\*

AMONG the causes of human error, and the sources of controversy, there is none more deeply rooted or more wide in its operation than that which is now familiarly designated by the expressive German word, ONE-SIDEDNESS, (*Einseitigkeit*.) Our adverse systems of theology, our violent parties in Church and State, our great philosophical, ecclesiastical, and political revolutions, are all the product of moral and intellectual forces acting, under circumstances more or less favorable, in a one-sided direction. Action, indeed, al-

ways is and must be in one direction; only speculation can look all round with an equal glance, precisely because from a central point once attained, so long as it remains mere speculation, it is not forced to depart. Hence, also, all action, while it intensifies the energy, necessarily narrows the sympathy; and by narrowing the sympathy becomes the occasion of imperfect views, that is, of error, in so far as truth is not recognized beyond the line of the actually existing and all-engrossing energy. One-sidedness, therefore, seems necessarily a condition of all finite activity. We can propose to ourselves only one end at a time; and while pursuing this end eagerly, we are apt to imagine that it is the only end in the universe

\* *Mind and Brain; or, The Correlations of Consciousness and Organization.* By THOMAS LAYCOCK, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Two Vols. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.



worth pursuing, and that all other ends which we find sought after by other beings are either delusions or absurdities. From the narrow-mindedness thus engendered there is only one method of escape, and that is by the habit of philosophizing; a habit which, for practical purposes, may be conveniently defined as a habit of looking at all things from all sides, and thus approaching in thought, since we can not in act, nearer to the central position of the Divine Mind, in whom alone all truth dwells, all divariations converge, and all contraries are seen to be only the opposite sides of a more rich and varied unity.

Of the one-sided tendencies of the present age, there is none more notable than the exclusive attention given by a certain class of thinkers to the merely material and external elements of the world, as opposed to what is internal, namely, mind; the human mind in the first place, and the Divine Mind, as the great original source both of all inferior minds and of what we call "matter." This one-sided tendency may be traced to Lord Bacon, and to the building up of physical science by induction, of which he propounded the scheme. The author of the *Novum Organum* unquestionably was a great philosopher; and yet his philosophy, as not being mere speculation, but a distinct declaration of war against hitherto existing methods, was necessarily one-sided. To say that instead of building beautiful theories of the system of nature, as Plato does in the *Timæus*, we should set ourselves in the first place to a careful collection of the small facts of nature, with the hope ultimately of attaining to some mastery of its great laws, was a wise advice, and has proved itself fertile in crop after crop of the most important practical results. Our steam-engines, our railways, our galvanic batteries, our electric telegraphs, our measurements of the moon, our submarine couriers—all the material and mechanical boast of the age has flowed, and continues to flow, and will flow yet more miraculously, from this one plain practical common-sense advice. But there are other things in the world than steam-engines and spinning-jennies; there is the mind which made them; and with regard to this, we can not honestly say that the Baconian method has hitherto been fertile of any great results. Nay, rather we think it is quite plain that in the region of lofty and serenest speculation, your

pioneers of induction have often showed a one-eyed fixation of glance upon mere external aspects of nature, from which all largeness of view in reference to comprehensive mental phenomena was excluded. Men like Mr. Buckle, for instance, come forward with propositions to manufacture peoples and nations out of mere meadows and mountains, rushing rivers, stagnant canals, rice, roast beef, and potatoes, and every thing but SOUL. Soul was not an external fact to be fingered and measured and tabulated: therefore your men of induction would have nothing to do with it. With them all facts were significant, except the one central fact of which all facts are the issue, namely, MIND. In the same way Mr. Darwin, in his recent attempt to explain the origin of species, enlarges with great ingenuity and eloquence on the modifications produced in living structures by external circumstances, and on the process by which accidental varieties may be transmuted into permanently differentiated types. But in endeavoring to give to these external modifying influences the dignity of sole efficient causes, he shows an incapacity or an unwillingness to recognize the one great internal cause of all animal life—the Divine Mind, which, though concealed from human view, and beyond the touch of human finger, acts in its own central sphere as a force which modifies on a pre-determined plan, far more constantly and potently than the greatest array of external facts which human arithmetic can calculate. So it must always be. Inductive science may beat about and about and about, and, with the help of microscopes and telescopes, will certainly find many things that will make many people stare; but it will never be able to put its finger on that which is before, and above, and beyond all induction, namely, the mind of the human investigator, with all its innate and ineradicable instincts, and the kindred mind of the Divine Creator, with its exhaustless riches of primordial types, each distinct in its individual completeness, but all the same in their general tendency and in their total effect.

Another manifestation of the same one-sided regard to the merely external and mechanical is the manner in which some persons talk of nature, and the laws of nature; as if these terms meant or could mean any thing but the grand scheme of the Divine operations, and the method of

these operations manifested in comprehensible detail. When in common parlance we talk of a country being governed by laws, we may seem to talk of a power, but in fact we only talk of a method; a method of social action proceeding from the intelligence either of the people at large, in the case of what is called consuetudinary law, or of special representative spokesmen of the people, in the case of statutory law. In like manner the laws of nature are not the real causes of any natural phenomenon; but only the constant and unvaried method of operation adopted by the Supreme Intelligence for the manifestation of his perfections. Those who are ever talking of the laws of nature without any reference to the Lawgiver, do so either from being possessed by the monstrous crotchet of atheism, or from a notion that they do sufficient honor to the Creator by allowing him to wind up the watch of the universe once for all at the beginning of the cycle of things, and then keeping him apart at an inactive distance from his own creation, where the stage is left clear for the self-acting laws of nature and the self-inspired doctors who expound them. The mental state of the genuine atheist—a mere morbid idiosyncrasy of a peculiarly abnormal kind—is to be explained in three ways. Either it is a violent revulsion from certain forms of anthropomorphic theology, which represent the Supreme Being as acting according to the uncertain and incalculable method of human caprice; or it is the result of a sort of extravagant intellectual pride and self-sufficiency, which will tolerate the thought of no superior, and recoils haughtily from the reverent recognition of a *master*; or, lastly, it is the mere sympathetic assumption of a general anarchy in the universe, similar to the moral anarchy which may prevail in a character which has thrown away the control of the higher regulative faculties—the God within—and is flouncing about in a restless career, which, as it commenced in confusion, can only end in destruction. The other kind of godless philosophy of nature, which does not distinctly repudiate God, but only casts him back into a corner, where he is never heard of but on certain public occasions, when a pious parade seems proper, is more distinctly the fruit of that one-sided induction which deals with mere facts of the external world, and looks with suspicion on all sorts of “innate ideas” or “intui-

tions.” A rage for collecting facts is a very useful thing, no doubt, and may profitably fill up the void of a life which otherwise might fling itself from sheer weariness into the Thames or the Seine. But it can never beget an idea. Now God is an idea, and, indeed, the Father of all ideas; never to be reached, of course, by a purely inductive science, which occupies itself with fingering facts, and arranging them according to “laws.” Hence your man of physical science, when not prepared to reject God altogether as the originating Cause of the universe, contents himself with giving him a theoretical acknowledgment once for all, but leaving him out of view *in all*, as something which he does not know how to manage. Hence, though, like David Hume, he can distinctly and honestly profess that he is no atheist, yet is there no fragrance of piety about his knowledge; God is not in all his thoughts, and will rarely be found in any of his books. The world, under the guidance of such a teacher of mere physical externalities, becomes like the enchanted palace in Ariosto, where every man finds a magnificent lodging, but no man finds a hospitable landlord.

Now all this lamentable and dreary science, without inspiration and without God, never could have arisen if men had started with a full faith in their own soul and its God-begotten instincts, instead of going peddling and pottering about to collect and register infinite facts, which can not possibly have a meaning to an intellect which does not believe in something which is above and before all facts. Take the example of a steam-engine. Let us suppose a dog, or some inferior animal, suddenly endowed with reason, and beginning to observe the different parts of this wonderful machine. He can not possibly arrive at any conception of what this gigantic combination of beams and wheels means, unless, in addition to the capacity of observing facts, that is to say, in this case, noting and registering the different parts of the engine, he brings with him, previous to all experience, the notion of a design to be achieved by a certain mechanical combination, and of a force capable of being so directed as to achieve it; that is to say, unless he brings with him the innate idea of a designing Mind, and a creative force. This will bring him at once to a James Watt, whom he can not see, and a steam-boiler,

which he does not see; and these two invisible things, not derived from observation, supply the only powers by the action of which the results of observation can be measured or explained. With the great machine of the world it is even so.

We must bring the idea of God with us from the dynamical action of our own mind, before the multiform and complex works of God can marshal themselves into Cosmos before our eyes. But there is an important difference to be observed between the steam-engine and the world.

In this human machine we suppose the rationalized brute to arrive at the knowledge of two causes—a designing mind and a propulsive force. In the Divine machine of the world these two are one. God is both the mind and the steam; he is a plastic and intelligent steam. Hence the absurdity of placing him away in an extreme corner of creation, as if his presence were not required every where for the preservation of his works. If he is omnipresent, he must be present as a universally acting intelligent force; what we call powers of matter, vital forces, and the like, can only be the constant and regular manifestations of this force. The laws of nature are only the methods by which this intelligent force is exhibited; and the so-called principles of physical science, laws of motion, and so forth, are truly and literally nothing but the living stereotypes of the thoughts of an ever-existing Being, with whom every thought is a creative deed, and every volition an infallible law.

Another characteristic form which the one-sided use of the inductive method of physical research takes, is the tendency observed in some minds to deny the doctrine of "final causes," or teleology, as the Greek phrase has it, that is, the doctrines of ends and purposes (τέλη) in creation. The agreeableness of this doctrine to the natural instincts of a healthy human mind is obvious, both from its general popularity, and specially from its early recognition by Socrates, Cicero, and other well-constituted minds of antiquity. Perhaps, however, this very obviousness and popularity of the doctrine was a sufficient reason, with a certain class of minds, for denying it, and establishing thereby a claim to a peculiar sort of wisdom in which no unscientific mind could participate. Lord Bacon certainly seems to have given the key-note to the deifica-

tion of external accidents proclaimed by Lamarck and Darwin, when he said that the theory of final causes is "a barren virgin." Goethe also added his weighty testimony to the same doctrine, when, in his conversations with Eckermann, he declared that the question *Why?* or *For what purpose?* is not a scientific question. The question which science puts is, *How?* And no doubt these great thinkers were led to make this observation from observing how, on the one hand, final causes often lie on the surface, exciting to no deep research; and, on the other hand, objects or purposes are often assumed as obvious, which are no final causes at all, but only accidental uses of things convenient for the shallow philosopher, who imagines himself to be the center of the universe, and his pleasure the ultimate object of all creation. Thus a man very fond of eel-pies may imagine that eels were created for the purpose of being made into pies, and only for that purpose; and an old maid in a garret, with a jolly singing blackbird in a cage, may imagine that blackbirds were created for the purpose of being caged, and only for that purpose. A whole world of such shallow, superficial, imaginary ends and objects of God in creation, may easily be observed springing from the brain of half thinkers, or of persons who never think at all, except to put their momentary whims and passions into some attitude of reasonableness, to satisfy the ideas of those who define man a reasonable being. Such pretty convenient conceits for making God's vast plan serve as a waiting-maid on every paltry human wish or appetite, are no doubt "barren virgins" enough in respect of all scientific fruit; but they no more disprove the doctrine of final causes generally, than the existence of any kind of delusion disproves truth, or any kind of nonsense confutes sense. A distinct plan or scheme of a great battle may undoubtedly be in the mind of the general, though many a brave and sturdy private, in the hour of combat, knows no more of it than if it were a mere accidental riot, on a Queen's birth-day night, occasioned by the fixing of a cracker to the coat-tails of some testy old gentleman, or the crinoline of some nervous young maid. Neither is it at all correct what Goethe says, that the only real scientific question is *How?* and not *Why?* It is no doubt a much

more easy thing to say that heat exists for the purpose of giving expansiveness and flexibility and general adaptability to hard and harsh bodies, than to tell us what heat is, and how it produces these effects, whether by the infusion of some subtle matter, as used to be supposed, or by the excitement of certain motions, as Count Rumford first taught, and is now generally believed. But that the object or purpose of any piece of machinery, for instance, goes deeply into the comprehension of its nature; that the proper answer to the question *How?* depends upon there being a question *Why?* or *For what purpose?* previously put, is manifest from many considerations. If in the higher works of man we can always discover a scheme or purpose, and a plan, more or less imperfectly realized—often, indeed, reached only through large and lamentable bungling—but still a plan, with some result; while in the works of God, from all contemplation of intelligible object or result, rigid science bids us turn hopelessly away; then, truly, the boasted triumphs of modern physics are a small matter after all; and a chapter in Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*, or a column in *Punch*—being at least something human, and a caricature of rationality—offers an infinitely more intellectual employment than the starry measurements which exercised the lofty thoughts of a Galileo, a Kepler, and a Newton.

But the calculators of planetary motions, and the inspectors of organized tissues, are not the only one-sided gentlemen in these days. The metaphysicians also, and the theologians, in their peculiar region, have sometimes walked and talked despotically enough. No doubt they had a better right to play the despot; for they started with self-existent mind—an omnipotent postulate—out of which any thing might legitimately be made; whereas mere material laws and unconscious forms could be made to produce an intelligible result only by a juggle of words, and a confusion of ideas perfectly juvenile. But however proud their theoretical position, it certainly was not wise to ignore facts; facts that were in every man's eyes, and only concealed from vulgar notice by their exceeding obviousness. That mind could not work without matter, in the present system of things, was patent to any man. For, how else should lofty metaphysicians, and soaring

poets, and transcendental devotees, have condescended to take their dinner daily—giving material fuel to a spiritual fire—like any cat, or dog, or creeping thing? Here was a mystery, indeed, not at all palatable to those hasty aspirants who were eager to work every where without tools, and to scale the heavens without a ladder based upon firm earth. Accordingly, they followed only a natural instinct in averting the eye as much as possible from this view of the conditions of our human existence; and when George Combe and other curious students of our bodily organization came forward to tell the world that a man could not think without a brain, nor write epic poems without a bump of ideality plainly visible and tangible on the surface of the skull, nor beget children without a well-developed cerebellum—at such announcements some pious persons very seriously took alarm, as if their proper intellectual unity was about to resolve itself into a loose dance of medullary molecules, and all consciousness could be stirred into existence, like a pudding, by the mere churning of curious nervous matter in the brain. Heated by this apprehension, some of them went so far as to charge the honest old Bumpologist with atheism. But the author of *The Constitution of Man* was too much of a plain, practical, cool-headed Scotsman, to be either an atheist or a pantheist. Atheism, indeed, is a monstrosity which is produced, to any considerable extent, only in France, the fatherland of all wild and rebellious paradoxes; and Pantheism is a transcendental attempt to explain the mystic connection of "the one and the many," to which the union of speculative boldness and fervid fancy, so characteristic of Germany, seems peculiarly favorable. But the metaphysics of the "cannie Scot" keeps itself cautiously within the common limits of human thought; and neither George Combe, nor David Hume, though disbelievers in Christianity, were atheists or pantheists, as their works sufficiently declare. Neither, indeed, is there the slightest cause for Atheism in the doctrine of cerebral protuberances, as exponents of mental faculties, any more than in the common fact, that nerve is the exponent of vital sensibility, muscle of vital force, and bones of permanent form. Once for all, in the divine system of things, so far as we know it, body is every where the



external expression of internal forces. Whatsoever internal force manifests itself in any way, does it through body; whatsoever body, getting beyond Chaos, manifests any regulated forms or tendencies, does it through mind. In Christian theology, this close connection of body and mind is plainly recognized. Otherwise, why the resurrection? Why not only a new heaven in prospect, but a new earth? The doctrine of the Neo-Platonists, and the Montanists, that matter is from the devil, not from God, and that the only perfect form of existence is an existence without body, was never a doctrine of the Catholic Church. Our theologians, therefore, and our exponents of consciousness, were decidedly one-sided in looking with suspicion on the philosophy of organization, as set forth by the philologists and the craniologists of the day. Nothing does more harm to religion than when pious men insist on attributing to a spiritual agency effects which proceed manifestly from material causes. It is as absurd to probe the conscience for the source of dyspeptic qualms, as to explain remorse, after an act of murder, by a disordered stomach. When Martin Luther was shut up in the Thuringian hold of the Wartburg, working at his famous translation of the Bible, the confinement did not agree with his active temperament, and the result of his sedentary habits was the common one of intestinal torpor, morbid irritability, and sundry uncomfortable imaginations and feelings thence resulting. Honest Martin did not know this; so he thought the uncomfortable feelings he experienced in his holy work could proceed only from the evil One, eager to prevent the loss which would necessarily accrue to his kingdom from the general dispersion of the written word of truth. Under this conviction he kept constantly lashing and rashing about at blue-bottle flies, and other imaginary incarnations of the tempter; of which painful exercise the tangible evidences are shown to the curious traveler, even at the present hour. Matters of this kind are innocent enough to the reflecting mind; but to the superficial they give occasion for irreverent and profane remarks; and they are not wise Christians who give offense to scientific observers in matters of this kind. We do not fling ink-bottles at blue-bottle imps in this nineteenth century; neither do we burn

ugly old women for imaginary intercourse with hard, cold, stony devils; but we are not yet free from the theological one-sidedness of attributing material effects to spiritual causes; or thus exposing the sacred truths of religion to the laughter of the superficial thinker, and the sneer of the cool scientific observer. If our expounders of nature seem often without God in their theory of the world, our apostles of God are not seldom chargeable with a culpable disregard of the constitution of things, under which it is God's pleasure that we should exist. The day is come when these polemical attitudes of our physical and metaphysical champions should cease, at least in the case of all those who believe in a higher wisdom than mere professional acuteness and dexterity; and with regard to matter and mind, instead of indulging futile "oppositions of science falsely so called," our well-constituted man of the nineteenth century should adopt the sacred marriage-maxim of the New Testament, *What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.*

We have been led into the above train of thought from a careful perusal of the learned and philosophical work just published by Dr. Laycock. We can not but hail it as a good omen for the University of Edinburgh, that one of the Professors of her famous medical school should have come forward as an intelligent mediator between the one-sidedness of a philosophy of nature without mind, and a philosophy of mind without organization. Scotland is well known to be a very religious country; and Edinburgh, we know as the capital of such a country, is prominent both in the profession and in the practice of piety. It is a remarkable thing, however, that before the appearance of Sir William Hamilton, a shallow, sophistical philosophy was much paraded in that city, of which the most prominent feature was an ingenious attempt to explain some of the most remarkable even of mental phenomena without God. Of this spirit the most notable manifestation was the much-bespoken theory of taste propounded by Alison and Jeffrey, which reduced to a mere arbitrary play of individual associations those eternal instincts of the beautiful which the Creator planted in the soul of man, as correlative to the types of intellectual beauty, according to which he had

constructed the universe. God forbid that we should insinuate that the clear and kindly intellect of the first Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* could entertain even for a moment the frigid absurdity of Atheism! but it is not the less true that his famous theory of Beauty (reprinted in the last number of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*) proceeds upon a direct rejection of the Divine Being from one great province of his own world; and that a similar process of reasoning, if consistently applied, would drive all reason and divinity out of the moral world also, and make the Ten Commandments the result of a mere capricious play of natural fancy with regard to the character of actions in themselves altogether indifferent. How far the godless frivolity of the Edinburgh philosophy of taste had tainted its philosophy of nature—if there was any such—we have no means of knowing. We rather think, from the example of Dr. Abercrombie, Alison, and others whom we might name, that the medical mind of the Scottish metropolis has known practically how to believe in a soul, though there was no means of touching it with the finger on the table of the dissecting-room. So far well. But the Scottish religion, and the Scottish philosophy, have, it must be confessed, always shown an evil tendency to lie apart, and not infuse themselves with a vital formative energy into the general mental life of the north. People were often very devout and orthodox on Sundays, in the exhibitions of whose Monday activity no fragrance of all-pervading piety was to be found. It seemed as if Scotsmen had got possessed of the idea, that God ought to be recognized with awe and sacred terror in the Church and in the Catechism, but not with joy and admiring delight in the halls of intellectual gymnastics, and in the fields that blossom with divine loveliness. Scottish science, it must be confessed, before the genial apparition of Hugh Miller, was any thing but fervidly pious. Scottish philosophy was rather given to spend itself in an empty show of meaningless and logical thrust and parry, practiced in a separate fencing-room, kept ingeniously apart from a jealous theology on the one hand, and an ungodded nature on the other; while the Scottish pulpit—with all its faults the best and most national thing in the country—along with a great evolution of moral heat, was continually sending forth clouds

of smoke and dust, which could have no tendency to restore God to nature, veneration to scientific research, and a holy significance to metaphysical speculation. Under these circumstances, we repeat, the intelligent spectator can not but hail it as a good omen, and one of the best for Scotland, that the holder of one of her most authoritative medical chairs should have come forward with a metaphysico-physical treatise, displaying at once great variety of learned research, great comprehensiveness of view, and a most admirable spirit of catholic appreciation. A great many minds have a wonderful faculty of negation, except in the domain of their own particular notion or erchet; and there they say YES with portentous iteration: but Dr. Laycock's eye has a large range for other people's good things as well as his own, and his passion for full attestation of an important truth calls into court a complete array of the most diverse witnesses on both sides of the question, out of whose conflicting evidence, like a wise judge, and not a mere special pleader, he brings out, with large completeness, the harmonious and consistent truth. It is not every day we meet with broad and free intellects that know how to make Plato and Bacon shake hands, Cudworth and Combe kiss each other, while "innate ideas" (which Locke is thought to have exploded) walk peaceably the highway, with Christian Theology on the right hand, and Histology on the left. But this large and liberal faculty of appreciation Dr. Laycock possesses in a very high degree; and it is this which to our mind gives the great charm to his book. He entertains his own views, but he is not therefore forced absolutely to deny the views of any other party; because he has planted himself in the central point from which all apparently contradictory views diverge; and that central point is God. From this point only, as from the top of a high mountain, all the winding glens of scientific research become harmoniously intelligible, and the panorama of human knowledge is complete.

Dr. Laycock has prefixed to his work a *Dissertation on Method*, very luminous and complete, which might stand as an admirable book of itself in a treatise of general logic, being, in fact, a forcible and able protest against all those partial and one-sided methods of a narrow science, which, as above stated, necessarily engen-

der error. In this portion of his work, while allowing full weight to external physical influences, such as those expatiated on by Mr. Buckle, the Professor asserts no less strongly the agency of internal moral and intellectual forces in forming national character, and determining national destiny. Take the following extract, which, besides its important general truth, contains a special application to ourselves in that critical stage of civilization which we have now reached.

"Man does not live by bread alone. The alternate cycle of nutrition may be maintained by industrial effort, as in China at this moment, where the people, it is said, have already practically solved the problem; or the mountain-streams may bring with them to the plains all those elements of food for plants which man takes away, and, overflowing the land, deposit thereon their mineral wealth in the fittest condition for vegetable nutrition, as occurs in Egypt and Mesopotamia, Hindustan, or Italy. Yet even under these circumstances, national decay occurs. The Assyrian and the Egyptian empires have long since disappeared, while the fertile plains of Hindustan and Lombardy have for centuries been the battle-field of more vigorous races. Here the exhaustion of the soil is no cause of national decay; for it has an inexhaustible supply of nutrient wealth in the overflowing rivers. We must look, therefore, to another cause of change, and this appears to consist in the decay of religion and morals. The natural development of the human mind is towards a knowledge of final causes. God and immortality are these final causes; but the relations of man to God and a future life constitute the foundation of religion and morals. It follows, therefore, that a practical mental science should investigate the laws of development of this knowledge in the individual and in the nation; and, applying the science of those laws to education, and to religious and moral culture, systematically evolve all the higher and nobler faculties of the human mind. To attain to such an end, physical and philosophical education must be combined with religious training, so that a knowledge of the laws of bodily vigor as well as of mental energy may be equally and consentaneously applied to the purpose. In all ages and in all nations, emasculate pursuits have been coincident with decay in religion and morals; for the form of worship has always reflected the mental characteristics of the age. Thus the general worship of a feminine deity, under whatever name, is significant of national effeminacy and degeneracy; while, on the contrary, the worship of one God in the spirit indicates the operation of those masculine faculties by which men attain to a knowledge of abstract truth, and are enabled to know and reverence the Divine.

"Now, effeminate pursuits, in the mass as in

the individual, are the natural sequence to impaired coporeal vigor and defective cerebral development. This is more particularly true of those emasculating vices which consist essentially in the gratification of the sexual lusts by unnatural means. Such vices act directly on the nervous system, and render it imperfect; while it is strengthened by the sports of the field, or by exercises which call forth the muscular powers, and the native love of enterprise and danger inherent in man. But there is a cycle of change in the moral world, as in the vital or physical world. Large cities are unfavorable to the development of coporeal vigor, unless hygiene, or the science of public health, bring all its appliances to bear on their domestic economy. And being this, they are favorable, conversely, to the development of a quick sensibility of the brain without a corresponding coporeal vigor; of a quick sense of pleasure and pain, with a corresponding readiness to seek after pleasure merely, or shun pain; and of all the vices which depend upon the desires.

"The entire mental character, indeed, is connected with the action of those multitudinous causes of enervation which a high material civilization necessarily draws with it, if not scientifically counteracted. As the physical vigor decays, the instincts of astuteness and cunning are developed in its place, and therewith fraud and falsehood in the various relations of life. In these respects the man becomes literally effeminate. The imagination also predominates over the reason, concurrently with exaltation of the cerebral functions, so that credulity and superstition are often correlative with a high æsthetic development, and with great quickness of perception and refinement of taste. The development of the fine arts is too often thought to indicate a corresponding advance in society; but it is evident from these considerations, that unless accompanied by an equal development of the manly virtues and of the intellectual powers, it is but a sign of national degeneracy. Hence, it too often happens, that the decay of a state dates exactly from the period when the arts of life attained their maximum."

On the other side, the author has stated with great clearness the inadequate views on certain important departments of the science of mind, that have proceeded from the one-sided study of the mere phenomena of consciousness.

"It might be reasonably expected, that the various morbid mental states known as insanity, which so imperatively attract the attention of the physician, would have also led the metaphysician to a right estimate of that knowledge which experience gives as to the fundamental relations of body and mind; or that, at least, while he attempted to explain the laws of thought as manifested in healthy states of mind, a solution of the problem as to unhealthy states would have been attempted also. But

philosophy does nothing of the kind. These morbid mental states are even rejected as sources of knowledge. Reid only represents the notion of a school when, in reference to the delusions of lunatics, he remarks: 'All I have to say to this is, that our minds, in our present state, are like our bodies, liable to strange disorders; and as we do not judge of the natural constitution of the body from disorders or diseases to which it is subject from accidents, (a false premise,) so neither ought we to judge of the natural powers of the mind from its disorders, but from its sound state.' Hence, philosophy, in rejecting so valuable a source of knowledge, sheds no light upon one of the most terrible inflictions to which the mind of man is exposed — gives no knowledge as to its relations to morals, no information as to its causes, no help as to its cure. The social evils that have resulted from this rejection of the teachings of experience are incalculably great, and pervade the whole business of human life. In particular, education, ethical philosophy, and the administration of justice manifest them. Thus, the judge and juries of the land can not pass by the question in this easy fashion when they have to decide what is or is not insanity. To a conclusion they must come, whether or no, in the case before them; and as they appeal to philosophy, the law, as administered by them, is involved in the errors and ignorance of philosophy. This practical evil has been so strongly felt that, in 1843, the House of Lords called upon the judges of England to declare authoritatively, in their collective capacity, what state of mind really constituted insane irresponsibility. The most important of their *dicta* was, that if it were proved that a criminal was incapable of distinguishing right from wrong when he committed the crime, the plea of insanity might be admitted, but not otherwise. The scientific and practical value of this solemn judicial *dictum* may be estimated from a consideration of the fact that a large majority of acknowledged lunatics, now legally restrained in public and private institutions for the insane, do possess this knowledge; and that, in truth, the government of these institutions is conducted almost wholly upon the principle that those who have to be governed have knowledge of good and evil, and of right and wrong. It follows, therefore, that if the judicial *dictum* were strictly applied, these persons ought not to be restrained, but should, as responsible agents, be permitted to enjoy social liberty."

On the important point of the personality of the Supreme Being — a stumbling-block to some would-be profound intellects — Dr. Laycock has propounded his views with great distinctness. He illustrates and strengthens his argument by citing the opinions of an eminent Scottish theologian, and a distinguished French naturalist. But they are so excellent in themselves, and express so admirably the

tone of thought characteristic of these volumes, that it is with great reluctance we forbear to quote the passage which includes them.

The title of Dr. Laycock's work, *The Correlations of Consciousness and Organization*, at once suggests the comprehensive plan according to which it is laid out. He has always a double task before him: to give a philosophy to nature from the only possible position, of intellectual force, (thought in action — God;) and to give working materials and tools to mind from the only element of which we have any experience, namely, matter. In following out this latter half of his work, he is necessarily brought into the same field, the breaking up of which offered a lifelong pleasant employment to the late George Combe. That Combe belonged to the class of men who can only come to a close grapple with truth under the possession of one idea, is pretty plain; that he vastly overrated the practical importance of cranioscopy, even if its scientific truth were proved, is equally evident; but that the doctrine of a detailed and differential expression of mental power in the mass and form of the brain, is not absurd or contrary to the presumptions afforded by a large philosophy, no thinking man will assert. If the brain be, as all allow, the grand central organ both of sensibility and consciousness, nothing can be more natural than that the several parts of it should have separate functions. The cerebellum, for instance, is a very marked subdivision of the great cerebral substance; and precisely in reference to this part do we find that phrenologists and general anatomists have accumulated the greatest number of striking facts, seeming to indicate that it performs special functions with regard to the organs of reproduction. On this subject a very curious work was published by Combe;\* and the vivisections made by Dr. Julius Budge, of which some account is given in the *British and Foreign Medical Review* for April, 1844, are directly confirmative of the external observations of the phrenologists. The general medical world, however, is yet far from admitting the validity of phrenology as a doctrine of specialized functions of the different parts of the brain; and the following summa-

\* *On the Functions of the Cerebellum.* By Drs. Gall, Vimont, and Broussais. Translated from the French by George Combe. Edinburgh. 1838.



tion of Dr. Laycock's views on this interesting subject must be regarded as only one side of a curious and difficult case, well put by a learned and intelligent advocate.

"The organology of the convolutions has been made a subject of research by numerous anatomists and physiologists. That a minute craniology, founded on the European type, is applicable to all races of men, may be well doubted; but all agree in admitting the validity of the great regional divisions of phrenology. Thus the middle region of the encephalon, whatever it may be, (possibly the middle lobe,) which corresponds to the central region of the head, of which the crown or center of the hair is the focus, seems to be the seat of the egotistic faculties. Superiorly are the organs of the egotistic sentiments, inferiorly of the egotistic instincts and propensities.

"Posteriorly to this region is that of the sexual and domestic instincts and sentiments, in relation, by arterial connection with the cerebellum; anteriorly to it the relative instincts and sentiments termed moral, and which are founded on the intuitions of truth and perfection, good and evil. In close connection with this group are the æsthetic faculties, founded on the intuitions of the beautiful; and, finally, in front are the organs of the faculties by which a knowledge of the order of phenomena, and of the modes of action of the physical forces, is attained. These are the faculties of observation, deduction, and induction, founded on the intuitions of the forces. The size of the convolutions will depend in all cases on the complexity and number of the intuitions, the extent of corporeal differentiation, and the correlative external relations of the organism.

"As the development of the convolutions is from before backwards, it is probable that there is a continual evolution and differentiation of the anterior lobes backwards, and that they co-ordinate, as a fundamental function, all the substrata of the other convolutions, or, in other words, they are the central and unifying organs of the mind. It is in those convolutions that the kinetic substrata of language, as expressive of the thoughts, are in the anterior lobes which rest on the *os frontis*. A man in disease of the brain is not able to speak his thoughts, but he can read aloud, or repeat what is spoken to him. And as with speech, so also with all those actions by which the human hand represents ideas in material form, whether in painting, music, sculpture, or the constructive arts generally. It is in accordance with all the laws of development, that there are both kinetic and

regulative substrata in connection with these faculties.

"The facial development appears to be in regional correspondence with the cranial development. The under lip and lower jaw are more especially developed concurrently with a preponderating evolution of the organic and war instincts; their development, therefore, indicates in man both corporeal vigor and force of character. The upper lip and upper jaw correspond generally to the region of the domestic and relative instincts and sentiments; the nose to the higher moral and æsthetic sentiments; and the eyebrows and forehead to the region of the knowing and intellectual faculties. Although these empirical conclusions are obviously very general, and not of easy application to the diagnosis of individual character, and although, when thus explicitly stated, doubts may be excited as to their validity, yet it is a matter of common experience that men do habitually use an instinctive physiognomical knowledge, of which these are the general principles.

"The infinite diversity of character, and the resulting variety in the play of the vital forces, modify the development of these fundamental forms of brain, cranium, and face, to an extent which has not yet been investigated, either ethnologically or specially, in a scientific spirit. A step of this kind, in the direction of human palæontology, has been made by M. l'Abbé Frère, Canon of the Cathedral of Paris, who has lately formed a collection of ancient skulls, sent to him from all parts of Europe; and deduced from a comparison of them the general conclusion, that, in proportion as the skull belongs to an ancient or primitive race, in the same proportion the frontal region is flattened, and the occipital developed. Such a conclusion, if verified, would go far to establish the general law, that each of the successive generations of men adds something, however small to the evolution of the human mind; and that, amidst all the struggles of races, and the decay of inferior tribes, a higher and nobler type of humanity is more and more developed."—Page 461.

And now we have done. The faults in the book are small; and we have no wish to dwell upon them. It is only in a beautiful piece of sculpture like Dannecker's Ariadne in Frankfort, that one is reluctantly forced also to notice the blue spots in the marble; and the substantial merits, both in the conception and execution of Dr. Laycock's work, are such as amply to compensate a few minor defects in the accessories.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### "LE ROI LE VEUT."

DENMARK is one of the oldest—some say the very oldest—of European monarchies; and consequently the Danish annals are crowded with a prodigiously long list of kings—a few good, several superlatively bad, and the majority indifferent. Their very names would fill a roll almost as long as that of a regiment of dragoons; and of all the number perhaps there is not one who, on the whole, has bequeathed to posterity a more estimable memory than Frederick VI.—the monarch on whose fiat the life of Lars Vonved now depended. This man was every inch a king. He had some grave faults—who has not? but he was eminently fitted by nature to be a sovereign ruler. His name is yet revered by the peasantry of Denmark, and with good reason, for he it was who (when Prince of Denmark) obtained for them a recognition of their rights as free citizens of the country—for until then they were virtually mere serfs. The peasants erected, in 1788, an obelisk of liberty, in one of the suburbs of Copenhagen, to commemorate their gratitude to Prince Frederick. An English wanderer has gazed on that beautiful memorial with beating heart and thoughtful mind. It is adorned at the angles of its base by four colossal figures, emblematic of Fidelity, Agriculture, Bravery, and Patriotism. This is a noble episode in the life of Frederick, and others of a different kind, equally, or yet more striking, are not wanting.

Christian VII. who became King of Denmark in 1766, was an unhappy sovereign, whose reign was disgraced from an early period by some very miserable and notorious intrigues and melancholy catastrophes, and in 1784 he was declared insane, and the Crown-Prince Frederick henceforth became Regent, or virtual ruler of the kingdom, and continued such

until 1808, when on the death of Christian VII., he ascended the throne as Frederick VI., and reigned until his demise in 1840. Including the twenty-four years of his Regency, he was the supreme ruler of the Danish dominions for the exceedingly long space of fifty-six years.

It was as Crown-Prince and Regent that Frederick achieved imperishable renown. The epoch of his career in question is closely connected with an extremely interesting passage in our own national annals, and also with one of the greatest victories of our mighty seaman, Nelson. The details of the "Battle of the Baltic," as it was called, are familiar alike to Briton and to Dane. Campbell's deathless ode sublimely immortalizes the day when—

"To battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone.  
By each gun a lighted brand  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on."

The "Prince of all the land" was Frederick, and most nobly did he acquit himself through the awful fight. The battle commenced five minutes after ten on the second of April, 1801, and in less than an hour's time became general along the entire life. The Danes fought with even more than their characteristic bravery and determination—and no marvel, for every thing they held dear was at stake. They were fighting for their king, their country, their capital, their homes; and the consciousness that their wives and families were praying for their success, and if not actually present, at least within hearing of the battle, nerved every arm. As to our own countrymen, it is enough to say that they fought for victory, and under such a captain as Nelson, that was sufficient stimulus for them. The part which the veteran general Knut Vonved and his two sons (the father and uncle of

Lars Vonved) took in this great fight, has already been narrated. By half-past one P.M., the Danish fire slackened, and in another hour their ships and batteries were so nearly silenced that—

“ A feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back ;  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :  
Then cease—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail,  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom.”

Nelson's two famous notes to the Crown-Prince (sent under a flag of truce) undoubtedly contributed materially to induce what may be termed a somewhat premature cessation of the obstinate fight, which the Danes even yet doggedly maintain to have been a drawn battle. If so, why did they permit Nelson to avail himself of its results as though he had won a decided victory? It was a victory—very hardly won and dearly bought. The English had one thousand two hundred men killed and wounded; the Danes nearly two thousand. The brave men who fell in defense of their capital on this fatal day, are interred in the marine cemetery of Oesterbrø, and no Englishman who visits Copenhagen should fail to muse over that thrice hallowed spot. Nelson himself warmly admired the indomitable courage of the Danes, and he particularly noticed individual instances of almost unparalleled valor. Speaking of one of these, when dining with the Crown-Prince at the palace during the armistice, he requested to be introduced to a young Danish officer, a mere stripling, whom he had beheld attacking his own ship, close under its stern, in a pram. Nelson enthusiastically embraced this gallant youth, and hinted to the Crown-Prince that he deserved to be made an admiral. Frederick's reply was fine and memorable—stamping him as no common man nor common prince: “ If, my lord, I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service !”

To resume the narrative.

King Frederick was sojourning at the celebrated royal palace of Frederiksborg, a magnificent brick edifice situated about four or five leagues from Copenhagen on the road to Elsinore. The kings of Denmark have so many royal palaces that they might almost reside in a fresh one

every successive week of the fifty-two in the year, but Frederiksborg is the favorite country residence. It was built by Christian IV., more than two centuries ago, having been commenced by his father, Frederick II.—hence its name. The chapel of this palace is a most superb edifice, enriched with works of art of incalculable value. The Danish kings are crowned here. On the walls of the gallery, the shields or escutcheons of the Knights of the Elephant, and also those of the Knights Grand Cross of the Dannebrog, are suspended, and the shields of the dead knights are removed to a separate hall or crypt.

King Frederick, like all Scandinavian sovereigns, was generally accessible to his subjects. It was not a very difficult matter for any person, even although not of a rank entitling him to court presentation, to obtain a personal audience, if properly requested on reasonable grounds. As to such a person as Baron Kœmperhimmel, (or either of the eminent men associated with him in the proposed attempt to obtain mercy for Lars Vonved,) the King was at all times willing to give private audience. When temporarily retired from the cares of state, at whatever of his royal palaces he happened to sojourn, he did not hedge himself with pompous regal etiquette, but rather delighted to sink the king in the quiet dignity of a private gentleman. Whosoever had a tacit right to approach his person without formal permission, was merely announced as awaiting his pleasure, and then unless particularly occupied or disinclined, this virtually despotic monarch would receive him with almost as little ceremony as one gentleman receives the casual visit of another at his house.

King Frederick had dined alone with a keen appetite, having spent much of the day in walking over the demesnes attached to Frederiksborg palace, and then had retired in particularly good-humor to a private cabinet or study adjoining the little tapestried dining-room which he invariably used when (as sometimes happened) he chose to take his meal quite alone. This cabinet was a large antique octagonal room, very plainly and sparsely furnished. An old black table, half-a-dozen leathern-cushioned beech-wood chairs, and a common Danish cast-iron stove, comprised all the furniture, and the walls were almost entirely covered with maps

and charts, plans of celebrated fortresses and battles—many of them marked by the King's own hand with lines and figures, and compass-point indentations. In one corner were three shelves of unpainted deal sustaining about a score of quartos and folios—chiefly geographical and statistical books of reference; and several open volumes, documents, and many loose papers were scattered on the table. Close to the stove dosed an immense Jutland mastiff, and at the King's side stood his favorite deer-hound, its tawny muzzle resting on his knee. Frederick sat in a rickety old rush-bottomed arm-chair at one end of the table, facing the door, with both his elbows resting on a small battered mahogany writing-desk, on which was outspread a closely-written sheet of foolscap paper, which he was intently perusing. From time to time he abstractedly plunged a wild swan-quill pen into a huge dirty lead inkstand, and made corrections in the manuscript. He never dipped the pen without spattering the superfluous ink on to the adjoining wall, which was literally blackened by this careless habit, and yet he would not permit the ink-stains to be ever cleansed from the fine old carved wainscoting they disfigured.

Such was the comparatively humble aspect of the King of Denmark's favorite study—yet great and wise men oft crossed its threshold with anxious beating hearts; from it had issued mandates of peace and war; on its table had been signed vitally important decrees of state, and many a death-warrant.

A slow, soft, formal step approached the door of the cabinet, and velvet knuckles gave a measured yet perfectly audible rap. The King did not uplift his face from the desk, but carelessly extended his hand to a little silver bell on the table. Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle! There was a decorous pause until the third tinkle had ceased to vibrate, and then the door was gently opened and a squat old man in rich but somewhat fantastic habiliments stood on the threshold, and lowly bowed his white head to his sovereign. He was the Royal Chamberlain. Thrice he repeated his profound reverence, and then recovering his natural stature with a spasmodic jerk, he stood bolt upright, ivory staff in hand, and in a clear, modulated voice, uttered these words:

"Sire! His Excellency the Baron Jansen Kœmperhimmel craves audience."

"Himmel!" smiled the King, at once echoing and punning on the name announced; "we will receive him."

"Sire! His Excellency the military governor of Copenhagen, General Otto Gam, craves audience."

"Gam! whatever does old growler Gam want?" impatiently muttered King Frederick, still without raising his head. "Admit him."

"Sire! the Bishop of Zealand craves—" "Eh!" and at length King Frederick looked up with a queer puzzled air. "The Bishop of Zealand? It never rains but it pours. What wind can have blown such a droll trio hither? The Courtier, the Warrior, the Bishop! Jackdaws, Rooks, Ravens! Well, 'tis six thousand years ago since the world began, and human nature is much the same now as then. Admit them!"

"The King's will be ever obeyed!" solemnly cried the chamberlain, in his official monotonous voice, and stepping aside, he admitted old Otto Gam, closely followed by Baron Kœmperhimmel and the Bishop of Zealand. The King gazed steadily and inquiringly at them as they slowly advanced across the threshold. The forlorn hope himself, General Otto Gam, of a verity did not look at all like a man coming to ask his King to grant a boon. "Growler Gam," as the King was wont to familiarly call the veteran military governor of his capital, was on all ordinary occasions quite sufficiently grim and fierce, but he now entered the presence of his sovereign with a mien and aspect absolutely scowling, ferocious, menacing! He and his two friends paused after crossing the threshold, and made a reverence to the King—Otto Gam stiffly inclining his leonine head as though it worked by a rusty crank.

At a sign from the King the chamberlain withdrew and closed the door.

"What brings you to our presence, friends?" said King Frederick, in a simple kindly tone, albeit he looked keenly from one to another as he spake.

"Duty!" growled General Otto Gam.

"To supplicate a boon, sire!" gently exclaimed Baron Kœmperhimmel.

"To implore mercy at the fountain of earthly justice!" meekly yet impressively said the Bishop of Zealand.



"Ye speak in parables, gentlemen!"

Otto Gam advanced a stride in front of his friends, twirled his white moustaches, hemmed fiercely, and stared hard at his sovereign.

"My King! you are the fortress we are about to carry by storm. I am an old warrior and act as the forlorn hope."

Having spoken so far, Otto Gam turned round to his friends and favored them with a complacent look which seemed to say: "You see I open the assault in proper military style."

"My dear friend," deprecatingly murmured the Bishop.

"General," whispered the Baron, in great alarm, "you will ruin us if you go on so."

"What is the meaning of all this, gentlemen?" cried the King, beginning to be both impatient and angry at such unaccountable behavior. "Are you come unbidden to our presence to enact a comedy?"

"A comedy, my King! ah! I wish to Heaven it were only that!" groaned Otto Gam. "It is a tragedy, that's what it is!"

"General Gam," said the King gravely, "even you might know better than to approach us in this unseemly manner. What do you mean by such buffoonery?"

"Gracious sire!" hastily interposed the Baron, "General Gam, carried away by his zeal —"

"Buffoonery!" ejaculated Gam, unceremoniously interrupting Baron K mpers-himmel, "does the King call me a buffoon in my old age?"

"Silence, General Gam! for God's sake remember in whose presence we stand, and for what purpose we came hither!" whispered the Baron, grasping the arm of the indiscreet old soldier.

"Let go, Baron!" and he roughly shook the other off. "Do you pretend to teach me how to address my sovereign? Tordner! I who had served with credit in three campaigns before you were even born!"

King Frederick dropped his pen on the desk and gazed at the group with an air of singular perplexity. His natural anger was fast turning to a sense of bewildered amusement at the progress of the strange scene. His oldest and most trusted general was here wrangling with his wisest counselor, and the aged Bishop of Zealand stood by, vainly endeavoring to interpose.

"By the Sword of Odin! some magician must have cast a spell over ye all."

"Sire," said the Bishop, "the simple truth is that we are here to jointly beseech your Majesty to grant a boon."

"Come! *you*, at least, can speak sensibly," said the King, smiling good-naturedly at the prelate, whom he was well known to highly respect, and had oft publicly honored.

"Sire! if your Majesty will only permit me to explain!" cried Baron K mpers-himmel exceedingly vexed that he should be placed in such a ludicrous light by the obstinacy and want of tact of General Gam.

"It is I who have the right to speak first!" doggedly retorted Otto Gam. "You well know that it was arranged that I should lead the forlorn hope."

"Lead the forlorn hope!" murmured the King in renewed amazement. "Whatever *do* you mean?"

"My King! it is my right."

"Your right! How?"

"Because Wilhelm Orvig was my best friend, and I —"

"Why," broke in the King, "you grow more and more unintelligible. Do *you*," added he, addressing the Bishop of Zealand, "tell me in a few words what you all want."

Even yet the fiery old general would have persisted in being the first speaker, but a dark frown from the King finally restrained him.

"Sire," said the good old Bishop, who intuitively felt it best to go directly to the point, "we are here to most humbly and earnestly supplicate your Majesty to extend your royal mercy to an unhappy man whose life is a forfeit to the laws of his country."

For the first time a suspicion of the real object of this audience flashed on the naturally acute mind of the King. His brow and lips suddenly contracted, his countenance assumed an air of cold severity, and he austere said:

"His name?"

"Sire," faltered the Bishop, who had noticed the ominous change in Frederick's features, "he is the outlaw, Lars Vonved."

"Vonved!" exclaimed the King, with a start which he could not suppress, "and do you tell me that *you* are here to ask our mercy towards that atrocious criminal?"

"Yes, sire, we all three humbly implore your Majesty to graciously deign to extend your clemency towards——"

"Vonved! pardon Vonved!" shouted King Frederick, springing to his feet, his usually pale features flushed with bitterest anger. "What! the Bishop and the Governor of my capital, and my trusty and well-beloved Counselor K  mperhimmel, all come to me to prefer such a prayer as *that*! Are ye mad?"

"Sire, if your Majesty would only deign to listen to——"

"We will listen to naught concerning the miscreant Vonved. You, General Gam, what can be your motive in thus interesting yourself on behalf of a vile traitor?"

"His father and his uncle died fighting for you and for Denmark!" bluffly answered old Gam.

"A fine reason, truly!" sneered the irate monarch. "What else?"

"I should not be standing here, a general in your service, had it not been for Colonel Orvig, who died fighting for your Majesty," continued the undaunted old warrior.

"Colonel Orvig! what had he to do with this slave, this felon, this pirate, this murderer, Vonved?"

"Orvig's orphan daughter became Vonved's wife."

"Ha! has that villain a wife?"

"A wife and boy, sire."

"What! will the viperous brood of the Valdemars never be extinct?" hissed the King.

A stinging retort arose to the daring lips of General Gam, but the Baron, who had breathlessly watched the stern and savage spirit of defiance to his king expressed by the old soldier's features, gave such an imploring look that the General suppressed the terrible words trembling on his lips.

"Sire, you once were graciously pleased," said the Bishop, "to say unto me that you would grant any reasonable favor I might at any time thereafter crave, and——"

"It is *not* reasonable to seek pardon for such a monster as this Vonved. Any thing but that."

Baron K  mperhimmel then spake.

"Sire, you have, I trust, ever found me a faithful servant and counselor, and no man living has your Majesty's interest and glory more at heart than myself. I im-

plore your Majesty, for the sake of my past services, to at least deign to listen to what we can urge in behalf of Vonved as a reason why your Majesty may extend your gracious pardon unto him, or at least grant a commutation of his dreadful doom."

"We are astonished that you, Baron, above all others, should petition thus. We will not hear you further."

The King by turns flushed and paled as he spake, and was obviously very much excited and agitated by stormy inward passions evoked by such extraordinary and wholly unexpected efforts on behalf of the man whose race he hated so deadly.

"I, too," said General Otto Gam, in a firm, fearless voice, "have done some service to my country. All my life has been spent in the King's service, and—by my sword, I swear it! if your Majesty will only grant Vonved a pardon, I——"

"Vonved never shall be pardoned!" interrupted Frederick, with a stamp of his foot.

"Then, by heaven!" roared Gam with flaming eyes, advancing yet nigher the King, "I will——"

"General!" almost shrieked the affrighted Baron, "for the love of God reflect! remember you are speaking to the King of Denmark!"

"Ye all seem to have strangely forgotten *that*!" cried Frederick, whose figure dilated with kingly indignation and rage, and his features expressed vivid emotion.

The crisis seemed reached. The Bishop and the Baron exchanged looks of despair, but Otto Gam suddenly wheeled round, and as much to the amazement of his friends as of the King, regardless of all etiquette or even of the ordinary civility between man and man, strode to the door, burst it open with a kick of his foot, and disappeared. A loud murmur arose from the adjoining ante-room, and the timid remonstrances of the chamberlain and pages in attendance, were utterly set at naught by the determined old warrior. Another moment and he reappeared, half-leading, half-supporting a lady, accompanied by a little boy, both dressed in deep mourning—whom he had brought with him and left in the ante-room unknown to his companions.

"Here!" burst with awful depth from his chest; "you will show no mercy as a king—let me know whether you have none as a man! Behold the only child

of a soldier who died fighting for you—behold a wife come to beg the life of her husband, a child that of his father!”

The lady threw aside her vail, and in an instant she was at the feet of the King, looking up with clasped hands and white, quivering face.

“Mercy, sire,” cried Amalia, in a voice that thrilled the hearts’ core of the hearers; “mercy for my husband, for the father of my innocent child!”

The King gazed implacably at the suppliant, but said not a word.

“Kneel, Wilhelm! kneel with me, and pray the King to spare the life of thy father!”

The child betrayed very evident reluctance to obey. He gazed alternately at the King and at his kneeling mother, and at length his keen blue eyes firmly met Frederick’s, and an expression of dislike and anger darkened the proud lineaments of his bright young face.

“See!” scornfully exclaimed the King, “the boy is wiser than ye all. He knows better than to kneel—he will not sue!”

“Wilhelm! O God, my child! kneel for the life of thy father!”

As she spoke, Amalia convulsively grasped his arm, and almost forced him on his knees by her side. The noble boy’s eagle eye never for a moment withdrew from meeting that of the King, but he deliberately placed his little hands together in an attitude of prayer, and in his clear, bold, ringing voice exclaimed:

“King Frederick! please pardon my father!”

The King’s dark frown deepened, and his glittering angry eye remained riveted on the face of Wilhelm. That marvelous child—the last of the race of Valdemar—quailed not, but once again his voice broke the almost breathless silence.

“Please forgive my father, and God will forgive you, and we shall all love you, King Frederick!”

“O sire!” tremulously yet solemnly exclaimed the venerable Bishop of Zealand, “God speaks to you in the untutored voice of that child! In the name of Him whose servant I am—in the name of my Heavenly Master I appeal unto you, my earthly master, and implore you to restore to this child his father—to this heart-broken woman her husband! Mercy, sire, the most glorious attribute of earthly dominion—oh! grant it, and the

angels in heaven will rejoice, and God Almighty will approve and reward you!”

“Sire, sire!” sobbed Amalia, “grant our prayer, and so may God Almighty grant you the dearest wish of your heart, and render you happy on earth, and receive you into the eternal mansions of bliss provided for the good and merciful!”

King Frederick raised his eyes from Wilhelm, and gazed from face to face. His own countenance was agitated by conflicting passions and emotions. Anger and vengeance struggled with astonishment, admiration, and generous impulses of mercy. The former quickly predominated.

“Ye have conspired in vain!” said he, in a voice which he would fain have rendered calm and cold, but which sounded hollow, broken, and hoarse. “The Valdemars for generations have been traitors: the father of that boy is worse—an outlawed felon-slave and murderer!”

No sooner had these words escaped the lips of the excited monarch, than Wilhelm Vonved sprang to his feet—a prolonged cry of wild defiance burst from his throbbing bosom, and echoed shrilly through the room.

“It is a lie, King Frederick!” screamed he, doubling his fists and furiously stamping on the polished oak floor, whilst his body quivered and his eyes flashed and sparkled with fiercest passion. “The Valdemars are not traitors—my father is not a felon-slave, he is not a murderer! He is a great seaman-warrior and a Prince! I know it—Mads Neilsen told me. You lie, King Frederick—you lie!”

So astounded were all by this outbreak that not a word of interruption was offered until Wilhelm paused, panting and breathless. In the ardor of his burning indignation, the dauntless child had advanced close up to the King, who in sheer amazement recoiled a step or two—and no marvel; for that a child a few years old could thus speak and act—could thus defend the honor of his race and of his condemned father, was almost superhuman. His own poor mother seemed frozen with fear and utter astonishment, and the three other spectators listened to his words almost incredulous that they heard aright, and gazed at him enthralled.

The King was the first to speak. The very excess of his surprise quickly induced a speedy reaction, and although while

Wilhelm spake, he seemed torn with divers emotions — extorted admiration certainly being of the number — he yet now gave way to a furious burst of kingly passion.

"What!" shouted he, "is it not enough that men, my subjects and my sworn servants, come hither to beard me, but this child—this traitor's spawn—must be trained to insult, to defy, to call me a liar to my teeth, in my own palace—I, a crowned and anointed king! Ha! ye are traitors all! Ye are a viperous brood of conspiring traitors!"

He sprang to the table and rung his silver bell furiously. The door instantly opened, and the old chamberlain stood on the threshold, pale and trembling.

"To the guard-house!" roared the King, a light foam flying from his ashy, white lips. "Send the guard to clear my cabinet of these reptile conspirators—these vile crawling traitors! Ah! villains! I will teach ye all what it is to conspire against your sovereign! Ye shall know what it is to arouse the wrath of Denmark's king. He shall die—the felon Vonved shall die the death of the vilest criminal—he shall perish on the wheel! Naught shall save him—he shall be broken alive—the traitor, the murderer!"

"My father is not a traitor—he is not a murderer. You lie, King Frederick! and when I am a man I will kill you!" shrilly broke from the lips of Wilhelm.

So maddened was the King that he made a step forward, and uplifted his hand to strike the heroic child, but restrained himself with a mighty effort.

At that moment, when the heavy footsteps of the guard were heard hastily approaching, General Otto Gam uplifted his powerful voice:

"King Frederick!" exclaimed he, "you have called us conspirators. Do you remember when you and others were conspirators—when you conspired successfully, not to obtain pardon for a man cruelly condemned, but to judicially murder Counts Struensee and Brandt, and the innocent Queen Matilda? Do you remember how the princely Knut Vonved, Count of Elsinore, great grandsire of this glorious boy, braved and denounced you in her defense, and thereby incurred your undying hatred to him and his race? Do you remember what he did when he found all his remonstrances, all his appeals, all his demands, all his denunciations of that

mystery of iniquity unavailing? He scornfully threw his general's commission at the feet of King Christian—he drew his sword and broke it across his knee. I shall imitate him. Here are my commissions as General in your service and as Military Governor of your capital."

Otto Gam drew forth two parchments as he spake, and contemptuously cast them at the feet of the incensed monarch.

"And here is my sword"—drawing it from the scabbard—"a sword which I have wielded for my country more than half a century—it is now worn out like myself, and it is time we were both broken."

He snapped it over his knee, and threw the fragments at the King's feet.

"Take my broken sword! I am no longer soldier of yours."

"Have a care, General Gam, that I do not take your head!" stammered Frederick, convulsed with passion.

"Take it! My sword has grown dull and my head has grown white in your service. The one is broken—give the headsman the other, tyrant, if thou wilt!"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### AMALIA IN THE DUNGEON OF LAES VONVED.

It was not in human nature for a man like the Baron K emperhimmel to be otherwise than most deeply mortified at incurring the resentment of a sovereign whose favorite adviser he had hitherto been, but if any thing could mitigate his chagrin, it was the conviction that he had injured, if not ruined, his prospects as a courtier and diplomatist, in the sacred cause of humanity. He was a brave, unselfish man, of very generous and chivalric impulses, and he even yet would not abandon the cause of the most unhappy though innocent lady whose affliction he had fruitlessly striven to mitigate. He resolved to obtain, if possible, permission for her to visit her doomed husband in his dungeon. He felt there was no time to be lost, being convinced that Vonved's death-warrant would now be speedily signed, and orders issued for his execution within a brief period. He therefore privately waited on the Minister of the Interior, who happened to be a personal friend, and besought him to grant an order for Amalia to have an interview with Von-



ved. The Minister admitted that he certainly had power to grant such an order as regarded any ordinary prisoner, but he dared not do it under the very peculiar circumstances of the case in question, without express permission of the King himself. After urgent entreaties on the part of the Baron, the Minister consented with many misgivings, to personally ask the King to issue the order required. He did so, and contrary to his own expectations, King Frederick instructed him to give an order for Amalia to see her husband once in every twenty-four hours, prior to his execution. She was to be permitted to remain two hours alone with him in his dungeon, each interview. No person, whatever, was to be allowed to accompany her beyond the outer gates of Citadellet Frederikshavn.

Even this boon was received with transport. Baron K  mperhimmel was of opinion that it would be best for Amalia to proceed alone to the Citadel and present her order. She did so. General Poulsen, the commandant, read the Minister's order with profound astonishment, but he knew well it was no forgery, and therefore admitted her with considerable reluctance and misgiving. The captain of the guard was ordered to conduct her past the chain of sentinels to the dungeon-door. The warder who accompanied him opened it just sufficiently for Amalia to pass, and the captain of the guard gravely intimated that she was at liberty to enter and remain within for the space of two hours.

As the door clanged behind her, and its bolts and bars jarred horribly in their iron sockets, Amalia felt for one instant as though she would fall dead. A thick film was before her eyes, yet she could dimly see through it the form of her husband recumbent on his bench, and then the rattling of his fetters sounded like thunder in her ears as he fairly leapt to the center of the dungeon, as far as his body-chain would permit, and extended his hands with an exceeding great cry. She reeled forward—his arms inclosed her like bars of steel—she clung convulsively to his neck—and sank almost unconscious on his breast. He bore her to the bench, and folded her to his wildly-beating heart. Then the strong man wept bitterly and aloud.

And so, sobbing and weeping, and clinging yet closer unto each other, they sat until the edge of the agony of meeting

was blunted. No word was uttered about forgiveness. The very fact that he held his wife to his heart told Vonved that she had more than forgiven him—that she loved him more than ever.

Amalia at length raised her quivering, tear-bedewed face.

"O my husband! dear God! dear God!"

"My wife! my darling, noble wife!"

Vonved tenderly raised her head with his fettered hands: his chains clanked. Amalia shuddered and shivered at the sickening sound.

"O God! to see thee thus!"

"King Frederick may fetter my limbs, but my soul is free. Lars Vonved in a dungeon can scorn and defy Denmark's king in a palace."

Amalia clutched at Vonved's fetters with her delicate hands, as though to rend them asunder.

"Oh! that my tears, that my heart's blood, could melt these cruel chains! O my husband! would to God that I could die for thee!"

Vonved only enfolds her yet tighter, and his great heart beats yet faster.

"They will murder thee! They will kill thee by hellish tortures! I can not die to save thee, but I will die with thee! When thou diest I die!"

"Thou shalt not die, my soul's idol! Thy God will cherish thee. One so pure and good as thou art is very precious unto him."

"Christ Jesus, have mercy on me! My Saviour, look on me in yearning compassion! Pity me, O my God!"

"He does pity thee, my wife! God looks down on thee from his throne above the heavens. Comfort! courage! hope! Thy God is my God. He has not forsaken me, wretched as I am."

"Surely thou canst not—thou dardest not hope that God will deliver thee by a miracle—and naught less can save thee now?"

The old inscrutable smile once again wreathed Vonved's lips.

"Human means must and will, by God's permission and blessing, work my deliverance," said he in a tone of calm and profound confidence.

These mysterious words and the air with which they were uttered caused Amalia to glance at him in mute amaze, and almost with affright. He met her look with a beaming gaze of deepest love,

and pressed his lips to her forehead in a long clinging kiss. He presently evaded her questions by desiring the recital of her efforts to obtain his pardon—Commandant Poulsen having already briefly informed him of the powerful yet vain effort made on his behalf. She told him. He listened with intense interest, and expressed his warm gratitude to the three eminent men who from the most generous and honorable motives had dared so much to save him. He expressed no surprise whatever at the conduct of the King. It was precisely in accordance with the character he always ascribed to Frederick. But the behavior of his own child, Wilhelm Vonved, delighted him beyond measure. His exultation was excessive, and he would have Amalia to repeat over and over again the very words of denial, and defense, and threatening, spoken by the marvelous child to the King—he made her describe minutely, even the attitude of Wilhelm and the tones of his voice. He seemed for a while to absolutely forget his own terrible fate in the fiery rapture of being the father of such a boy. But his wife thought not his thoughts. Her child was a Valdemar—she was not. She piteously aroused her husband from his proud abstraction.

"They will soon be here to tear me from thee. O God! how canst thou—"

"If I glory so in my boy, thinkest thou I forget thou art his mother?" tenderly and solemnly replied he, instantly arousing himself from his joyous reverie, and concentrating all his trained stupendous intellect on the one great subject of his own life or death. "Courage, my darling wife! What! thinkest thou that when all human aid appears to fail him, Lars Vonved is still without a last resource to baffle the direst malice of his foes?"

Amalia could only respond by a despairing sob.

"There is one who will be the instrument of saving me."

Amalia gazed at him in dumb surprise.

"With her aid I shall never die by the hands of the headsman."

"Her aid!"

"Thy aid. 'Tis thou who wilt save me."

Amalia spake not, but she devoured every eloquent lineament of her husband's face, and tried to read his unfathomable eyes—in vain.

Vonved saw she doubted whether he did not madly mock and sport with their mutual misery, and he ceased his enigmatical language.

"Listen, my wife," whispered he, "and as thou wouldst yet again sleep happily on my bosom, remember every syllable I utter. I told thee that my grandsire, Knut Vonved, yet lives?"

She made a mechanical gesture of assent.

"Thou must this night see him. This is what thou must do. On quitting my dungeon, go straight to Nyhavn Byens Side, and find the dwelling of one Carl Jetsmark, an ex-sergeant of Rantzaw's regiment of Funen dragoons. Tell him that I have sent thee to him. If he ask thee for a token, show him this."

Vonved drew off his finger the massive gold signet-ring, with its peculiar engraved legend—the same which he had used to seal the paper he gave to Captain May, on board the Camperdown, and which had not been taken from him, and handed it to Amalia.

"Should he require more—as he doubtless will, for he is as cautious and shrewd as faithful—ask him if he can remember the sacred oath he swore long years ago amidst the ashes of the Kings of Denmark, of the line of Valdemar, in Roskilde Cathedral. And remind him that you know that Sergeant Jetsmark was long the trusted orderly of Knut Vonved, Count of Elsinore."

"And then?"

"And then he will believe thee, and say he is at thy service. Ask him to instantly conduct thee to Knut Vonved whose secret retreat he knows, and when thou art in the presence of that grand old man, tell him whom thou art, and ask him to give unto thee that which will save the life of his grandson, Lars Vonved."

"That which will save thy life," mechanically repeated Amalia.

"Ay, this very night Knut Vonved completes his one hundred and fourth year, but I doubt not God will enable him to understand what thou requirest."

Vonved paused. His wife had breathlessly listened to his words, and every one had sunk deeply into her soul.

"If Knut Vonved asks thee for proofs that I really sent thee—show him my signet-ring, and tell him that *though the ship has sailed fast, the eagle has at length dropped the sword on its deck.*

That will suffice. He will then give thee the tooth of a Greenland whale, curiously carved with representations of marine objects. The root, or broad end of that whale's tooth is surmounted by a silver Neptune's head."

Amalia gave Vonved a piercing look, not altogether devoid of reproachful doubt, as though to say: "Dost thou indeed jest with death?" Her husband smiled gently and significantly.

"Nigher, my wife! nigher yet!"

He pressed her to his bosom till their lips almost met—till their eyes flashed into each other.

"Patience, sweet wife, and thou wilt soon know all. Thou wilt bring that whale's tooth to me on thy next visit, for with it in my hand I am saved—without it I am lost."

Amalia would have cried out, woman-like, at these mysterious and terrible words, but her husband closed her lips with his own.

"Hush, Amalia!" whispered he; "do not forget that tyrants are cunning as well as strong and cruel. He who built this dungeon may have supplied its walls with ears, in imitation of a certain hideous despot of olden time, whom history has carefully hoisted to the summit of an immortal gibbet. Hear me—thou alone. When thou placest in my hand that whale's tooth, I shall examine it until I find a small black dot, not larger than a pin's head, representing the muzzle of one of the low guns of a man-of-war, etched and outlined in Indian ink on one side of the tooth. That black dot is in reality a miniature steel knob, connected with a powerful spring. I shall press the dot—it will act on the spring—and the Neptune's head forming the top, or crown of the tooth, will fly up, revealing a hollow space. From that space I shall draw forth a piece of parchment, folded to fit the orifice, and written all over with mystic Gothic characters, which are decipherable only by one of the line of Valdemar, who has been taught, like myself, the subtlest mysteries of his ancient race. Beneath the parchment lies a small gold box, originally made by a famous Italian artist for Valdemar the Great, and which has ever since remained in our family, being transmitted in a direct male line, from heir to heir of our race. That little box —"

Vonved paused suddenly in his cautious whispering, and drew his wife's head close

VOL. L.—No. 3

to his mouth. For a minute or two his lips emitted words which would have been inaudible to any being present but her for whom they were intended, and then, with an uncontrollable impulse, Amalia struggled in the arms of her husband, and disengaged her head, and gazed at him with a countenance expressive of awful emotion and horror.

"Vonved!" wailed she, in a voice utterly unlike her own, "wilt thou do *that*? Hast thou at last renounced thy God?"

For an instant Lars Vonved's countenance was darkened with terrible anger—the first time it had ever been so darkened unto *her*; but he subdued his passion as quickly as it had been evoked, and simply ejaculated:

"What! does my own wife think I am capable of committing that which some deem to be the unpardonable sin? Never! Let them rend me limb from limb, and burn my body, and scatter my ashes to the four winds of heaven—but never will I lay impious hands on the sanctuary of my own life! So long as I am permitted to live—so long shall I deem it that my Creator *wills* it that I *should* live. Many of the race of Valdemar have died violent deaths; but never has one perished by his own hand. Thinkest thou that *I* will be the first to do *that*?"

"Vonved!"

"Thou hast grievously misunderstood me, Amalia."

Again he whispered, and at length his wife looked up in his face, no longer in repulsive horror, but with amazement, not unmixed with dread and terror.

"Thou wilt do it, my wife?"

"I will, so help me God!"

"Amen!" fervently exclaimed Vonved, "and may the great God whose true servant thou art, aid and bless thee, my darling heroic wife!"

#### CHAPTER XIX.

KNUT VONVED: *ÆTASIS CIV.*

THE unhappy wife of Lars Vonved on quitting his dungeon was conducted through winding corridors, and across courts, and past guard-houses, and over the drawbridges of the inner and outer mounts, until she finally emerged free of the terrible citadel, and soon entered Amalie-Gade. Through that fine street

she walked almost mechanically, and when she arrived at Amalienborg, (a magnificent and unparalleled place, formed of four superb marble palaces intersecting the street,) she grew so bewildered that she knew not which way to turn. The sentinel stationed at one of the archways observed her distress, and supposing her to be a stranger, kindly inquired if he could direct her. She faltered that she wished to reach Nyhavn Byens Side, and was informed that she had only to walk straight onward. This little incident aroused her, and with a shudder she recalled to mind what she *must* do that night, and therefore she felt the imperious necessity to master her anguish and her despair, and nerve herself for the inevitable coming trials.

Eight o'clock struck as she passed through the little street leading from St. Annæ Plads to Nyhavn, and one of the quaint old watchmen of Copenhagen, muffled in his thick uniform great-coat, with huge fur cap on head, and staff in hand, and lantern at belt, uplifted his voice and began to chant, with long-drawn intonation and hoarse guttural emphasis, the first verse of the Watchman's Song. The watchmen of Copenhagen yet continue the ancient custom of chanting a species of song or hymn, commencing at eight in the evening, and continued at intervals till five in the morning, a fresh and appropriate verse being chanted every successive hour. Amalia clutched her hands tightly over her throbbing breast, and listened with a strange thrill to the solemn and poetical stanza—the first of the song—being chanted at this particular hour:

*"Naar Mørket Jorden blinder  
Og Dagen tager af,  
Den Tid os da paaminder  
Om Dødens mørke Grav;  
Lys for os, Jesu fød!  
Bed hvert et Fjed  
Til Gravens Sted,  
Og giv en salig Død!"\**

"Og giv en salig Død!" murmured she.

\* The above may be literally translated:

"When darkness blinds the earth,  
And the day declines,  
That time then us reminds  
Of death's dark grave.  
Shine on us, Jesu sweet,  
At every step  
To the grave-place, [burial-place]  
And grant a blissful death."

"'Tis a Christian prayer; but what a death have they doomed *him* to suffer on the morrow! Despair not yet, my heart! for He who died a yet more cruel death on the accursed tree hath said: 'Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest!' And it is written: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver ye!' Precious promises! millions have ye sustained, and oh! may I have faith to cling unto them and believe in them with all my heart, all my strength, all my soul. Faith! ah! faith is the one thing needful."

It was a dark, blasty, tempestuous night. The fierce black east wind from the roaring Baltic swept in heavy gusts across the harbor, and howled down Nyhavn until it expanded in savage eddying swirls and flaws in Kongens Nytorv. Very few people were abroad. Amalia hesitated whom to address, until she saw a one-armed porter in the act of closing the great entrance-gate of a court of houses, and he proved so deaf that she had much difficulty in making him comprehend that she sought the residence of one Sergeant Carl Jetsmark. She had applied right, however, for the man motioned her to enter the court, and directing her to one of the houses, intimated that the person she sought resided on the top-story—for the houses of Copenhagen are generally built like those of Edinburgh and other cities, on the principle of a main common staircase, and separate dwellings on each floor or flat. On the top landing she found three doors, which she had to grope for in the dark, and knocking at hazard at one of them, it was opened by a haggard, bleary-eyed woman, who held a rushlight in one hand and shaded its dim flickering flame with the other. "Next door!" grumbled the hag, and she instantly slammed her own door in the face of the applicant. Amalia shivered and shuddered, and felt sick at heart as she knocked at the middle door of the three. It was quickly opened to the extent of a few inches only, and a little old woman dressed in Friesland fashion with a plate of silver on each side her head, and a curiously fashioned frontlet of the same metal, perked forward a sour, wrinkled, wizened visage, and querulously demanded what was wanted?

"Does Sergeant Carl Jetsmark live here?"

"What do you want with him?" sharp-



ly retorted the crone, in a harsh cracked voice.

"Does he live here, my good woman?"

"If you know I am a good woman, you ought also to know whether the man you seek lives here."

"Let the woman in!" shouted a stern quick voice from an inner room. "I am here! Let her in, Henne!"

At this peremptory command the old woman grumblingly admitted the unknown visitor into a short passage, at the end of which an open door showed the interior of a room. Its floor was large but irregularly shaped, and the actual space was very much circumscribed, owing to the room being merely a garret, and two sides of the roof slanted so that there was only a width of a few feet down the center of the floor where a person of moderate stature could walk upright. In one corner stood a bed, without posts or curtains or canopy, as customary in Denmark; and a nest of drawers, a great oak chest, a deal table, a few beech-wood chairs, and some trifling articles of domestic utility, completed the humble furniture. Every thing betokened poverty—not poverty of a squalid grinding nature, but decent respectable poverty; and whatever the moral qualities of old Friesland Henne might be, she at any rate kept her humble home notably clean. By the side of the stove—that universal household fixture in Scandinavia—sat a man far advanced in years, wearing a threadbare undress military uniform, and a bear-skin cap. He looked what he really was—a war-worn superannuated veteran. In his left hand he held a pipe, in his right a book which he had been reading by the dull yellow light of an antique bronze lamp supplied with whale oil; and on his knee was crouched a huge black cat, who ceased purring and expanded his great green eyes with a suspicious stare at the stranger.

When Amalia entered the room, the old soldier merely lowered his book, and took the pipe from his lips, whilst he gazed in evident surprise at her muffled figure, and gruffly asked her name and business.

"You are ex-Sergeant Carl Jetsmark?"

"That is my name."

"You served many years in Rantzaw's regiment of Funen dragoons?"

"I did; what of that?"

"I only asked to be quite sure I had found the right person."

"Well, I am the man. Your business?" with increasing gruffness and impatience.

Amalia stepped quietly forward and threw back the shawl which had hitherto covered her head in the manner of a hood, and almost concealed her countenance. The veteran gave one quick, searching glance at her, and his whole manner instantly changed. He pushed the cat off his knee, laid down his pipe and book on table by his side, and rose with an air of respectful alacrity.

"A lady!" exclaimed he, in a tone of decision. "Pardon my rudeness."

"I have nothing to pardon. I have come here on a matter of pressing importance. Life or death are in the balance."

"What can I do, lady? Whom does your business concern?"

Amalia drew a step nigher the old soldier, and glancing significantly at Henne, who had sidled up to listen with an air of mingled spite and curiosity, she whispered:

"It concerns one dead to the world, but alive to you."

A gleam of vivid intelligence lighted up the sergeant's rugged face.

"I wish to speak with you alone, and at once. Time is short."

"Henne! leave us alone," cried Jetsmark.

The old woman affected deafness, and vigorously dusted a chair with her green fringed apron.

"Do you hear, wife? This lady wishes to speak in private with me."

"Yes, yes, Carl, it is, as you truly say, a bitter cold achebone night. We shall hear of wrecks on the east coast by morning, for a gale like this never blows its fill without —"

Here her husband, with a muttered malediction on her hypocritical stupidity, interrupted her by taking her by the arm and leading her out of the room into an inner chamber or closet. He said something impressive which quieted her angry remonstrances, and then bolted her in—a summary and soldier-like way of settling the matter!

"Now, lady," said he, in a low earnest tone, coming back to Amalia, as she tremblingly stood in the middle of the room; "we are quite alone, and can not be overheard. On whose behalf have you sought me?"

"The Count of Elsinore."

The iron-visaged old sergeant could not suppress a hoarse ejaculation, and he gazed more piercingly than ever at the pale features of his mysterious visitor.

"What Count?" cautiously said he, after a brief, thoughtful pause. "It is said the Count of Elsdore is dead, and the race extinct."

"Said!" mournfully echoed Amalia, "whatever is said, you at least know, as well as any man living, that the reverse is the fact."

"Give me some token, lady, that I may know whom you are—or at least, that I may have confidence in you."

"I will: behold this."

She held forth the signet-ring which her husband had given her. Sergeant Jetsmark took and held it closely to the lamp. He recognized it in a moment.

"I know the signet, lady, but he who sent it —"

"Told me to ask Sergeant Jetsmark if he remembered the oath he solemnly swore many years ago in the vaults of Roeskilde Cathedral, amidst the sacred ashes of the kings of the line of Valdemar."

"And did he tell aught more?"

"He said that Sergeant Jetsmark for many years was the orderly of General Knut Vonved, Count of Elsinore; that the Count regarded him as a loyal and devoted follower, and honored him with unreserved and implicit confidence. He said, moreover —"

"Enough, madame! I ask no more. Only one can have sent you to me—Lars Vonved?"

"He did!"

The lips of the old soldier quivered in doubt and hesitation, as he slowly exclaimed:

"You must indeed be a dear and trusted friend, lady, or he would never have sent you to me."

"I am his wife!" solemnly answered Amalia.

"His wife, ah! my God! what a blind old dotard am I not to have suspected as much! His wife! yes, Colonel Orvig's daughter? Ay, I knew your father—I saw him fall. I was stationed, a dismounted dragoon, at the Lillebalder battery, when your father came up to inspire us. He spake a few words to me, and was just turning away when a live shell fell at our feet. It burst—I escaped unhurt—your father received his death-

wound. He died on the spot in my arms."

Amalia sighed heavily, and made an involuntary gesture of impatience. The old sergeant noticed it and hastily resumed:

"Command me, honored lady, I am at your service."

"You know the secret retreat of Knut Vonved: conduct me to him."

"I will. Ah! Himlen! that the mighty old warrior should be compelled to hide like a hunted beast of prey! That the noblest and wisest of the Valdemars dare not enjoy the sunshine of the land his ancestors ruled for centuries—the land for which he has fought and bled, and both his sons died! Lady! I have been by his side in battle when he bore himself like a demigod; he now is helpless, and the very fact of his existence is only intrusted to a poor old worn-out soldier like me. But a day of retribution will come, as sure as God reigns in heaven!"

"Time!" murmured Amalia, "time, my friend, is fleeting!"

Jetsmark made a respectful gesture of assent, and immediately unbolted the door of the closet, and called to his wife to come forth. The old woman sullenly complied, and scowled most viciously at the innocent cause of her brief banishment from her own hearth.

"Henne, I am going forth with this lady, and may be some hours away."

"Well, I'm sure!" snapped the shrewish Henne, "to go out at this time of night, with a—no body knows who!"

"Hold thy tongue, woman!" angrily retorted Jetsmark, as he cast over his shoulders his threadbare old dragoon's cloak, "or, thousand devils! may Ole Luköie fly away with you."

The incensed Henne was in the act of commencing a bitter tirade, but Amalia laid down a piece of gold on the table, saying:

"I am sorry to have given you so much trouble: pray accept this."

"Gold!" ejaculated Henne, pouncing on the unexpected prize like a hawk on a mouse, "a real Frederick d'or! Many's the weary day since I last saw and touched red gold!" And in the ecstasy of her delight she rubbed, and smelt, and even tasted the piece, finishing by balancing it on the tip of her yellow skinny forefinger, triumphantly ejaculating—"Gold! red gold! king's gold!"

Jetsmark cast one glance at his wife,

gloomily expressive of unutterable contempt for her groveling avarice, and then opened the door to depart. Henne, thereupon for a moment ceased to apostrophize the Frederick d'or that she might hold the lamp to light them down the well-like staircase.

On emerging into Nyhavn Byens Side, Jetsmark skirted Kongens Nytorv, and led the way down the long Storre Strand, crossed the canal at its end, and proceeded past the ancient Børsen, or Exchange; then across the harbor to Christianshavn—a part of Copenhagen surrounded by water and forming the main shipping quarter of the port. The streets here are narrow, short and jumbled; the houses tall, dark, and dismal in their general aspect. The only object which a stranger would care to visit Christianshavn to behold, is the church of Our Saviour. It has a wondrous spire, richly adorned, piercing the air like a tapering spear, to the height of nearly three hundred feet, and is surmounted with a globe, sustaining a statue of the Saviour. A marvelous staircase winds round the *outside* of this spire quite to the summit, and he who ascends thither ought, to have sturdy legs and steady nerves.

Passing by this church the old sergeant traversed street after street, lane after lane, much in the manner of a hare doubling on her hunters, until Amalia grew bewildered and breathless, and inwardly suspected that the sergeant was by no means going the directest route to their destination, but rather adopting the most circuitous he possibly could, as though to cunningly throw any unseen pursuer off the scent. At length, however, he reached a spot in the vicinity of Vilders Plads, towards the northern extremity of Christianshavn, and nodding his head towards an isolated house, he whispered the expressive monosyllable: "Here!" It was a long, low, brick building, having a ground-floor only, surmounted by a very steep and high slated roof. In the middle of the front was a porch, common enough in the suburbs of Scandinavian towns, and in the villages.

Sergeant Jetsmark opened a little lattice-door, and walked through a small garden until he reached the porch. He beckoned Amalia close to his side, and whispered: "Be silent until I tell you to speak." He then stooped down and sought in the dark for a slightly project-

ing broad nail-head in the wooden frame-post on the right hand. Having found it, he felt for a piece of whip-cord attached to the nail-head, and ran his fingers along the cord till he felt the other end pegged in the earth about a couple of feet on one side the porch. Near to this peg he felt a very small brass ring, by the aid of which he raised an iron plate covering a square hole a foot deep. At the bottom was a wooden knob, which Jetsmark pulled—thereby ringing a private bell, the tinkling of which would at once notify to the inmates of the house that a trusted friend sought admittance. Hardly a minute elapsed ere a slide above the door of the porch was withdrawn, and a tremulous voice asked who was there?

"Your ancient comrade, Carl, of Rantzaw's dragoons!" answered Jetsmark.

This reply was instantly followed by the rattling of a chain and the withdrawal of bolts. Then the door opened, and the figure of an old man with an oil lamp in his hand, appeared on the threshold. When he caught a glimpse of Amalia he started and uttered an expression of surprise and alarm, but Jetsmark hastily spake a few words to him in a dialect which Amalia could not comprehend, but which was simple Friesian, for both the old men were natives of the island of Amager, (near Copenhagen,) which was colonized by East-Frieslanders nearly three centuries and a half ago, and to this day their descendants mainly people it—retaining their own peculiar language, laws, and tribunals. Whatever Jetsmark said, the effect of his words was apparent in the surprise and hesitation evinced by the retainer of Knut Vonved. The sergeant gave him no time for consideration, but promptly led Amalia within the porch, and motioned his old comrade to re-bolt it. The latter then led the way into a sort of antechamber—half-parlor, half-kitchen. By the stove "crooned" an aged dame, seated on a low stool. Like Jetsmark's wife she wore the Friesland costume, but her elbows rested on her knees, and her face was buried in her hands, and she rocked to and fro, as though in pain or tribulation.

Again Jetsmark and the old servant, Veit Pedersen, exchanged a few earnest whispered sentences and then the sergeant respectfully requested Amalia to withdraw the shawl which veiled her countenance. She did so, and for the first time

looked fully at Veit Pedersen. She saw a thin withered old man, seventy-seven years of age, who stooped considerably, and evidently was very weak, and tottering slowly to his grave. His face was filled with rugged lines and he had not a tooth left in his gums, and hardly a hair on his head. Yet this poor aged feeble creature had in his prime been a right valiant warrior; bravest of the brave; the best swordsman of Rantzaw's dragoon regiment of terrible fame; a man of unstained probity, and of devoted loyalty to the outlawed master whose sole body-servant he had been for the last quarter of a century. His once piercing but now dim eyes gleamed through their filmy rheum as he gazed at the stranger lady.

"Madame the Countess," said Jetsmark, "may it please you, my lady, to now tell Pedersen with your own lips who you are, and the purport of your visit?"

Amalia instantly complied.

"Good friend," said she, "I am Amalia, wife of Lars Vonved, the grandson of your master Knut Vonved—whom I must see by command of my husband."

Veit Pedersen muttered some inarticulate words, but instead of replying directly to Amalia, he went up to the old woman, Magdale, his wife who had hitherto not even turned her head to regard the visitors, and shook her by the shoulder, and spake eagerly to her in their native tongue. She quickly turned her lack-lustre eyes towards Amalia, and hastily tottered to her feet. The husband and wife drew quite nigh to Amalia ere they addressed her in Danish.

"Thou art *his* wife!" cried Veit.

"The wife of Lars!" echoed Magdale.

"It is true, my friends; I am the wife of Lars Vonved."

They both looked at Sergeant Jetsmark, as though to ask—"Is this indeed reality? Or do we dream?"

Jetsmark promptly responded.

"Veit and Magdale! this lady is indeed the Countess of Elsinore. I know it—I have heard her countersigns—I have seen her tokens—I will answer with my life for the truth of her words. Obey her as ye would obey the Count himself."

Thereupon the two old people seized her hands and pressed them to their shriveled lips, ejaculating and sobbing. They would even have knelt at her feet had she not restrained them.

"Dear God! that we should live to see the wife of our beloved young master! His wife! The wife of Lars Vonved!" cried they. "He slept in my arms when a little child, many and many's the hour!" sobbed Magdale. "He has climbed my back a thousand times!" murmured Veit. "I taught him all the tricks and feats of boyhood—I recited to him the deathless deeds of his own glorious ancestors—I gave him his first lessons in arms. Ay, ay, I am a decrepit old worn-out creature now, but time was when I was as straight as an arrow, as lithe as a leopard, as strong as a lion, as fearless as a Valdemar. 'Twas I who first taught Lars to wield his sword, for I once was a matchless swordsman, and in many a deadly field have I fought, and fleshed my blade, and crimsoned it to the hilt with the ruddiest heart's blood of valiant foes. Ay, ay, time was, and time is. See what I am now! And look at Magdale, my lady! Look at my dear old wife—for she is even yet dear unto me. Good Lord! fifty years ago! I and Magdale were as handsome a couple as ever sun shone on. We are both natives of Amager—born the same month of the same year—and before I went to the wars I courted her, and ah's me! could you have seen us as we danced on holidays! A finer young fellow than myself, and a more handsome sprightly damsel than Magdale, never footed it together! In all Amager there was not one worthy to hold a candle to her!"

Veit Pedersen paused a moment, and then he and Magdale, with all the natural eager garrulity of age, began to remind each other of passages in their early life, and of incidents concerning the childhood and youth of Lars Vonved. It was a touching scene, which at any other time would have affected and interested Amalia exceedingly, but her heart was enwrapped in the one absorbing idea of the object of her visit, and she turned to Jetsmark with an appealing look. He understood her, and energetically reminded Veit that if he loved Lars Vonved and wished to aid to save him, he must lose no time in preparing his master to receive her. The old man sighed and moaned like one aroused from a pleasant dream to face painful realities, and after exchanging a few sentences in Friesian with Jetsmark, quitted the room.

"I have convinced Pedersen that he must rouse our old master sufficiently to



enable him to understand what you require," observed Jetsmark.

"Is there, then, a doubt of that?" asked Amalia with a shudder.

"God only knows!" was the desponding reply. "He sometimes, as Pedersen has told me, hardly uncloses his eyes, or speaks a word, for days together. He exists only in the past."

"But to-night?" and Amalia clasped her hands with sickening apprehension.

"To-night, my lady? God is very good. God is all-merciful and all-powerful!" devoutly exclaimed the old sergeant.

"What meanest thou?"

"Madame the Countess, I hope and I fear—but hope is stronger than fear. Knut Vonved this very night completes the one hundred and fourth year of his age."

"I know that."

"True, my lady, but it is fearful to think of *that*, when the life of your husband depends, as I now begin to thoroughly comprehend, on the fact that his grandsire will this night be able to perfectly understand that which you require at his hands. Still I hope that—ha! here is Veit Pedersen!"

Veit came back with more animation than he exhibited when he went. In mingled Danish and Friesian, (which he jumbled queerly together, owing to his excitement,) he announced that "his Highness the Prince" would immediately "receive Madame the Countess of Elsinore." Occasionally, this devoted servant and follower would simply and affectionately speak of Knut Vonved as "my master;" but he yet more frequently proudly spoke of him as "the prince," or "his highness"—and the title was real, not imaginary. Knut Vonved was by birth a prince, albeit he, like the prior heirs of the royal line of Valdemar subsequent to their family ceasing to be the ruling dynasty of Denmark, virtually ignored the mere princely rank, to bear the yet loftier (because in Denmark, peculiarly significant and symbolical) title of Count of Elsinore—first subject of the kingdom. When, however, his attainder specially restricted the forfeiture of his titles to himself, and his grandson Lars legally became Count of Elsinore, he still was incontestably a prince, inasmuch that the Empress Catherine had solemnly invested him with that dignity after his last great victory as a commander-in-chief of

her armies; and although his attainder deprived him of every title derived from Denmark, it did not and could not affect his foreign dignities, and he continued *de jure et de facto*, a prince of the Russian Empire, of the first class.

Jetsmark and Amalia both questioned Pedersen, and they learnt that Knut Vonved was now, and had been all day, far more "himself" than for months and even years previously. He understood Pedersen at once, and intimated that he even expected the visit of Amalia, and would see her forthwith. Be it here understood that Knut Vonved had long known that his grandson Lars was married to the daughter of Colonel Orvig.

"I shall stay here and await your pleasure, Madame the Countess," said Jetsmark with mingled anxiety, respect, and sympathy.

Pedersen then led Amalia towards the presence of his centenarian master. Passing through the ante-room they crossed a large closet in which Pedersen and his wife slept, and beyond that was a passage about ten feet in length, wainscoted with walnut, which was lined with faded blue velvet hangings to the height of a man. At the extremity was a narrow door covered with green baize, and studded fancifully with brass nails. It opened at a touch, and Amalia at last stood within the chamber of Prince Knut Vonved.

It was a low oblong room, hung on all sides with ancient threadbare tapestry, representing scriptural subjects—possibly the work of some of the ladies of the house of Valdemar, long centuries ago, and hence kept as an heir-loom. With this exception the room was almost devoid of ornament. It contained a few rush-bottomed chairs, a round oak table, and a bed, without posts, or canopy, or curtains, and steeply sloping from head to foot. On the tapestried wall by the bedside, hung a field-marshal's baton, a pair of very old war-worn holster-pistols, and a superb saber, the hilt of solid gold richly chased, terminating in a lion's head, with diamonds for eyes. Various precious stones thickly studded the scabbard, both edges of which were sheathed in gold; and acorns, and oak, and laurel-leaves intermingled, exquisitely wrought of the same metal, were attached in bold relief the whole length on each side.

That field-marshal's baton Knut Vonved had received from Catherine, his im-

perial mistress, five years before he resigned her service, and he bore it in hand during as many subsequent campaigns, in each of which he won for her repeated victories—that saber was a personal gift from the great Empress, who, in presence of her brilliant court, buckled it around him with her own hands—those battered holster-pistols had been presented him by his father when he first joined the army in his sixteenth year, and throughout his warrior-life he never used any other.

Though so humble, the chamber was scrupulously clean, and yet poor old devoted Veit and Magdale were the only persons who ever attended on its occupant or dwelt beneath the same roof with him.

And where was he—the prince by birth and by heroic deeds of arms—the field-marshal who had repeatedly led mighty armies to victory—the lion-hearted warrior and sage statesman—the centenarian outlived head of the kingly race of Valdemar?

A huge softly-cushioned arm-chair was placed by the side of the stove, and deeply buried in its embraces was the motionless bent figure of an exceedingly aged man. His outer dress was an ample fur robe, intrinsically of very great value, for it was entirely composed of the rarest Russian sables. His head was no where bald. Thick flakes of glossy hair descended on his shoulders to a great length, and mingled with the beard which descended far below his breast. Hair and beard were alike white as the driven snow. His chin rested on his bosom, and his eyes were closed. Amalia was astonished to behold scarcely a wrinkle on his grand, majestic features. His countenance itself was that of a most noble-looking man in green old age. It was full-fleshed; the complexion was quite fresh and delicate, and he had not lost a tooth. One must look again at the hair and realize the excessive bodily debility, to be convinced that Knut Vonved was indeed a man who had lived a full generation beyond the span prescribed by the inspired Psalmist. Amalia saw at the first glance that his features had a marvelous likeness to those of her husband and her boy; and they all three bore indisputable resemblance to an authentic portrait she had once seen of the mighty founder of the line of Valdemar.

Veit Pedersen went up to his master's

chair, and announced with an unaffected air of the most profound respect, that the Countess of Elsinore was present. Knut Vonved did not appear immediately conscious of what was uttered, but in reality his hearing was only very slightly impaired, and he now both heard and understood every word. Slowly he unclosed his eyes and looked steadily towards Amalia, who had remained standing just within the room. She met the gaze of those keen blue eyes, which were undimmed by film, and yet retained much of their piercing brilliancy.

A moment's pause, and Amalia bounded forward and knelt close at his feet with clasped hands.

"Prince Vonved! save him! save my husband! Thou only canst!"

"Who art thou?"

Had not Amalia seen his lips unclosed and steadily move, she would have doubted whether Knut Vonved had really uttered these words—for they were spoken in a low yet perfectly clear and peculiarly sweet tone.

"I am Amalia, wife of thy grandson, Lars Vonved."

"Thou art Colonel Orvig's daughter?"

"I am."

"I knew him. He was a brave man, and he died for Denmark. Who brought thee hither?"

"Sergeant Jetsmark."

"Jetsmark was ever a good soldier, and a faithful servant. Why hast thou sought my presence?"

"My husband commanded me."

"Hast thou a token?"

"This!" and she held up Lars Vonved's signet-ring.

Knut Vonved never even glanced at the ring, but kept his gaze riveted on the anguished countenance of the suppliant at his feet.

"Was that all?"

"He bade me tell you that *though the ship sailed fast, the eagle has at last dropped the sword on its deck!*"

"I know it. What does he need?"

Amalia repeated her husband's words.

"Dost thou love thy husband?"

"More than life itself!"

Very slowly and with extreme labor Knut Vonved extended his right hand and laid it on her head, as she knelt by his side.

"Bless thee, my child! May the God whom I worship and in whose dread pre-

sence I shall this night appear, bless thee now and for evermore!"

Indescribably solemn and thrilling was the manner in which he uttered these words.

"Thou wilt save him?"

"I will. Fear not, my child. Thy husband shall be saved."

Knut Vonved spake with the calm inspiration of a dying prophet-king. He then gave precise orders to Veit Pedersen to search in an old chest in a recess behind the tapestry, and in a few minutes a wrought-iron casket was produced, and from it the mysterious whale's tooth was taken and delivered to Amalia.

Again Knut Vonved spake:

"Thou hast a boy? Bring him hither."

"On the morrow?"

"My eyes will never behold the dawn of a morrow on earth. I must see him now—see him ere I die."

Amalia was fain to comply with the desire so touchingly expressed. Sergeant Jetsmark was sent for Wilhelm, whom he quickly brought into the presence of his great-grandsire.

Long and silently did Knut Vonved gaze at his descendant, and to the full as steadily was his yearning gaze returned by the most princely child.

"Such as thou art, once was I, well nigh a century ago!" murmured Knut Vonved. "Our race has not degenerated."

The speaker made a feeble movement, and Amalia anticipating his intention, caused her boy to kneel, and half-guided,

halflifted Knut Vonved's right hand till it rested on Wilhelm's head, and then, with awful fervor, the patriarch pronounced a blessing on the child.

A solemn pause ensued, broken by the voice of Knut Vonved, and Amalia was struck by the wondrous, unearthly radiance which now overspread his countenance.

"Thy mother has taught thee to pray?" said he to the yet kneeling boy.

"Yes; I say my prayers night and morning."

"Thou knowest our Lord's prayer?"

"Yes."

"Let me hear thee."

Wilhelm immediately clasped his little hands, and still fixedly meeting the beaming gaze of Knut Vonved, he commenced in a clear modulated voice the thrice hallowed prayer:

"Fader vor du som er i Himlene! helliget vorde die navn, tilkomme dit Rige, skele din villie som i Himmelen saa og paa Jorden——"

A cry from his mother interrupted the child in the middle of the prayer.

Knut Vonved's hand inertly slipped from Wilhelm's head—his eyes closed in death.

Thus passed away a once mighty man—one of the bravest, the noblest, the best, of the illustrious race which sprung from the loins of Valdemar the Great.

The last sight that Knut Vonved saw on earth was the bright young face of Wilhelm—the last sound he heard was the voice of the child uttering the Lord's Prayer.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## ROME AND NAPLES.

IN the present enthralling interest felt for the future of Italy, with rumors rife of war, and armed intervention to prevent the free movements of the nations that are preparing the last struggle for civil and religious liberty, we need hardly apologize to our readers for introducing them to a new work by an intelligent German traveler, passages from which

will, we hope, throw new and valuable light on the much-vexed question.\*

Recent writers on matters Italian have naturally formed themselves into two antagonistic camps. On one side we have the Wisemans and the Maguires, in whose

\* *Rom und Neapel.* Von Theodor Mundt. Berlin: Otto Janke.

eyes the Pope can do no wrong, and who appear to suffer from a *suppressio veri*, even if we do not wish to go so far as to insinuate a *suggestio falsi*. These gentry, as in duty bound, give us the most glowing accounts of the present state of Rome, and the happiness of living under the gentle sway of a pontiff so mild, so amiable, and so conscientious as Pio Nono. On the other side, we have a preponderating list of authors, with M. Edmond About as their leader, who, by stern facts, seek to enlist our sympathies for a down-trodden people, and bring an incontestable weight of evidence to prove that the temporal authority of the Pope is the true cause of Italian misery. The former class of writers, we fancy, includes all those who allow others to judge for them; the latter is composed of persons who have a habit of judging for themselves. To the latter belongs the author whose work we have now under consideration. He has approached his task conscientiously, and collected a large amount of facts, which he lays before his readers, allowing them to judge for themselves as to the real state of Rome and Naples, two countries which have so long been held in subjection by bayonets, but whose emancipation seems close at hand. The detestation felt by Europe, however, at the barbarities of the Neapolitan court, and the efforts made by England and France to introduce necessary reforms, have led in great measure to the corruption that existed in Rome being overlooked. France alone was urgent in demanding reforms from Pio Nono, although M. Mundt explains Louis Napoleon's motives in a very different way from that usually accepted:

"Reform was the Damocles' sword which Louis Napoleon suspended over the brow of the holy father. The Italian reforms which were to emanate from Italy were a new bait of the Napoleonic government, which the Emperor threw out with the certainty of catching many fish. Even though the cruel and murderous prisons of Rome did not contain behind their thick walls men more wretched than did Cayenne and Lambessa, whither the new Emperor sent his dangerous subjects to perish from the pestilential climate and swamp fevers, still Louis Napoleon recognized a great danger for 'civilization' if Rome did not yield the reforms he ordered. He was well aware that he would thus produce again that Italian revolution which had already dethroned the Pope, but the Italian revolution under the protectorate of the new Napoleonic empire seemed to him a glorious snare. The reforms,

to which the Pope would not listen, and which were demanded by a despot in the name of human justice and liberty, were intended to form the breach through which revolution should pour out in heavier floods than ever. For Louis Napoleon's Italian policy could only be based on revolution, just as during the honeymoon of the revolution he had rested with equal deception on the conservative and absolutistic principle, and thus offered himself as a safety-anchor to all the enemies of liberty in northern Europe. Hence the Emperor would have greatly desired the new movement to commence with Rome, as the revolution must be most powerful then, and spread from this point unceasingly north and south."

France, however, has never had, since the Empire, any influence in Rome, and the presence of her bayonets was more than counterbalanced by Austrian intrigue. Just prior to the outbreak of the war, then, Louis Napoleon hit upon another clever scheme: his ambassador at Rome would undertake the management of the civil government, while his general already held all the military authority. In this way, Rome would have been converted into a French province, while Pio Nono would attend exclusively to spiritual affairs. The idea was a clever one, but it was foiled by Austria working through Cardinal Antonelli. The character of this extraordinary man has rarely been drawn so graphically as in the following extract:

"The Romans ascribe all the evils, old and new, under which they suffer to Cardinal Antonelli. The perfectly illegal condition in which the States of the Church now are, is the handiwork of Antonelli, for, instead of removing old abuses, he has continually added new and worse. Not only all justice, but every liberty, the Romans further complain, has been trodden under foot by Antonelli. Misery and wretchedness have increased in the nation. Instead of public education only public ignorance is fostered, and Rome has sunk much shamefully in the arts and sciences which formerly invested it with a halo. All this Antonelli alone has done, the brown man with the wild aquiline nose, and the wolf's teeth that project menacingly from his mouth. He who is to blame for all this will soon occasion the overthrow of Rome. It is true that Antonelli could have let the question of reform fall through quietly, but he confessed openly and told every body that the prosperity of Rome did not depend on reform. Antonelli was in reality a very modest man: he did not wish to be distinguished by any thing new, he only wanted the old absolutism in which Rome became great and powerful, and he did not unite with it the slightest hypocrisy of liberty with which absolutistic statesmen are so fond of adorning themselves. He never told the Ro-



mans that he would make them free and happy. He pursues calmly and noiselessly the policy that every thing must remain as it was, and that a nation is the happiest when sunk in the most degrading ignorance. It caused the most surprise that a practical man like Antonelli should allow the Roman code to remain on the old footing, for that is the most striking abuse of the papal administration. But how could it be expected that he who had left his friends and relations behind in the forests of Terracina should attempt to punish criminals, and free society from murderers, thieves, and other malefactors?

The state of the prisons in Rome is fearful, and the Paliano at Rome may be even compared unfavorably with the prison at Visiti, where Poerio once languished. The inmates have neither table nor chair, not even the slightest article of furniture that can promote their comfort. Their food consists of a soup made of rancid bacon and oil, two loaves of black bread, each weighing nine ounces, and a disgusting beverage which is honored with the name of wine. They have only a tin cup and a pan, in which to wash in the morning and eat at night. The cells, in which several prisoners are placed together, are so narrow that if one of them wishes to take exercise the others must lie down. The drinking-water is drawn from the neighboring dirty ditches, and filled with all sorts of abominations. Instead of windows there are holes, covered with coarse canvas, which does not keep out cold or draught, however, and hence the prisoners are never free from tooth-ache, rheumatism, and all sorts of maladies. As a refinement of cruelty, Antonelli actually ordered one hundred common criminals to be sent down from Fort Urbano, and distributed among the political détenus.

M. About has already told us sufficiently of the miserable state of cultivation in the Papal States, and the crass ignorance of the people, but M. Mundt ascribes them both to the priesthood, and the power it holds over the family ties. Stories of criminal padres form a permanent background of Italian life. The popular fancy is constantly excited by such stories, which, with their tendency to exaggeration, they often make worse than they really are. Yet, heaven knows! the priests are bad enough, and the revelations made in Turin have sufficiently taught us what must be the state of affairs in Rome, where every effort is made to

hush up any criminality on the part of the favored class. Latterly, however, the priest has lost much of his influence over the lower classes of Roman society. The robbers have lost their respect for them, and have quite a fancy for stealing from them. In fact, the bandits, who have attained quite a status in society, have now constituted a separate power against the Church and the laws. They are well-known persons, settled in their native villages, and generally respected; they live on the best terms with their neighbors, perhaps join the parish priest in buying a few lottery tickets; in a word, they would be most excellent fellows if they did not suffer from a mania for stopping the mail-cart at night. Fancy a country in Europe where the mail had to be protected by an escort of gendarmes and dragoons, and that was the case prior to the annexation between Bologna, Ferrara, and Ravenna. But many places in and around Rome are just as dangerous as the highways in the Legations. The nocturnal robberies are quite common, and not so long ago a party of English were plundered to their shirts within the walls of the Coliseum.

All this, however, is regarded by the native population in a different way from what the stranger, who does not possess the felicity of living under the crosier, would be disposed to accept. The Italians actually complain of the barbarity of the Austrians, who, during the occupation, shot down every bandit they caught *in flagrante delicto*. A bandit is just as much a member of civil society as a priest or an employé, for they all rob with equal pertinacity. In what did the rape of little Mortara differ, after all, from the robbery of the mail-bags? An Italian robber, even when locked up in prison, enjoys a great popularity in the country, and his name is constantly repeated as that of a most meritorious man. In his prison he receives visitors from near and far, and people flock in to express their admiration and sympathy for the man who is martyr to the law. Such a man is the celebrated bandit Galafredo, who has been for a long time confined in the fortress of Civita Vecchia, where his family were compelled to share his imprisonment. He receives all travelers who send in their names to him, and he does so in the full feeling of his value and dignity, for Galafredo is vain. He has in his day committed a series of atrocities which rendered him

the terror of the highways and forests, but was at length compelled to surrender to the Papal government. He is still a fine-looking fellow, wearing a red velvet jacket, adorned with all sorts of finery, while his family are in rags. He spends nearly all his visitors give him on dress, and his eyes flash with delight when any one says of him: "Galafredo looks like a king!" His great popularity may be ascribed, however, to the way in which he performed his achievements. He never assailed the poor, but practiced his devices exclusively on the rich. Galafredo declared that he never killed any one who did not offer him open resistance. On the other hand, he murdered every priest he came across, and this is a tragic feature which stands out from his life history; while, on the other hand, it proves that the elements of clericality and robbery are nearly always in contact in Italy. Galafredo loved in his youth a girl, but, at the same time, suspected her of a liaison with a priest. He watched him, and one fine day stabbed him to the heart, as he was kissing the girl. Thereupon Galafredo fled to the mountains, and began to carry on the only trade now left him.

Galafredo had originally been tooth-drawer in his village, and gained a great and widely-extended reputation in that profession. This renown almost rivaled his new character as bandit, although he soon made himself greatly respected in the latter character. Never had so many priests been found murdered on the highway, and yet, when it was known that Galafredo was in the neighborhood, any body suffering from toothache was delighted to send for him. Galafredo would descend from the mountain with perfect equanimity, pull out the offending tooth, and receive his fee, no one having a thought to stop him on such an occasion. Even the gendarmes did not interfere with him when they found him peaceably carrying on his vocation in the village: a terrible but true image of modern Italy!

The bandit in Italy is almost as general as the priest. If he be not a dentist like Master Galafredo, he takes to some reputable trade, or temporarily accepts a government office, chiefly at the custom-house, for he never wants powerful protectors. There are times when business is dull on the highway, or the bandit has a longing for an existence free from care. He may then be frequently found among

the models, who stand in grotesque groups before the great steps of the Piazza di Spagna, and offer their services to passing artists.

It would be unjust to say that Antonelli, who has introduced into Rome a magnificent system of domestic espionage on the model of the Russian, had not turned his attention to the improvement of the city-police. Unfortunately, they have hitherto only taken under their fostering wing the crinoline of the ladies, which the wicked boys made sad fun of in their songs. Through this very protection, however, Antonelli has fallen into sad disgrace with the Jesuits, who are the sworn foes of those mysterious combinations of whalebone and steel. One of the most celebrated preachers in Rome made a very clever attack upon it, by saying that it did not suit the Roman ladies, for it concealed their graceful and well-rounded forms. They carry their hatred, indeed, so far, that they have been seen in the streets blessing the boys who sing the wicked songs.

M. Mundt throws a new light upon the Napoleonic intrigues in Rome by the description he gives of young Prince Lucien, who is at the present moment chamberlain and private secretary to Pio Nono, and would have been a cardinal long since, were it not for his youth. He is seriously regarded in Rome as the future pope, for it is undoubted that Louis Napoleon entertains the idea most favorably. In such a case the Catholic world would hail with delight the termination of the long lasting struggle between Guelph and Ghibeline. The views, however, which Louis Napoleon entertains about the papacy are still in a very significant reserve. At times it seems as if, even in the case that he is compelled to effect a regeneration of Italy, he will attempt to keep the chair of St. Peter upright. "But," as M. Mundt justly says, "we can not feel certain of this, for it is the peculiarity of the Napoleonic policy always to do exactly the contrary of that which appeared probable, and what has been most solemnly promised." If, however, on the decease of that "sick man," Pio Nono, Prince Lucien were really elevated to the tiara, all possible arrangements between papacy and imperialism could be carried out in the most charming way. *En attendant*, the prince works hard on behalf of the French party at Rome, and will doubt-

lessly have fully earned the papal triple crown, if ever it be placed on his head.

M. Mundt goes into full details about the Roman revolution of 1849, as the results of personal observation, and gives us a very interesting account of Garibaldi, whom he calls "a general of insurgents, compounded of limited brains and fantastic hero courage." In another passage he says of him, that he possesses a fine expressive head, which, however, evinces more bravery and daring than intelligence, and is the true type of a captain of adventurers, standing in a most peculiar way between the scamp and the hero. What he tells us, however, of the Orsini attentat appears to us so novel that we can not but quote it:

"It appears now certain that Louis Napoleon, during his residence in Rome in 1850, or when he was quite a young man, was admitted among the Carbonari, and took the oath to live or die for the cause of the Italian revolution. Louis Napoleon knew that those who were faithless to this oath must die the death of a traitor. It was this knowledge which forced Louis Napoleon into the campaign with Austria in the spring of 1859. This decision was doubtlessly ripened by the letter Orsini wrote him shortly before his execution. He warned him in it to give up his past policy, and form some grand design for the cause of national independence, for in that way alone he would avert the fate thousands of Italian patriots menaced him with. In the summer of 1858, an Italian emigrant, dining at the Palais Royal, with Prince Napoleon, confirmed the statements made in Orsini's letter. After the information this man gave Prince Napoleon, the Emperor granted him a secret interview, and learned from him that two thousand daggers were prepared for his death in Italy, and that one after the other would incessantly attack him. On the Emperor's anxious question how this could be best prevented, Orsini's words were repeated to him, that this was only possible by a war for the independence and liberty of Italy. The Emperor demanded precise intelligence ere he acted, and the emigrant proceeded to Italy, bringing back with him documents which did not allow the slightest doubt. He was, however, assured that a delay of eighteen months would be granted him: so long would the Italian patriots wait patiently, and turn their daggers from his breast. Such a length of time, however, was not required, for the Emperor turned his attention seriously to the war, and managed so cleverly that some people actually believed that Austria had forced hostilities upon him."

Under such circumstances, it was not surprising to find Louis Napoleon display-

ing such vacillating conduct as he has done during the past year. It is possible even that the readiness with which he has conceded such points as the annexation of the Romagna may have emanated from this fear of the Jesuit Carbonari. He has tried to be all things with all men, and has most signally failed in Rome before all other places. The Pope will not surrender his rights, or impeach his infallibility by allowing the possibility of reform. Under such circumstances, the only chance for reform will be found in secularization, and whether the Pope fly to Spain, or accept the proposed residence at Jerusalem, the sooner the better, if we wish to hear the last of this odious Italian question.

Naples has been concisely described as "un paradiso abitato da diavoli," and those diavoli, according to M. Mundt, are the lazzaroni, for in a state like Naples the plebs is best off of all. The other classes can not vie with him in comfort, security, and delight in existence, for in a tyranny a man must belong to the plebs, or else he is badly off. In Naples, moreover, the lowest class of the population is characteristic, lively, and peculiar, and remains strong and fresh, both physically and mentally. This can be easily comprehended, for such a monarchy is supported on the shoulders of the plebs, and has strengthened itself by this wide basis. Brute force, working at the head of a state, meets with the same sentiments and strength in the depths, and hence tyranny often establishes a more secure and permanent government than any other form can guarantee. Hence it is only in states like Naples that we can speak of the masses as a special class. At the head of them stands the lazzarone, (a peculiar name derived by some people from the Lazarus of the New Testament,) the only free man a tyranny has produced and permitted. A man who wants no house and no shelter, for he sleeps under Naples' ever-gracious sky—a philosopher who lives the whole day through on a little fruit and cold water, and contrives to earn more than he needs to cover his wants—a sworn foe to luxury, who wanders about the streets half naked—the lazzarone leads at once the life of the savage, the sage, and the patriot. We can hardly venture to blame a form of government in which such men form the main stratum of society, and which is supported by patriots

who, like the lazzaroni, possess the grand character of being the freed men of tyranny.

The lazzarone, however, has been for some time past in a stage of new and peculiar development. He is beginning to convert himself into a great man, and prefers to be called a *facchino*; indeed, the old title is only used as an insult. He dresses well, and his family are resplendent with jewelry, the only thing connected with the old state of things being the peculiarly shaped brown and red woolen cap he wears. Still there is no difficulty in recognizing the ex-lazzarone at the first glance; he is tall, powerful and well-built, and his black eyes flash with a sparkle and intelligence visible in no other class of Neapolitan society. It was a bad sign for the tyranny when the true conservative basis of terror began to be converted into the purely industrial *facchino*, who stands in connection with modern liberalism.

Our readers remember the happy terms on which the last King of Naples stood with the lazzaroni, and the valuable aid they offered him at the time of the coup d'état. He employed them in antagonism to the nobility, who, in the later years of his life, were anxious to compel his abdication in behalf of his son. The gulf was only widened between the King and the aristocracy by the constant residence of the former at Caserta and Gaëta, for the police were enabled by the King's absence to carry on their atrocities unchecked. Ferdinand II. threw himself into the arms of the clergy, and his mind, at one time not deficient in acuteness, was only employed in furthering the schemes of the secret police. As M. Mundt very truly observes:

"It is the character of all tyrants that religion and police are combined in them for the same object, for fear on one side, the pricking of conscience on the other, are appeased by this well-devised machinery. But the moral and political condition of the country fall thereby into a state of corruption, which must rest on the head of the tyrant. The condition of Naples towards the end of Ferdinand's reign attained a degree which attracted the attention of the other European powers, although there were other countries whose desperate and dangerous ulcers were equally patent. Not only throughout Italy, but in Germany itself, all sorts of atrocities had been committed by government and police, though no crusade was demanded against them, as was the case with Naples. And what must

have been done with the imperial state of France had it really become the fashion for nations to help one another mutually against their oppressors?"

Under these untoward circumstances, the lazzaroni had a meeting, at which it was proposed that the King should be invited to return to Naples, for matters would then go on better. This was agreed on, and one fine morning the vicinity of Caserta was surrounded by a swarm of lazzaroni, eagerly demanding audience. The King turned pale, for the scene reminded him of the horrors of 1848, and he was afraid lest the lazzaroni might have been turned from their allegiance. They, in the mean while, camped in front of the palace, anxious to see their beloved king. A family counsel was hurriedly held, and the Queen strongly dissuaded her husband from any audience, while the only royal prince present, the Duke of Calabria, strongly urged the advisability of his father showing himself. The Queen and the prince had always been on very bad terms, and it is even said that she had tried to prevent him obtaining that education requisite for his position, because she entertained hopes of elevating her own son to the throne on Ferdinand's death. Still he was wise enough, on this occasion, to insist, that before refusing to receive the lazzaroni, the reason of their visit should be sought, and this sensible advice was followed. The young Duke heard what they had to say, appeased them with flattering words, and a present of money to comfort them on their homeward march.

When the King died of that loathsome disease which has no name, but which has so often been the lot of tyrants from Herod Antipas downwards, the young monarch took up his abode in the delightful castle of Capo di Monte, at Naples, and the lazzaroni had once again a king in their midst. He was a king, though, from whom nobility and citizens expected great things, and the lazzaroni did not appear at all inclined to enjoy their siesta in front of his palace. They still give the preference to the Palazzo Reale, in which Ferdinand II., the tyrant, once resided.

It is certainly curious to find that so great a change as M. Mundt describes should have taken place in the lazzaroni, for with them the young king will have lost his last support. His army is utterly demoralized, his nation penetrated with the conviction that union with Sardinia is the



sole cure for the cruel position of a country which nature has rendered the finest in Europe, and which a tyrant persistently debased on a level with Central Africa. The sins of the fathers will surely be visited on the children in this case, for from what we have heard, there was a possibility of the young king keeping his faith with his nation, and guaranteeing that constitution which fear drew from him. But it is now too late; Garibaldi is at the gates of Naples, demanding admission; the very palace is prepared for the young king and his wife in Vienna. The days of the Bourbon race are numbered, and with their disappearance a new era will commence for Italy.

But the expulsion of the Neapolitan court will not be enough; the Pope, too, must, for the second time, evacuate his chair, and recommence his migration. There is no hope for him left; he has exhausted the patience of his people, and they only await the advent of Garibaldi to expulse him with contumely. The

revolution will, in all probability, be bloodless. The King and the Pope are both perfectly prepared to fly, although, the latter may still place some slight hope in the French. But we imagine that the time has gone by for such an intervention; the patriot has declared solemnly that he will enter into no compromise with diplomacy, and will keep his word at all risks. He has great resources at his command. He has an army ready made now that he has landed in Naples, while Piedmont is exerting every nerve to come to his assistance, if necessary. Naples and Rome once liberated from their fetters, and a settlement of the Italian question will be soon effected.

Reading such revelations as those M. Mundt has made about the utter corruption of the Roman government, and the cynical mode in which a nation of three millions is *exploitée* for the benefit of the priests, we can not refrain from wishing Garibaldi good speed on his chivalrous expedition.

From the North British Review.

## ROMANCE OF THE NEW PLANET.\*

IN our articles on the Revelations of Astronomy,<sup>†</sup> and on the Discovery of the Planet Neptune,<sup>‡</sup> we submitted to our

\* *Lettre de M. LEVERRIER à M. FAYE sur la Théorie de Mercure, et sur le Mouvement du perihélie de cette Planète.* Comptes Rendus, etc., Sept. 12, 1859, vol. xlix. p. 379-383.

*Remarques de M. FAYE à l'occasion de la Lettre de M. LEVERRIER.* Id. id. p. 383-386.

*Passage d'une Planète sur le disque du Soleil, observé à Orgeres, par M. LESCARBAULT.* Lettre à M. LEVERRIER. Id. id. Jan. 2, 1860, or Cosmos, Jan. 13, 1860, vol. xvi. p. 50.

*Note sur la Planète intra-Mercurielle.* Par M. RADEAU, Prof. dans l'Université de Königsberg. COSMOS, Feb. 10, 1860, vol. xvi. p. 147.

*Sur quelques Périodes qui semblent se rapporter, à les Passages de la Planète Lescarbault sur le Soleil.* Par M. ROB. WOLFF. Comptes Rendus, Mars 15, 1860, Tom. I. p. 482.

*Future Observations of the supposed New Planet.* By M. R. RADEAU. Monthly Notices of the Astron. Soc. March 7, 1860, vol. xx. p. 195.

<sup>†</sup> *N. Brit. Rev.* vol. vi. p. 206-256.

<sup>‡</sup> *Id. id.* vol. vii. p. 207-247.

readers a popular account of the bodies of the solar and sidereal systems, and of the comets, or wandering stars, which occasionally cross them in their path. Since that time important discoveries have been made in the science, by the use of fine telescopes, and improved methods of observation; and speculation, which has hitherto performed but a small part in accelerating the march of astronomy, has begun to assert its just influence, not only in predicting the existence of new planets, but in exploring the inner life of the planetary system.

Within a few years, new satellites have been found circulating round some of the remoter planets, while the structure and condition of the planets themselves have been studied with the improved telescopes now in the hands of astronomers. No fewer than *fifty-eight* new planets, or asteroids, as they have been called from

their smallness, have been discovered between Mars and Jupiter; and, what is more interesting still, M. Leverrier, one of the discoverers of Neptune, had, from theoretical considerations, suggested by irregularities in the motions of Mercury, predicted the existence of a planet, or a ring of planets, between that body and the Sun; and M. Lescaubault has actually discovered this intra-mercurial planet, while it was passing in the form of a round black spot over the disk of the Sun.

The history of this discovery, if it is a discovery, is one of the most curious chapters in the annals of science. It has been characterized as "the Romance of the New Planet;" and astronomers of no mean celebrity are now marshaled in hostile array in discussing the question of its existence.

On the second January, 1860, M. Leverrier communicated to the Academy of Sciences a remarkable paper on the theory of Mercury. In studying the twenty-one transits of that body over the Sun between 1697 and 1848, he found that the observations could not be represented by the received elements of the planet, but that they could be all represented, nearly to a second, by augmenting by thirty-eight seconds the secular motion of the perihelion of Mercury. In order to justify such an increase, we must increase the mass attributed to Venus *one tenth at least* of its value, which, from sixty years' meridian observations, has been found to be the four hundred thousandth part of that of the Sun. If we admit this increased mass of Venus, we must conclude, either that the secular variation of the obliquity of the Ecliptic, deduced from observations, is affected with errors by no means probable, or that the obliquity is changed by other causes wholly unknown to us. If, on the other hand, we regard the variation of the obliquity of the Ecliptic, and the causes which produce it, as well established, we must believe that the excess of motion in the perihelion of Mercury is due to some unknown action.

"I do not intend," says M. Leverrier, "to decide absolutely between these two hypotheses. I wish only to draw the attention of astronomers to a grave difficulty, and to make it the subject of a serious discussion." We must therefore, as he suggests, find a cause which shall impress upon the perihelion of Mercury these thirty-eight seconds of secular mo-

tion, without producing any other sensible effect upon the planetary system.

M. Leverrier then shows that a planet between Mercury and the Sun, the size of Mercury, situated at half his mean distance from the Sun, if moving in a circular orbit slightly inclined to that of Mercury, would produce the thirty-eight seconds of secular motion in his perihelion. But when he considers that such a planet would have *certainly a very great brightness*, he can not think that it would be invisible at its greatest elongation, or during total eclipses of the Sun.

"All these difficulties," he adds, "disappear, if we admit, in place of a single planet, small bodies circulating between Mercury and the Sun;" and he thinks their existence not at all improbable, seeing that we have already a ring of fifty-eight such bodies between Mars and Jupiter. As these bodies must frequently pass over the Sun's disk, he advises astronomers to search for them with care.

With the view of discovering these bodies, M. Faye, the distinguished colleague of Leverrier, has submitted the following plan of operation. Considering that the brightness of the region round the Sun will not permit us to see such small planets as those indicated by M. Leverrier, he proposes that observations should be made during the darkness of solar eclipses, and particularly during that of July next. Instead of following the Sun to the last moment of total darkness, he suggests that the observer should keep in the dark for a quarter of an hour, in order that his eye should be more sensitive at the decisive moment, in order to perceive the smallest speck of light that may radiate from the neighborhood of the Sun. We would add to the suggestion, that if he fancies he sees such a luminous speck, he should look away from it, in order to throw its image on a more sensitive part of the retina—a process which has enabled astronomers to see a satellite of Saturn, invisible when looked at directly. In such a search, it is not less important that the pupil should, if necessary, be expanded by belladonna or hyoscyamus, in order to embrace the whole pencil of rays which fall upon the object-glass of his telescope.

M. Faye proposes also, as suggested by Sir J. Herschel, that in several observatories, suitably chosen, the Sun should be photographed several times a day, by the

help of a large instrument. "I have myself," he says, "shown how to give to these photographs the value of an astronomical observation, by taking two impressions on the same plate after an interval of two minutes. It will be sufficient to superpose the transparent negatives of this size, taken at a quarter of an hour's interval, to distinguish immediately the movable projection of an asteroid in the middle of the most complex groups of small spots."

While these two distinguished astronomers were occupied with this inquiry, and inventing methods of discovering the disturber of Mercury, they were little aware that a humble individual had cut the knot which they proposed to untie.

During the last century, various continental astronomers had observed, among the spots that so frequently appear on the Sun's surface, one more round than the rest, and had fortunately recorded the fact, and the date of its appearance. They do not seem, however, to have suspected that it might be a planet, and therefore did not attempt to trace it across the Sun's disk, or to watch for its reappearance. The phenomenon was at last seen by a more sagacious observer, who was able to appreciate its importance, and anxious to trace it to its cause. This observer was M. Lescarbault, a doctor of medicine of the Faculty of Paris, and carrying on his profession at Orgeres, a small town in the arrondissement of Chateaudun, in the department of the Eure and the Loire. Having been fond of astronomy from his infancy, and having since 1837 observed that the law of Bode was far from representing accurately the distances of the planets from the Sun, he imagined that, independently of the four small planets, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, which Piazzi, Olbers, and Harding had, between 1801 and 1807, discovered in the wide space between Mars and Jupiter, there might be another elsewhere. But as he was then situated, he found it difficult to make the necessary observations.

When he was watching the transit of Mercury over the Sun, on the eighth May 1845, the idea occurred to him, that if there was any other planet between the Sun and the Earth than Venus and Mercury, it ought to be seen in its passages across the disk of that luminary; and that, by frequently observing the margin of the

Sun's disk, we ought to see the appearance of a black spot entering upon the Sun, and traversing his disk, in a line of a greater or less length.

At this time it was impossible for him to institute this plan of observation, and it was not till 1853 that he was able to commence it. Between 1853 and 1858, he seldom directed his telescope to the sun; but in 1858, when he had a terrace at his command, he constructed a rude instrument, by which he could measure, within a degree nearly, the angle of position; and he tested its accuracy by measuring the position of spots on the Moon, and comparing his observations with a map of that satellite published by John Dominique Cassini.

This instrument was a telescope, with an object-glass about four inches in aperture, and four feet ten inches in focal length, made in 1838 by M. Cauche, and having a magnifying power of one hundred and fifty times. The finder of the telescope magnified six times. In the focus of both telescopes were placed three parallel vertical wires, and three parallel horizontal ones, the distance between the two outermost being from thirty-two to thirty-four minutes. A circle of card-board, five and a half inches in diameter, and divided in its circumference to half-degrees, was placed on the eye-piece of the finder, and concentric with it. The telescope had a vertical and horizontal motion, and was supported by a wooden pillar with three feet, the points of which rested on a frame also with three feet, and having screws, in order to level the instrument.

With his telescope thus mounted, and by the aid of other pieces of rude apparatus, which it is unnecessary to describe, he was able to measure the distance of any well-defined spot on the sun's disk from its margin.

Whenever our observer expected that the duties of his profession would allow him a little leisure for observation after mid-day, he regulated his watch by the sun's passing the meridian, by means of a small transit instrument; and having adjusted the rest of his apparatus, he directed his telescope to the sun, and, during a period varying from half an hour to three hours, he surveyed the whole contour of the sun's disk, keeping his eye at the eye-glass.

After these repeated surveys of the great luminary, he was at last gratified

with the object of his ambition. On the twenty-sixth March, 1859, about four o'clock in the afternoon, he saw a black point enter the Sun's disk. Its circumference was well defined. Its angular diameter, as seen from the Earth, was very small; and he estimated it as much less than one fourth of that of Mercury, which he had seen with the same telescope and the same magnifying power when it passed over the sun on the eighth May, 1845.

The following are the observations which he recorded.\*

The black spot entered upon the Sun's disk at a point  $57^{\circ} 22' 30''$  to the west of the upper extremity of the vertical diameter of the Sun, at

True time at Orgeres, . . . . .	3h. 59m. 46s. P.M.
Mean Solar time at Orgeres, . . . . .	4 5 56 P.M.
Sidereal time, . . . . .	4 19 52
Mean Solar time at Paris, . . . . .	4 5 11 P.M.

In these numbers there is a possible error of from one to five seconds, which must be added.

The black spot emerged from the Sun's disk at a point  $85^{\circ} 45' 0''$  to the west of the lower extremity of the Sun's vertical diameter, at

True time at Orgeres, . . . . .	5h. 16m. 55s. P.M.
Mean Solar time at Orgeres, . . . . .	5 22 44 P.M.
Sidereal time, . . . . .	5 37 14
Mean Solar time at Paris, . . . . .	5 25 18 P.M.

The black spot was at its least distance from the center of the Sun at

True time at Orgeres, . . . . .	4h. 33m. 20s. P.M.
Mean Solar time at Orgeres, . . . . .	4 44 11 P.M.
Sidereal time, . . . . .	4 58 33
Mean Solar time at Paris, . . . . .	4 46 45 P.M.

The time which the black spot took to pass over the Sun's disk was,

In Mean Solar time, . . . . .	1h. 17m. 9s.
In Sidereal time, . . . . .	1 27 23

The least distance from the Sun's center was  $0^{\circ} 15' 22.3''$ .

The distance between the points of entry and emergence was  $9^{\circ} 13.6''$ , and

The sidereal time necessary to describe the Sun's diameter would have been 4h. 29m. 9s.

After giving these results, M. Lescarbault expresses his conviction that, on a future day, a black spot, perfectly round and very small, will be seen passing over the Sun in a line situated in a plane com-

prised between  $54^{\circ}$  and  $74^{\circ}$ , and that this orbit will cut the plane of the Earth's orbit towards  $183^{\circ}$  in passing from the south to the north.

"This point," he continues, "will very probably be the planet whose path I observed on the twenty-sixth March, 1859, and it will be possible to calculate all the elements of its orbit. I am persuaded also that its distance from the Sun is less than that of Mercury, and that this body is the planet, or one of the planets whose existence in the vicinity of the Sun, M. Leverrier had made known a few months ago, by that wonderful power of calculation which enabled him to recognize the conditions of the existence of Neptune, and fix its place at the confines of our planetary system, and trace its path across the depths of space."

The letter of which we have given the substance was dated the twenty-second December, 1859, and was brought to M. Leverrier by M. Vallée, Honorary Inspector-General of Roads and Bridges; and he was led, from the details which it contained, to place in them a certain degree of confidence. He was surprised, however, that M. Lescarbault, when he had made such a remarkable discovery, should have allowed *nine months* to elapse without communicating it. This delay, which was not sufficiently justified by the statement that he wished to see the black spot again before he made his discovery public, induced M. Leverrier to set out immediately for Orgeres, to which he was accompanied by M. Vallée, Junior Engineer of Roads and Bridges.

On their arrival at Orgeres, without any previous notice, they found in M. Lescarbault a man who had been long devoted to scientific pursuits, surrounded with instruments and apparatus of every kind constructed by himself, and provided even with a small revolving cupola. He permitted his visitors to examine in the most careful manner the instruments which he used, and he gave them the most minute explanations regarding his works, and especially regarding all the circumstances of the transit of the planet over the Sun.

The entry of the planet on the Sun's disk was not observed by him, as might be inferred from his letter. It had, before he saw it, described a line of some seconds on the Sun's face, and it was only from an estimate of its velocity that he deduced the time of its entry.

\* The position of Orgeres on the best map of France is in North Latitude,  $46^{\circ} 8' 55''$   
Longitude W. of the Observatory of Paris,  $0^{\circ} 2' 35''$   
On the 26th March, 1859,  
The Mean time at True Noon at Orgeres was 0h. 5m. 58.00s. P.M.  
The Sidereal time at Mean Noon, 0 18 35.47 P.M.  
The True time at Mean Noon, 11 54 0.37 A.M.



The angles of position relative to a vertical line were measured in the way he has described in his letter; and it was by transferring these observations to a celestial sphere that he was able to determine the length of the chord described by the planet, and to ascertain the time that it would take to traverse the whole disk of the Sun.

The explanations of M. Lescarbault, and the simplicity with which they were given, inspired M. Leverrier and his friend with the most perfect conviction that the observations deserve to be admitted into science, and that the long delay in publishing them arose only from a modest and calm reserve, which may be expected at a distance from the agitation of towns. It was an article in *Cosmos*, on M. Leverrier's theory of the perturbation of Mercury, that induced M. Lescarbault to break the silence which he had so long preserved.

In submitting to calculation the data supplied by observation, M. Leverrier has found that the chord described by the planet over the Sun's disk is  $9' 17''$ , and the time of traversing the whole disk 4h. 26m. 48s. — numbers which differ very little from those of Lescarbault, and proving that he had taken great pains in the graphical deductions from his observations, and that the observations themselves possessed a certain accuracy in spite of the imperfect means by which they were obtained.

The time of the planet's transit will give us its distance from the Sun only on the hypothesis of a circular orbit. On this hypothesis, half the major axis of the orbit will be  $0.147$ , that of the Earth being unity. Hence the time of its revolution will be nineteen days seventeen hours.

The angles of position have enabled M. Leverrier to compute the geocentric longitudes and latitudes of the planet at its entrance and emergence; and, by assuming its distance from the Sun as  $0.1427$ , to determine the heliocentric longitudes and latitudes, and fix the inclination of its orbit at  $12^\circ 10'$ , and the longitude of the ascending node at  $12^\circ 59'$ .

According to M. Lescarbault's observation of Mercury when passing over the Sun in 1845, the diameter of that planet was certainly quadruple of the apparent diameter of the planet observed on the twenty-sixth March, 1859. Considering the masses as proportional to the volumes,

M. Leverrier concludes that the mass of this last planet is only the *seventeenth* part of the mass of Mercury—a mass too small, at the distance at which it is placed, to produce the whole of the anomaly which he had found in the motion of the perihelion of Mercury.

The new planet, in consequence of the small radius of its orbit, will never have a greater elongation, or distance from the Sun, than  $8^\circ$ ; and as the whole light which it sends to us is, according to Leverrier, more feeble than that of Mercury, we may readily understand why it had not hitherto been seen.

Such is the account M. Leverrier gave, at the public meeting of the Academy of Sciences on the second of January last, of his visit to Orgeres, and of the conclusions which he has drawn from M. Lescarbault's observations. It excited, as might have been expected, the liveliest interest in Paris. Exaggerated in its details, and embellished every time it was told, the scientific melodrama of Orgeres was the only topic of converse at the seances of philosophy and in the salons of fashion. Garibaldi and the weather ceased to interest the Parisians; and the village doctor, in his extempore observatory, and his round black spot, appropriately bearing the name of VULCAN, were the only subjects of discussion, and the only objects of learned and unlearned admiration.

Leverrier was of course the lion in every gay salon, and was obliged to recount the story of his journey to Orgeres in its dramatic phase, and without the reserve which was required in his communication to the Institute. On one of these occasions, when he was detailing the motives, the incidents, and the results of his visit to Lescarbault to a brilliant party at the house of his father-in-law, M. Choquet, he was fortunate enough to have among his audience the celebrated savant M. L'Abbé Moigno, who has reproduced in his *Cosmos*\* the fascinating history, as it fell from the lips of the greatest astronomer of the age.

For a long time M. Leverrier refused to attach any credit to the reports which reached him on the subject. He could not believe that the discovery of a new planet could have been kept secret for nine months, and that a humble village doctor

\* January 6th, 1860, vol. xvi. p. 22.

could have been the person to discover it. As the Director of the Imperial Observatory, however, it was his duty to inquire into the truth of the report; and having a personal interest in the question as the predictor of a planet near the Sun, he resolved to enter upon the investigation. Lescarbault's letter to himself, of the twenty-second of December, confirmed him in this resolution; and though he had a secret conviction that the story might be true, yet the predominant feeling in his mind was to unmask an attempt to impose upon him, as the person more likely than any other astronomer to listen to the allegation that his prophesy had been fulfilled.

He accordingly set out from Paris by railway, on Friday, the thirtieth of December, accompanied by M. Vallée as a witness of the stern inquisition which he was about to institute. Orgeres was unfortunately twelve miles distant from the nearest station, and our travelers were obliged to perform the journey on foot. On their arrival at the house of M. Lescarbault, M. Leverrier knocked loudly at the door; and when the Doctor himself had opened it, his visitor declined to give his name and his titles.

"One should have seen M. Lescarbault," says Abbé Moigno, "so small, so simple, so modest and so timid, in order to understand the emotion with which he was seized, when Leverrier, from his great height, and with that blunt intonation which he can command, thus addressed him: 'It is then you, sir, who pretend to have observed the intra-mercurial planet, and who have committed the grave offense of keeping your observation secret for nine months. I warn you that I have come here with the intention of doing justice to your pretensions, and of demonstrating either that you have been dishonest or deceived. Tell me, then, unequivocally what you have seen.' The lamb, as the Abbé calls the Doctor, trembled at this rude summons from the lion, and, unable to speak, he stammered out the following reply: 'On the twenty-sixth of March, about four o'clock, I directed my telescope to the Sun, as I had been in the habit of doing, when, to my surprise, I observed, at a small distance from its margin, a black spot well defined and perfectly round, and advancing with a very sensible motion upon the disk of the Sun. Unfortunately, however, a customer ar-

rived. I came down from the observatory, and in this painful situation I replied as I best could to the inquiries which were made, and returned to the observatory. The round spot had continued its transit; and I saw it disappear at the opposite margin of the Sun, after having been projected upon his disk for nearly an hour and a half.' 'You will then have determined,' asks Leverrier, 'the time of the first and last contact; and are you aware that the observation of the first contact is one of such extreme delicacy that professional astronomers often fail in observing it?' 'Pardon me, sir,' replies the Doctor, 'I do not pretend to have seized the precise moment of contact. The round spot was upon the disk when I first perceived it. I measured carefully its distance from the margin, and, expecting that it would describe an equal distance, I counted the time which it took to describe this second distance, and I thus determined approximately the instant of its entry.' 'To count the time is easy to say, but where is your chronometer?' 'My chronometer is a watch with minutes, the faithful companion of my professional journeys.' 'What! with that old watch, showing only minutes, dare you talk of estimating seconds? My suspicions are already too well founded.' 'Pardon me,' was the reply, 'I have also a pendulum which nearly beats seconds.' 'Show me this pendulum,' says Leverrier. The Doctor goes up-stairs, and brings down a silk thread, to which an ivory ball was suspended. 'I am anxious to see how skillfully you can thus reckon seconds.' The lamb acquiesces. He fixes the upper end of the thread to a nail, and after the ivory ball has come to rest, he draws it a little from the vertical, and counts the number of oscillations corresponding with a minute on his watch, and thus proves that his pendulum beats seconds. 'This is not enough,' replies the lion; 'it is one thing that your pendulum beats seconds, but it is another that you have the sentiment of the second beaten by your pendulum in order that you may count the seconds in observing.' 'Shall I venture to tell you,' says the lamb, 'that my profession is to feel pulses and count their pulsations? My pendulum puts the second in my ears, and I have no difficulty in counting several successive seconds.'

"This is all very well for the chapter of time," says the Director; "but in order

to see so delicate a spot, you require a good telescope. Have you one?' 'Yes, sir, I have succeeded, not without difficulty, privation, and suffering, to obtain for myself a telescope. After practicing much economy, I purchased from M. Cauche, an artist little known, though very clever, an object-glass nearly four inches in diameter. Knowing my enthusiasm and my poverty, he gave me the choice among several excellent ones; and as soon as I made the selection, I mounted it on a stand with all its parts; and I have recently indulged myself with a revolving platform, and a revolving roof, which will soon be in action.' The lion went to the upper story, and satisfied himself of the accuracy of the statement. 'This is all well,' says he, 'in so far as the observation itself is concerned; but I want to see the original memorandum which you made of it.'

"It is very easy," answered the Doctor, 'to say you want it; but though this note was written on a small square of paper, which I generally throw away or burn when it is of no further use, yet it is possible I may still find it.' Running with fear to his *Connaissances des Temps*, he finds the note of the twenty-sixth March, 1859, performing the part of a marker, and covered with grease and laudanum. The lion seizes it greedily, and, comparing it with the letter which M. Vallée had brought him, he exclaims: 'But, sir, you have falsified this observation; the time of emergence is four minutes too late.' 'It is,' replied the lamb. 'Have the goodness to examine it more narrowly, and you will find that the four minutes is the error of my watch, regulated by sidereal time.' 'This is true; but how do you regulate your watch by sidereal time?' 'I have a small telescope—here it is—which you will find in such a state as to enable me to obtain the time to a second, or even to some fractions of a second.'

Satisfied on this point, Leverrier then wished to know how he determined the two angular coördinates of the points of contact, of the entry and emergence of the planet, and how he measured the chord of the arc which separates these two points. Lescarbault told him that this was reduced to the measuring the distances of these points from the vertical, and the angles of position which he did by the systems of parallel axes we have

mentioned, and the divided circle of cardboard placed upon his finder.

Leverrier next inquired if he had made any attempt to deduce the planet's distance from the Sun from the period of four hours which it required to describe an entire diameter of the Sun. The Doctor confessed that he had many attempts to do this, but, not being a mathematician, he had not succeeded; and that this failure was the reason why he had delayed the announcement of his discovery. Leverrier having asked for the rough draught of these calculations, the Doctor replied: "My rough draughts! Paper is rather scarce with us. I am a joiner as well as an astronomer. I calculate in my work-shop, and I write upon the boards; and when I wish to use them in new calculations, I remove the old ones by planing." On visiting, however, the carpenter's shop, they found the board, with its lines and its numbers in chalk still unobliterated.

When this cross-questioning, which had lasted an hour, was finished, Leverrier was convinced that an intra-mercurial planet had really been seen, and, with a grace and dignity full of kindness, he congratulated Lescarbault on the important discovery which he had made. Anxious to obtain some mark of respect for the discoverer of Vulcan, Leverrier made inquiry concerning his private character, and learned from the village curé, the juge de paix, and other functionaries, that he was a skillful physician, and a worthy man. With such high recommendations, M. Leverrier requested from M. Rouland, the Minister of Public Instruction, the decoration of the Legion of Honor for M. Lescarbault. The minister, in a brief but interesting statement of his claim, communicated this request to the Emperor, who, by a decree dated January twenty-fifth, conferred upon the village astronomer the honor so justly due to him. His professional brethren in Paris were equally solicitous to testify their regard; and MM. Felix Roubaud, Legrande, and Caffé, as delegates of the scientific press, proposed to the medical body, and to the scientific world in Paris, to invite Lescarbault to a banquet in the Hotel de Louvre, on the eighteenth of January. A similar offer had been made to him by his professional admirers in Chartres and Blois; but he declined all these invitations, pleading as an excuse his simple and retired

habits, and the difficulty of leaving the patients under his care.

The interesting documents which we have attempted to analyze and abridge, excited the greatest sensation in every part of Europe; and the records of astronomical observations were diligently searched, in order to find if any round black spots had been seen on the disk of the Sun. Astronomers, too, of all ranks, whether occupying well-furnished observatories, or supplied only with a telescope and a darkening glass, have been watching the little planet during the time when it was likely to pass over the Sun. No re-discovery of it, however, has yet been made; but very interesting cases have been found in which a round black spot has been seen upon the Sun.

Since the first notice of the discovery of Vulcan, in the beginning of January, 1860, the Sun has been anxiously observed by astronomers; and the limited area round him in which the planet *must be*, if he is not upon the Sun, has doubtless been explored with equal care by telescopes of high power, and processes by which the Sun's direct light has been excluded from the tube of the telescope as well as the eye of the observer; and yet no planet has been found. This fact would entitle us to conclude that no such planet exists, if its existence had been merely conjectured, or if it had been deduced from any of the laws of planetary distance, or even if Leverrier or Adams had announced it as the probable result of planetary perturbations. If the finest telescopes can not re-discover a planet that has a visible disk, with a power of three hundred, as used

by Liais, within so limited an area as a circle of sixteen degrees, of which the Sun is the center, or rather within a narrow belt of that circle, we should unhesitatingly declare that no such planet exists; but the question assumes a very different aspect when it involves moral considerations. If, after the severe scrutiny which the Sun and its vicinity will undergo before, and after, and during his total eclipse in July, no planet shall be seen; and if no round black spot, distinctly separable from the usual solar spots, shall not be seen on the solar spots—we will not dare to assert that it does not exist. We can not doubt the honesty of M. Lescarbault; and we can hardly believe that he was mistaken. No solar spot, no floating scoria, could maintain, in its passage over the Sun, a circular and uniform shape; and we are confident that no other hypothesis but that of an intra-mercurial planet can explain the phenomena seen and measured by M. Lescarbault—a man of high character, possessing excellent instruments, and in every way competent to use them well, and to describe clearly and correctly the results of his observations. Time, however, tries facts as well as speculations. The phenomenon observed by the French astronomer may never be again seen, and the disturbance of Mercury which rendered it probable, may be otherwise explained. Should this be the case, we must refer the round spot on the Sun to some of those illusions of the eye or of the brain, which have sometimes disturbed the tranquillity of science.

**ABD-EL-KADER AND THE NUNS.**—The *Paris Monde* contains the following: "The superior of one of the houses of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris has just received, from Beyrout, a letter sent by a Sister of Charity. The writer states that, at the moment of the massacres at Damascus, when her companions and herself had given themselves up for lost, and were recommending their souls to God, Abd-el-Kader came and gave them assistance as generous as it was unexpected, and, taking them all, seventeen in number, under his protection, had them conducted with their pupils in safety to Beyrout. These pious females, at first trembled at confiding themselves to such a guard; several of them went

so far as to fear some snare or treason; but Abd-el-Kader tranquillized them by saying, with that good faith which is imprinted on his countenance: 'Fear nothing, poor girls; no harm shall come to you, and I will defend you, if necessary, at the peril of my life.' The Emir has, under those perilous circumstances, kept the promise which he formerly gave to Pere Etienne, Superior of the Lazarists, residing in Paris, when expressing with enthusiasm his admiration of the pious devotedness of the Sisters of Charity. 'Let the day ever come,' he said, 'when those servants of Christ and of humanity shall be exposed to any danger; I will protect and defend them even at the utmost personal risk.'



From the London Eclectic Review.

## MOUNT LEBANON AND ITS RECENT SCENES.

ALONG the east of the Mediterranean, there is a length of sea-board extending from Soor or Tyre on the south, to Tripoli on the north, which once held a preëminent place in the world's history. There lived the Phœnicians—the founders of commerce, the patrons of art, the inventors of letters. Before Rome was known, and when Greece was a nest of rude pirates, these sea-kings held the trade of the world in their own hands, possessed splendid cities on the Syrian coast, and had founded illustrious colonies in various parts of the Mediterranean. Their own territory was very small; yet they were rich and powerful. They owed much of their greatness to their peculiar situation: the sea was before them, and the mountains of Lebanon were behind them. This lofty range shut them in, guarding them as with an insurmountable rampart from the wandering tribes of the East; whilst it furnished them with the timber of which their fleets were constructed, and which adorned their palaces and temples.

The sea-board of which we now speak is very narrow; and is far from being a level plain. Lebanon throws down branches to the very water, leaving only a few valleys of small extent. The rest of the ground is broken by the encroaching mountain, and the rocky beds of its rivers. The direction of Lebanon is almost from south-west to north-east. Round its southern border is the river Leitani, which flows into the Mediterranean near Tyre. This important stream rises in the hilly region in which are the magnificent ruins of Baalbec, the ancient Heliopolis, or city of the sun; and it flows through the whole of the valley of Cœlosyria, or Bukaa, which divides Lebanon from Anti-Lebanon, thus almost begirding the former range. Again, on the north, the impetuous Kadisha, rushing down from the neighborhood of the princely cedars, separates Lebanon from the mountains of Tripoli. The whole length of Lebanon, which may be called

an unbroken range, is about sixty English miles.

No scenery can be more wild than some parts of Lebanon; no place can be more barren than other portions of its surface. One day, early in July, we emerged from the snow which capped its northern summit. It had been a long and dreary ascent from Baalbec. After leaving a small cultivated plain, we passed through a miserable dell, the proper abode of wild beasts or banditti; and then, by a long winding path, we advanced right up the face of a tremendous mountain. No human habitation was seen by us during the greater part of the day; although a traveling-map shows that we must have passed near a convent and a small village, which the muleteers probably wished to avoid. The roads, or rather sheep-tracks, through Lebanon are wretched, and sometimes dangerous in the extreme. It is extraordinary how the mules manage to keep their feet, or even to find a footing in many places. The path is frequently lost on the bare surface of a slippery rock, lying at an angle of twenty or thirty degrees; and you wonder where next you should go; but the four-legged creature underneath you goes straight forward, climbing the rock like a cat; whilst you clutch its mane with both hands, lest you should slip off and be left behind. Still, though the mountain-side was very steep, there was the magnificence of solitude and of desolation; and the air was so pure and balmy, that we could not feel tired. Here is a rill of water trickling down! But the traveler must take heed how he drinks; it is so icy cold.

At length we reached the snow, which was not deep, but soft, so that the mules sank a little in it. We had been looking to their feet, till they emerged on *terra firma*; and then we looked up. A new world lay before us, in one of the grand panoramas of nature. The cedars of Lebanon are in a plateau at our feet; the

waters of the Kadisha dash down through a chasm in the rocks; snow-capped peaks surround us; and the beautiful Mediterranean lies in the far distance in front, in whose waters the setting sun seems to dip gloriously, clothed in his mantle of richest crimson—our feelings heightened by the thought that we were all alone on the top of Lebanon, many miles from the nearest human being, like “monarchs of all we surveyed.” We stop not now to describe the cedars; that little cluster or grove which alone remains of the former glory of Lebanon. How we got down to the little town of Beshirrai, situated in a deep dell beside the dashing Kadisha, it might be hard to say; sometimes it seemed certain that we must go down head foremost. But we did get there before midnight, and we fared in the same way that we had done in other villages of the mountain. The single room of a house (so called) was allotted by the Sheik, which we swept out carefully, and then laid down our mats, and drawing a cloak over our weary bodies, fell asleep. A few miles farther down is Ehden, a small town or village delightfully situated; where we were hospitably entertained by the Sheik in his castle. About two miles from this place is a convent, Mar Antonius, situated deep down the ravine of the Kadisha, in the midst of the most stupendous scenery. This is the northern border of Lebanon.

From this description, it will appear that a portion of Lebanon is uninhabited; indeed the highest parts are uninhabitable. The majority of the population live on the slopes of the mountain toward the sea. Zahleh and a few other towns lie at the eastern base of Lebanon, near the Leitani. On this side of the mountain, the inhabited places are “few and far between,” considering the extent of the country over which they are scattered. It is very difficult to form any thing like an accurate estimate of the number of the people. One of the latest accounts supposes that there are six hundred towns, villages, and hamlets on Lebanon, containing about four hundred thousand inhabitants. It does not say if this includes the convents, which have been estimated at a hundred, belonging to Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, and Romanists. The last denomination includes Syrian, Armenian, and Greek churches in connection with Rome. Another account does not estimate the

dwellers on Lebanon at more than two hundred thousand. Nothing can be more uncertain than such numerical returns.

The greatest plague of Syria is the number of discordant elements which it contains. Its people are of many tribes, and are split up into different races and creeds. Of Mohammedans, who rule the country, there are few in Lebanon; but they form the principal population of the towns in the plains. The Druses dwell chiefly in the southern parts of the mountain, and in the hilly regions as far as Aleppo and Carmel. They have been estimated in the whole at one hundred thousand; but all of these do not belong to Lebanon. The Maronites are reckoned at double that number. The orthodox Greeks, Armenians, Jacobites, and their Papal offshoots, in all Syria, together exceed one hundred thousand. Of twenty-five thousand Jews in the whole country, a few reside in Beyrout, Sidon, and other sea-ports. Then there are Arab tribes in the desert regions: Kurds; Gipsy, and similar tribes; and the Nusairiyeh, who inhabit the mountains north of Tripoli. Though these different people live in the same country, and often in the same town, they never coalesce, but heartily hate each other. The two sects of Moslems, the Druses, Maronites, Greeks, Armenians, Catholics, and Jews, are all mutual enemies: whilst the hand of the Arab is against every man, and every man's hand against him.

What can be done with such a heterogeneous mass of people? Any thing like amicable feeling or unity of purpose for the common good is impossible. It needs a very strong government to keep them in peace, and repress the outbreaks of religious and national hatred. When Mohammed Ali governed Egypt, and held Syria in subjection, he ruled with an iron hand of power, and cleverly set one class against another. He kept up their mutual jealousies, that they might be spies upon one another, and he might more easily restrain them all. This policy succeeded whilst there was a vigilant eye and nervous arm to curb their impetuosity. But now that an imbecile government is over them, they have become unruly, and long-pent animosities now break forth into open violence and bloodshed. In this last conflict, the Druses and Maronites were the primary actors; the former being as-

sisted, it would appear, by some of their Moslem neighbors, and by tribes who delight in plunder.

Beyrout is the port and key of Lebanon. It lies in a triangular valley, which projects out from the usual direction of the coast. The city itself and its suburbs are placed on high ground, two or three hundred feet above the level of the roadstead, with which it communicates by a number of broken and winding terraces. This gives much beauty to the situation of the town. The houses are built of limestone, obtained from the neighboring quarries. To the south are beautiful olive-groves, pine-forests, and gardens of oranges, lemons, figs, apricots, etc. The mulberry, for rearing of silk worms, grows all over the suburbs; whilst palms, sycamores, prickly oaks, and many other trees and shrubs adorn the neighborhood. The whole forms a splendid view from the water on the north of the town, as the backing of Lebanon then appears to advantage. From the highest suburb which commands a view of the lovely vale, it appears a little paradise. The town is small, but the suburbs are large; containing a population of 40,000 souls, most of whom are Christians.

The Druses live in the mountains. They are a rough, unruly, ungovernable race of men, possessed of great energy and vigor of disposition. They are always ready to fly to arms, though they have no regular military discipline. They have a prince at their head; but their national affairs are decided by an assembly of Sheiks, which has much of a democratic character. Their religion is unique. It was long thought to be a mixture of Mohammedanism and Paganism, but it now appears to be a mere mongrel Mohammedanism. Their creed, if such it may be termed, may be traced to Hakim, one of the Fatimite caliphs of Egypt, who tried to reform the Moslem faith, by cutting off the austerities of its practice. He allowed the eating of pork and drinking of wine; he denied the necessity of the five daily prayers, of fasting, and of the pilgrimage to Mecca; and he threw open the doors of marriage still more widely than the false Prophet had done, by allowing members of the same family to enter into the nuptial bond. Yet this bond is very loose, as it is untied for the merest trifle, or for no reason except the desire of change. Religion was thus reduced to

little more than a nominal acknowledgment of God, with occasional prayer to him in any place, and a respect for the teaching of Mohammed and the Prophets. With this adoration of a Deity, man might live pretty much *secundum naturam*.

Though Hakim failed to convert the Moslems in general to his opinions and practice, and even became a victim to an outbreak of their religious zeal; yet his dogmas spread much in Syria, where they gained many adherents. Proscribed as heretical by true Mussulmen, the Hakimites fled to the fastnesses of Lebanon, where it was thought impossible or useless to subdue them, and where they lived in a state of complete independence, and proved troublesome neighbors to the cities of the plains. At length, Amurath III. collected a large force, and attacked them in their mountain recesses. Having overcome them, he obliged them to become tributary to the Porte, and appointed over them a Prince or Emir, to preserve order, who should be responsible for their conduct and the payment of their tribute. This Emir is not a Druse, but comes from a branch of the noble family of Shehab, famous in Mecca, and said to be descended from the Prophet. He used to rule over Beyrout, Sidon, and other towns on the skirts of Lebanon, as well as over its mountain inhabitants; but these places now have their own governors appointed by the Porte.

Deir-el-Kamar was the chief town of the Druses, and might be called the capital of their nation. It lies in the mountains, south-east of Beyrout. Traversing the plain for about two hours, through groves of pines and fields of mulberry-trees, you turn a little easterly and ascend the slope of Lebanon. Three hours' journey will bring you to the summit of the first or lower range. A descent of two hours, and another ascent of the same period, over very rugged ways, will conduct you to this mountain city. A few years ago, it had about 900 Maronite families, 300 Druse households, and a few Turks, constituting a population of 8000 or 7000. The Emir's palace was at Beteddin, an hour's ride further inland, perched on the third range of hills, and flanked by one of the deepest valleys. It consisted of a large building, or collection of buildings, for himself, his family, officers, and a guard of soldiers. Since the rebellion of

1838, his power has been curtailed; and a Turkish governor is now placed in Deir-el-Kamar, with a small garrison.

The Maronites are an old Christian sect, dating their origin from the fifth century, when they retired under their leader, John the Maronite, to the hill country behind Tripoli. Here they maintained their independence, until Amurath III. penetrated into their fastnesses, and rendered them also tributary. They live scattered through the slopes of Lebanon, chiefly in small towns and hamlets, but also mixed with Druses and Greeks in larger towns. The district of Kesrawan, or Kesrouan, north of the Bahr-el-Kelb, or Dog river, is entirely theirs. This and the adjoining district at the back of Beyrout are the most thickly populated parts of Lebanon. It is the chief silk country, and every available spot of the rugged land is cultivated. The Maronites have no distinctions of rank, except their Sheiks and priests. The former hold an office similar to that of magistrate or mayor; but in other respects are like their fellow-citizens. The clergy are allowed to marry before their ordination; and therefore most of them have wives. In this and a few other respects only do they differ from the Church of Rome, of which they are the devoted adherents. They are superstitious and priest-ridden, knowing nothing of real religion and holiness. They are intolerant of sectaries, and do not hesitate to excommunicate those whom they accuse of heresy. In their own villages, this excommunication is a serious thing, as it cuts off its victims not only from the friendships, but also from the necessities of life; and shows how far the Maronites would go in exterminating heretics if they had the power. It is chiefly amongst these people and the Greeks, that the American missionaries have labored at Beyrout and its neighborhood; and they have had much trouble from the intolerance of the Maronite priesthood and their patriarch. This dignitary, who is patriarch of Antioch, usually resides in the convent of Konobin, amongst the hills at the back of Tripoli.

The Greek Church in Lebanon is powerful and numerous. They have a bishop at Beyrout, under the patriarch of Antioch, who now generally lives in Damascus. Their religion resembles that of other Greeks in Europe, and they are under the protection of Russia. But the

Greek Catholics, as they are called, form a kind of oriental Papal community, having a patriarch at Damascus, to which city he lately removed from Lebanon. This Church retains the oriental calendar, allows its priests to marry, and has the Sacrament "in both kinds;" in most other respects, it is Romish, as it professes to be.

A people who have played an important part in the recent disturbances and massacres on Lebanon, are the Metawilehs or Metonals. These are Moslems, of the sect of Ali, like the Persian Shiites; and are therefore regarded as heretical by orthodox Mohammedans. The Metawilehs are very rigid in maintaining their caste; almost as much so as the Hindoos. They refuse to eat or drink with persons of another creed. They will not use a metal vessel out of which a Christian has eaten or drunk, without its being first thoroughly cleansed; and if one of their earthen vessels has been used by an infidel, it is thought to be unclean, and is broken. Their principal abode is in the Belad Besharah, at the back of Tyre, where there is a fine plain in the mountains between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, at the southern extremity of Cælo-Syria. Baalbec and its neighborhood also belong to the Metawilehs, who have here an emir of the House of Haarfush; a very independent race, who used to wage bloody wars with the emirs of Lebanon. These tribes, therefore, dwell in the south of Lebanon and round to the neighborhood of Damascus.

From this description of the mountain and its inhabitants, who are all accustomed to go armed, we need not be surprised at hearing of a new outbreak amongst them, whenever the supreme power is held with a feeble hand. The Maronites by themselves, not to mention the Greeks and other Christians, would be able to cope with the Druses alone, if they had time to collect their forces. But in this last *émeute* the Druses attacked them unawares, and fell upon their weakest points of defense. The scene of massacre—for such it must be called—seems to have commenced in the southern parts of Lebanon, on its eastern slopes, in the neighborhood of the Metawilehs, who confederated with the Druses. Here a number of villages and hamlets were destroyed. They then attacked the Christians of Haasbeiy, the chief town of the lower pro-



vince of Hermon, containing a mixed population of Druses and Greeks, with a few Turks—in all about four thousand. This was a station of the American missionaries. The emir of Hasbeiya is of the Shehab family, and was described, a few years ago, as a weak and faithless man, oppressing the Protestants in his vicinity. Rasheyia, the capital of the upper province of Hermon, having two thousand people—Druses, Greeks, and Syrian Catholics—was also destroyed. This town resisted, (we presume after the Druse inhabitants had left,) and was only taken by treachery. A Turkish officer, sent to its help, prevailed upon the inhabitants to give up their arms to him, promising to convey all the people to a place of safety; which promise he infamously broke, and permitted the Druses to kill them in cold blood.

By this time the assailants were reinforced by hordes of Arabs, of whom there are plenty in El Safed and its neighborhood; and by Kurds, probably from El Husn. These tribes of plunderers naturally hastened to a scene of warfare, as vultures hasten to a prey. With their aid, the Druses and Metawilehs pushed forwards to Zahleh, on the eastern base of Lebanon, a town of eight or nine hundred families, chiefly Greeks, Maronites, and Catholics, which was taken after a defense of five days; and a considerable massacre ensued. Turkish soldiers, sent to keep the peace, looked on, and even helped the assailants; and of course joined in the plunder.

Destroying every thing in their way, the Druses returned to Deir-el-Kamar, where the Turkish governor permitted them to massacre the Maronites, whose arms he had previously taken away. The murderers allowed the women and female children to escape, but slew all the males they could find. The Druses were every where successful; yet they would probably have failed in their bloody enterprise, had it not been for the perfidy of the Turkish officers and soldiers sent to keep the peace. The hordes that attacked Zahleh could not keep long together, for they are commonly at enmity with each other. The Arabs and Kurds would tomorrow help to plunder the Druses and Metawilehs.

We believe that the Druses did not commence this *melée* from any particular hatred to Christianity as such. They

themselves would have become nominal Protestants ten years ago, if they could have retained their civil privileges. We once met a fine fellow, clad with arms, who had come down from the mountains for the purpose of offering to combine with Protestants in subduing the impracticable Maronites. Nor is it so long since they have had feuds with the Metawilehs, who have helped them in the present butchery. But there is a war of *racés* between the Druses and Maronites, which has broken out afresh; the latter taking advantage of the weakness of the Turkish government and the faithlessness of its officers. Their long animosity has been probably heightened by the fact, that a few years ago their emir and some of their princely families turned Christians; so that their own power was on the decline. They are now, therefore, trying to exterminate the Maronites, by slaying the male children as well as adults.

A similar feeling of exasperation, but a religious one, has animated the Metawilehs. Most of the members of the branch of the Shehab family who are lords of Rasbeiya, have embraced Christianity; and there has been no opportunity of Moslem revenge for this apostasy, until the present outbreak. To take this vengeance, they have joined their quondam enemies the Druses, and fought by the side of Arabs and Turks, who denounce them as heretics.

The allies of the Druses have thus turned a subject of civil discord into a religious warfare, just as the Mohammedans sided with the Rajpoots of India to exterminate the British, intending, when their common foe was subdued, to turn against their coadjutors. So in Syria. If the Christian men were exterminated, the Druses would soon be obliged to become Moslems, and the Metawilehs to renounce the sect of Ali.

Some Turks and Arabs are always ready for a fanatical outbreak to propagate their religion with the sword. This religious *zeal* is now strong in Syria. We remember the time when a Christian dared not ride on a *horse* in that country; and we have had to endure the curses of fanatics in the streets of Damascus, for being mounted on one of these *noble* creatures, (which ought to be reserved for "the faithful,") though we were guarded by janissaries. The Moslems see and feel that their power is waning, and some of

them are furious; others are waiting for "the end," which they believe to be near. It seems that Koorschid Pasha, governor of Beyrout, is one of this fanatical sect; hence his complicity in these massacres of Christian men. To the same cause the murders that have taken place in Tyre, and more recently in Damascus and other Mohammedan towns, are to be attributed. The fanatics may be few in number; but if unrestrained and unresisted, they may enact bloody tragedies. A few hundred Druses, joined by a promiscuous rabble of plunderers, and abetted by Turkish soldiers, have pillaged and burnt the Christian quarter of Damascus, and murdered four or five thousand of its inhabitants. The whole might have perished, had it not been for the heroic conduct of Abd-El Kader and his Algerine guard; as the Governor refused to interfere. Besides these victims in the capital of Syria, more than one hundred and fifty Christian villages have been sacked; nine or ten thousand males have been butchered; and seventy or eighty thousand persons are houseless and destitute, whilst the property destroyed is very great.

Fuad Pasha, the Turkish minister, is now in Damascus with an army; and before this article is published, some hundreds of the murderers will probably have suffered death for their crime. *Europe demands it*; and no leniency can be

shown. If the Turks can not of themselves catch the leaders of the Druses and Metawilehs in the mountains, the French will help them. It will be more difficult to catch the guilty Arabs and Kurds. But the social aspect and future prospects of Lebanon are changed. The southern and eastern portions of the mountain are denuded of their Christian population, who are exterminated from those districts where they dwelt along with Druses and Metawilehs. The Maronites still hold the Kesrawan, (north of Beyrout,) which their enemies have not been able to enter; and perhaps they may be induced to return to the adjoining districts on the western slopes in proximity to the sea, if the Druses are expelled from them. But the rest of Lebanon will be deprived of its most industrious and wealthy inhabitants. The same may be said in part of Damascus, and of Cælo-Syria. The land will mourn for many years because of this massacre; and many fruitful spots will become like a wilderness. The anger of the Druses has been savage and relentless. We do not accuse *them* of killing or maltreating *the women*; this appears to have been done by the Turks and their soldiers; but they murdered every *male* that they could find. They will soon learn that

"Revenge, though sweet at first, bitter ere long,  
Back on itself recoils."

From the *Eclectic Review*.

## THE RHETORIC OF CONVERSATION.\*

THERE are few Americans who can not carry on a conversation. Englishmen can face each other all day long in a railway-carriage without exchanging a word; and if we have the courage to break the monotony, we rarely get beyond the topic of the weather. Confining ourselves in conversation to our own immediate circles, we are constrained and reserved when thrown among strangers, and fre-

quently careless and negligent when talking with ourselves. *The Rhetoric of Conversation*, by an American author, is designed chiefly to rectify the latter defect; he scarcely alludes to the characteristic vice of his countrymen in conversation—their extreme inquisitiveness. We remember once, when in the interior of Virginia, being "pumped" by a General, upon whom we tried the following plan, which we recommend to all who may imitate the example of the Prince of Wales, and visit the Transatlantic Republic. "I was raised on the other side of the Blue Mountain," said the General; "and if any

\* *The Rhetoric of Conversation*; with Hints specially to Christians on the Use of the Tongue. By G. W. HERVEY. Edited by the Rev. STEPHEN JENNER, M.A. London: Richard Bentley.

one were to ask me, I should say you were a Pennsylvanian." We replied we were not, and requested him to "guess." The General, to our great amusement, guessed with all the ardor of a young girl guessing the solution of a conundrum; and we managed to turn the conversation and leave him no wiser. The *genuine* American is, however, as communicative as he is inquisitive. He lets you into the secret of his own history, and then will acquaint you of the secrets of his neighbors; especially telling you what they are worth.

Yet it would be unjust to say, that the Americans do not possess conversational powers of a high order, in what may be called their "good society." The ladies of New-York, and Boston, and Philadelphia, are not so attractive by the beauty of their persons, as they are by their conversational ability. Young American ladies are constantly reminded that society expects them to "entertain." "To entertain the gentlemen," is an expression in constant use among them; and, indeed, many use these their peculiar charms to no little purpose. There are ladies now in the cities above mentioned, who could have vied with a De Seigné or a Du Deffand in the attractiveness of their salons; and who cultivate their abilities as good purpose as did Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, or Mrs. Hannah More, in the last century.

The book before us contains an immense amount of the best advice, written in a pleasant and agreeable style. It commences by laying down as a rule, that the first requisite for a good conversationist, is to know when to be silent. The laws of conversation are treated upon in reference to style and physical habits, and rules are given for its practice in private life and in general society. The chapters on the Vices of Conversation, are exceedingly racy and telling; yet we are almost compelled to ask the question: Why does the author say nothing about the egotism and boasting which characterize his countrymen to so large an extent? He is deservedly severe on the practice as regards the individual, but may not their patriotism be disfigured by this paltry vice? Many intelligent Americans, after visiting Europe, return with much of the national conceit taken out of them; they are none the less patriotic, but wiser and more discriminating. Now, our author advises such to read the travels of Mr. Gulliver,

and remember that upon his return from Brobdignag, he thought the sailors of his own country the most contemptible creatures he ever beheld. "Some men," he tells us—and the remark is very good and worth preserving—"are formed to become by travel like telescopes. They are pulled out to the most extraordinary proportions, and it takes the rest of their lives for their old neighbors to succeed in shutting up the elongated worthy into his narrow and natural dimensions."

The book throughout is pervaded with a deep religious tone; too much, we are afraid, for its success among general readers. And yet the Christian is the highest form of the gentleman, and his conversation should be preëminently distinguished for genial kindness, propriety, and good sense. The uses of conversation are defined to be for the "Reproof of Brethren," the "Conviction of Unbelievers," the "Removal of Prejudices," and Mutual Edification of Christians. The chapters on these subjects merit attentive perusal. Rules, however, while excellent for guidance, are only of value when the heart is right; and then these words to the wise will be sufficient. To be as perfect as our author indicates, would require more than human aid; and we should have continually to look to a higher source for assistance, to "order our conversation aright," that it might be profitable for reproof, for conviction, and for mutual edification.

We recommend the *Rhetoric of Conversation* to the thoughtful Christian reader. He will find in it many a word fitly spoken, and it will suggest searching inquiries as to whether he is rightly employing his powers of conversation—powers pregnant for good or evil in the society in which he moves. The following passage is especially worthy of note: "One of the most liberal and beneficial kinds of conversation, is what the Americans call *building*. It consists in adding something to the remark of another; the interlocutors, either fortifying each other's propositions, or saying something which the observations of another suggested. The practice here recommended is not that of some wise persons, who never fail to improve on every casual remark, ever getting the better of another, sure to have the last word, and letting slip no opportunity of showing that their intellect has still the mastery of ours. Instead of pulling down, they *build*—they literally edify one another."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## VENUS OVER THE MONK'S TOWER.

### AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY.

BY LOUIS SAND.

OLD letters, old papers, old manuscripts, yellow and faded and worn; and the hand that hoarded them here will touch them no more forever. Dusty, scrawling epistles in a boy's round-hand, gathered and tied up together; bundles of yellow letters—are these my own careless, off-hand answers to letters penned in anxiety and uneasiness? And here are worn old MSS. in a handwriting which I shall never see again. I take the freshest, and lay it before me, smoothing out the tumbled paper. I will give it a name:

#### VENUS OVER THE MONK'S TOWER.

As the stream nears the sea it forgets the brawling days over rocks and brambles, and calmness comes over it. I draw near the ocean, I am forgetting; only, as the end approaches, the beginning remains; and childhood seems to join itself to age, shutting out the troubles that came between. I write the incidents which return to me so clearly now, if haply they may warn some one who reads of the misery of lightly believing evil, and the danger of a hasty judgment.

I remember then, one sunny evening very long ago, when I was a child, Nurse sitting with my little brother on her arm fast asleep, while I dragged tale after tale from her with insatiable greediness; how, from her romantic heroes and heroines, I rambled off to my own father and mother, marveling how my father, who was gray-headed, and, in my eyes, an old, old man, came to marry my mother, so young and merry and beautiful; but on this head Nurse was silent. I remember, too, another evening, when I ran to her with a treasure I had ferreted out of some rubbish in a lumber-room—a dusty thing, all

covered with cobwebs; but I held it forth in a tremor of excitement, crying out that it was a picture of one of those great soldiers she used to tell me about. It was the portrait of a soldier, and she took it from me gravely, and when she saw my mother coming down the garden, hid it away in her bosom, bidding me hush.

Shortly after that we had a birthday feast in a little half-ruined tower in the garden, which we called the "Monk's Tower." A glorious place it was, where we might go in wet weather, where Nurse used to sit and tell the tales I loved; and this evening there were healths to be drunk, speeches made, cake to be eaten; and the fun was at its height when a message came to Nurse that we were to go in, for "a grand gentleman from the wars was come."

The little one, as my brother was called, cried out that he would not go; but Nurse gave us visions of scarlet cloth, glittering epaulettes, and all sorts of glories—none of which we were destined to see. The grand gentleman wore a black coat, with one sleeve pinned up; and terribly shocked I was, in my superior perception, when Totty crept up to him and pulled at it, asking, gravely: "Where he kept his other arm?"

He laughed, and when he laughed, Totty stole back to my side, staring at him fiercely. He had a sunburnt face and thick brown moustaches, and my mother seemed glad to see him. She called him "Cousin Charles," and smiled and talked and looked so beautiful, that I was more attracted to her than to the stranger. My father had pushed back his plate, and was busy with his pencil; for just at this time



he had a mania for discovering perpetual motion; he had invented and taken a patent for something which Nurse told us was very clever indeed, and only one thing was wanting to make it quite what he aimed at.

"Nelly," said Totty, when we were in the nursery, "I don't like him; do you? He's ugly."

But I was watching Nurse's face as I whispered: "Nurse, it is the portrait man."

She stooped and kissed us both, saying nothing. I don't think she liked him either.

The nursery was over my father's dressing-room, and looked out upon the Monk's Tower. I remember standing at the window that night, watching the long shadow of the tower upon the gravel, and filling it with ghostly inhabitants, till terror seized me, and I hurried into bed, covering myself close, and shivering.

But the grand gentleman did not go away. We were told to call him Cousin Charles; and after a while he used to follow us about into the garden and try to make friends. Once he even came to the Monk's Tower, and began taking Totty on his knee, calling him Master Trot.

"My name is not Trot," said the boy, struggling; "and you are ugly, and I don't like you."

I saw the soldier's eyes twinkle fiercely, but he only laughed.

"I hate you!" said Totty, who had escaped, and was clinging to Nurse's hand; "If I had a gun I would shoot you! I shall tell mamma to send you away."

"Pretty pupils you have got here," said Cousin Charles, sharply; but Nurse bent over Totty without answering, and he went away.

"Why does he stay here, Nurse?"

It was my constant question: I was afraid of him; I could not bear to feel his step following me; I shuddered when he touched me. Nurse said he had been mamma's playfellow when they were both children. I could not think how she bore with him.

A month had passed since the birthday feast, when I saw Cousin Charles one evening coming down towards us in the Monk's Tower. Nurse rose and went to meet him. They spoke together a moment, and I saw the scowl on his face as he turned away. Oh! how I feared him!

When we went into tea, my mother and he were laughing over some pictures, and my father pored as usual over a book. He laid it down, however, and said something about their being very merry; and after tea, when the piano was opened, he got up, contrary to his custom, and stood over it. No one took any notice of him, but from my corner of the sofa, with Totty's head leaning on my lap, one thumb in his mouth and the other crawling about my neck, I watched my father in silent and wondering terror, while he bit his lips and knitted his brows, and a white look of anger came over his face.

Suddenly he put Cousin Charles aside violently, and began turning over the leaves for my mother himself. The soldier's solitary arm was raised and hung over his white head for a moment. I cried out—how was I to help it?

My father turned, and said savagely: "Children, go to bed! Why are you here?"

As we left the room, I saw that my mother had risen, and was looking from one to the other in wonder, and perhaps terror; while Cousin Charles, seeming to recover himself, smiled, shook hands with her, wished my father good-night, and followed us.

I hid my face on Nurse's lap, and cried. She asked no questions; probably she knew more than I did.

All the next morning we kept away out of sight. I learnt my lessons, but mamma did not come as usual to hear them; and in the evening, as we lingered in the garden, the front-door opened suddenly, and my father came out. Great lines were on his forehead, his eyes shone, and his lips were pressed down like they had been the night before.

"Nurse, where is your mistress?"

"Mammy is there," sung out Totty, pointing to the gate, "with the ugly soldier."

Anger was on the ugly soldier's face also, and something more. Whatever my mother had done or said to him, there was that in his eye which I knew, child as I was, threatened vengeance deep and terrible.

"Mammy looks like a white ghost," said Totty, putting in his voice again.

She was white. Leaving the soldier, she was coming, with her hand stretched out, to my father, when something—his look I suppose—stopped her half-way.

It sank back to her side, and the next moment she was lying on the gravel at his feet.

Putting Totty's hand in mine, Nurse hurried us into the house, and went back again. Wondering and sorrowful, I questioned her when she came up to the nursery; but she was sad too, and very grave. Mamma was better; I must be satisfied, and ask no questions.

We saw Cousin Charles no more. We never heard so much as his name mentioned, except by Totty, whom nurse soon silenced.

But what terrible blight had he left behind him! What change had come over my father! Though preoccupied and busy over his books and papers, he had always been gentle and loving to us, his children; now, we dared no longer go near him. He would turn his back upon us, speaking, if he spoke at all, savage words of anger and disgust, as though he hated the very sight of us.

And my mother—sitting there so pale and quiet—what new look was that on her face, what blight had come over her? She watched my father closely, she could hardly spare a thought from him for us, even for Totty, who clamored and stormed after his wonted amount of petting, until she was fain to put him away gently, and beg for peace. Instinct seemed to tell her my father's wants; I have seen her offer him something imploringly, and he would shrink and turn away as if her hand had been a serpent.

I did not understand it all; I only knew it was very wretched, and in some blundering way laid the blame on Cousin Charles.

Every thing seemed to be changed. The house had itself put on a desolate look, the servants went about quietly, the garden was dreary, and even the Monk's Tower had lost a portion of its fascination. There was always some underthought which would not be driven away.

My mother grew paler and quieter; she could no longer bear with Totty's rough caresses or his noisy play; once telling me to take him to the nursery, she put her hand on my head, and looked into my face earnestly, as if about to say something; but her lips began to tremble, and as she motioned me away, I saw two tears roll quietly down her white cheek. Oh! I could have cried with her

then—I could have broken my heart for her.

I do not know how long this lasted, but I know when a change came. We were sitting with my mother after breakfast, Totty and I, as she lay, white and wan, on the sofa, hearing my lessons, when my father entered the room. How she started as the door opened, and then began trembling all over as like one in a fit. Surely a desperate spirit possessed my father that morning. Clenching in one hand something which looked like a letter, he stamped up to the sofa and stood before us.

"Children, be gone; off with you, driveling little hypocrite"—for Totty had begun to cry—"off with you this moment, and don't show your faces here again."

I could not stop to quiet the "little one," but ran off to find Nurse and tell her. She bade me go to the nursery and keep Totty good. I obeyed. All day long we staid there. Once or twice Nurse came to us, looking anxious and troubled. Mamma had gone to bed, she told us, not very well; Totty must be good and make no noise.

So I told him long dreary tales, till at last his head dropped on my lap, and he slept there, helpless and happy. Then I felt, for the first time, tears were running down my cheeks.

When supper-time came I could hardly arouse Totty to take any; and, to spare Nurse, I put him into bed myself, and then got into my own.

I had been asleep, dreaming strange dreams about Cousin Charles, the Monk's Tower, and mamma. When I awoke, there was a candle blinking over its long wick on the table, and Nurse was pacing up and down, with her hands clasped before her.

"He is a hard man, a hard man," I heard her mutter quietly; I watched till she stooped down over Totty, to kiss him, and took up the light to go away. Then I called after her:

"Nurse, Nurse, come here; I can not bear it!"

"Bear what?"

"Oh! I don't know—I don't know! I can not bear it—you must not go."

She looked at me gravely.

"Miss Nelly, you have been good enough till now; what ails you?"

"It is so miserable."

"We have all got something to bear; yours doesn't seem much; take it quietly. I must go down-stairs—God alone knows what to do; but you must not keep me here."

I suffered her to go; but as she reached the door, a horrible dread of being left alone in the dark, to my own thoughts and imaginings, seized me. In a moment I was out of bed, following the retreating light. I dared not speak, for fear of being scolded and sent back. As quietly as possible I followed, until Nurse turned towards the door of my father's dressing-room. I would have retreated now, from very dread of what might be going to happen; but a look back into the dark passage made me shudder and press on.

As she opened the door noiselessly, I squeezed myself into a corner of the passage, that I might not be discovered. And inside I saw my father, sitting with his arms spread out on the table, and his head upon them. Beside him lay the crumpled paper, which he had evidently been trying to smooth out. For a moment Nurse hesitated, then advancing, she looked over it. I know now, though I did not then, that it contained, in what seemed to be my mother's hand:

"To-night—when Venus shines over the Monk's Tower.

HELEN!"

As the paper rustled, my father looked up. I trembled for Nurse; but she was an old friend, and knew her privileges. Staring at her a moment, he seized her arm suddenly, and hiding the candle behind a curtain, he took her to the window opposite which I stood, a shivering ghost in a night-dress; he raised the blind, and pointed out where a star was shining brightly over the Monk's Tower.

Then, as if nothing more remained to do or say, he came back to his seat and settled himself as before. But Nurse stood there gravely, with her hand on the paper.

"This is a forgery."

He raised his head, but did not answer.

"I must go on now, if you kill me for it—as you may, for you are cruel enough. My darling—my mistress I mean—never deceived you or any one. If you had spoken to her before, instead of murder-

VOL. L.—No. 3

ing her silently, you would have known, as I know, that this is a villain's revenge for her pure duty to you."

He pointed to the letter, and waved her away impatiently.

"A forgery," she repeated, her voice growing a little louder. "I will swear it, so that you shall not dare to disbelieve longer. By all my hopes of happiness—by all I hold sacred—by the cross on the back of that holy book—I swear it. Come, and hear her speak for herself."

I staid for no more. Flying along the passage, up-stairs, trembling and sobbing, I hid myself under the bed-clothes, a quivering mass of terror.

And now, lastly, I remember a night but a short time after, when Nurse came to rouse us from sleep, suddenly, and in haste; when I heard her sob heavily, but saw no tears; when she wrapped something round us, and carrying Totty, all rosy and helpless with sleep, gave her hand to me, and bade me keep quiet, for mamma wanted to see us. Down-stairs, in the chill night, all grave and silent, and unnatural—down into mamma's room. And I remember my father's arm on the pillow, and her face on his bosom, white and death-like; when Totty was put forward first to kiss her, and I followed. I remember my father's cry—"My darling, my darling"—as he watched her, and her low answer that came by snatches, telling how happy he had always made her; how good and kind he had been, making her life so bright always; but for this one mistake, which was her fault, and forgotten now, she had scarcely known trouble; and now she was happy again—so happy! A low cry from my father, a cry so full of misery that Nurse, as it reached her, turned her eyes from the face she was watching so lovingly, to his; and then she knelt in the presence of that mysterious messenger now drawing nigh unto me—we had no mother!

Cousin Charles is dead. Long years ago I saw his name honorably mentioned amongst those who fell, fighting gallantly for country or for glory. It is not for me to judge him. Perhaps there were times in his life when memory stung him bitterly; when he would have given the world, if he had had it to give, to recall those few months which bore such sorrowful fruits. Peace be to him!

From the London Review.

## THE EDUCATION OF THE WORLD.\*

BY DR. TEMPLE, HEAD-MASTER OF RUGBY.

THIS essay, the *Education of the World*, contains, as might be expected, very much valuable matter. The Essay has all the freshness, breadth, and vagueness which have so much charmed and so extensively influenced a large portion of the English public since the first publication of Arnold's writings. It begins with a fine realistic view of the human race as one colossal man, the continuous organic variety of whose life reaches from the creation to the day of judgment. The successive generations of men are days in this man's life. The inventions of different epochs are his works; their creeds and opinions are his thoughts; the state of society at different times is his manners; he grows in knowledge, in self-control, in visible size, just as we do; and his education is in the same way, and for the same reason, precisely similar to ours. Each generation receives the benefit of the cultivation of that which preceded it. Not only in knowledge, but in development of powers, the child of twelve now stands at the level where once stood the child of fourteen, where ages ago stood the full-grown man. There is then a childhood, a youth, and a manhood of the world. Its training has three stages; in its childhood, by positive rules; in its youth, by examples; in its maturity, by principles; answering to the Law, the Son of Man, the gift of the Spirit.

The race during the ancient economy was under the discipline of law. The Hebrew people, being selected as the depository of religious truth, received, after a short preparation, the Mosaic system. The law was a positive ruler of the conscience; but was followed in maturer childhood by the comments of the prophets, comments which merge the mere ordinances in the higher precepts, which

are more argumentative than peremptory, and which, while insisting on obedience still, yet treat the child as old enough to understand. The results of the whole discipline of the Jewish nation may be summed up in two points—a settled national belief in the unity and spirituality of God, and an acknowledgment of the paramount importance of chastity as a primary element of morals. Thus was the conscience of the young race trained in the Hebrew people.

But other nations were being trained simultaneously, though their training was conducted without direct revelation. Rome, Greece, and Asia, contributed to make up the aggregate of the infant race. Rome contributed to the future youth, or the Christian Church, her discipline of order and government; Greece contributed her lesson of science, and art, and refinement; Asia, her mystical element. "Thus the Hebrews may be said to have disciplined the human conscience, Rome the human will, Greece the reason and taste, Asia the spiritual imagination."

The childhood of the world was over when our Lord appeared. The tutors and governors had done their work. The second teacher was example, the influence of which attains its maximum at the meeting-point of the child and the man, in the brief interval which separates restraint from liberty. Our Lord, the Example of mankind, came "in the fullness of time," just when the world was fitted to feel the powers of his presence. Had he come earlier, the world would not have been ready, and the Gospel would have been the religion of the Hebrews only. Had he come later, he would have come to mankind already beginning to stiffen into the fixedness of maturity. But, besides this supreme and only Example, there were three other companions who exerted something of the same kind of influence upon the disciplined youth of the race, as

\* The first Essay in *Essays and Reviews*. London: J. W. Parker and Sons. 1860.



thus being trained by a divine education—Greece, Rome, and the early Church; the first, a brilliant social companion; the second, a bold and successful leader; and the third, an earnest, heavenly-minded friend, whose sanctity and manners are still the cherished remembrance of the world.

Lastly came the age of reflection, in which the man begins to draw from the storehouse of youthful experience the principles of life. The spirit of conscience assumes the throne. There he frames his code of laws—the third great teacher, and the last. In the individual man, however, there is still a process of learning and discipline going on. He learns by the growth of his inner powers, and the accumulation of experience; his freedom is the restraint of law; and the inner law of mature life, and the outer law of childhood, are still more or less combined. So was it with the Christian Church, as the representative of mankind. The Church was left to work out, by her own natural faculties, the principle of her own action. She began by determining her leading doctrines and the principles of her conduct. Reflection, and formula, and contest with heresy, evolved the hasty, dogmatic creeds of the early ages. These generalizations of early manhood were right on the whole; that is, they always embodied, if they did not always rightly define, the truth. But the Church was not capable of exhausting at once all the truth and wisdom contained in the teaching of the earlier periods. It exaggerated its proper function; it claimed what the apostles did not claim—not only to teach the truth, but to clothe it in logical statements, not merely as opposed to prevailing heresies, (which was justifiable,) but for all succeeding time. It belongs to a later epoch to see the “law within the law,” which absorbs such statements into something higher than themselves. But then came the flood of undisciplined races, which carried the Church back to the dominion of outer law. The instinct of the Church revived Judaism in the Papacy—her instinct, not her intention. Then came the removal of the medieval yoke, when the time arrived that the conscience might again be the supreme guide. But with it returned, not the old dogmatism, but an entirely new lesson—the lesson of toleration—modifying the early dogmatism, by

substituting the spirit for the letter, and practical religion for precise definitions of truth. This lesson we are slowly but steadily learning. Science, research, and free thought, have shown that “there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in the Patristic theology.” We can use their forms, but go beyond them; just as they went beyond the legacy left them by the apostles. The Bible is suited to our self-education; being without any despotic power, which its very form denies to it, and given to conscience as its supreme interpreter. The mature age of the Church must be governed by knowledge, knowledge alone, and the principles which it establishes. The thorough study of the Bible, therefore—the investigation of what it teaches and what it does not teach, the determination of the limits of what we mean by its inspiration, and the degree of authority of its various books—must take the lead of all other studies. Toleration must guide that study; and then it will not be the study of those who go back to that view of the Bible which corresponds with the childhood and youth of the world—which is only a perverted use of it—but of those who fear not the result of any investigation, whether philosophical, or scientific, or historical. Its power over the minds and hearts of believers will never be weakened by our clearing away the blunders which have been fastened on it by human interpretation.

This is a fair summary of the Essay, which, while it elaborates its great idea with masterly power, seems to us to be grievously unfaithful to one of its leading principles. “The gift of the Spirit” is stated at the outset to be the distinguishing mark of the mature age of the colossal man. Why then is *he*—not *it*—no further mentioned? Has not the mature man of humanity—the living Church of Christ—received the promise of the Holy Ghost to abide with him forever? And ought not that great element in the *self-education* of the mature world to be interwoven, and receive its fair estimation? Such a mature man as is here described, without the supreme ascendancy and direction of the Holy Spirit, is as a body without a head. This ruinous defect vitiates the whole of the Essay, with all its masterly generalization.

## YALE COLLEGE AND ITS ALUMNI.\*

[See KERRON'S NORM at the end of this article.]

It is an evidence of the thoughtful regard of our Alma Mater for her surviving children, as well as for the generations to come, that, once in three years, she sends forth a catalogue, revised and enlarged, of her whole family. That catalogue comes from most careful and competent hands — while it marks the gradual increase of the number of her sons, and records the fresh honors that, from time to time, are falling upon many of them, it runs anew the line that divides the living from the dead. The stars, prefixed to the multitude of names, are emblematical of graves; and it would require no great stretch of imagination to suppose that many of them were significant of crowns also; crowns of honor in this world, crowns of immortal life in the next. Indeed, our Triennial may be considered as a sort of family record, which, like other family records, embodies the names of both the dead and the living, and, in many cases, a portion of their history also. With this record before me, I will endeavor now to call up the images of some of our elder brothers in collegiate fellowship; and if I confine myself chiefly to the departed, it will not be for want of due respect for the living, but because it seems to me more delicate and fitting, as a general rule, that the living should be allowed to pass the great ordeal, before even justice, much less affection, gives public utterance to all that it has to say of them. You will have anticipated me when I say that my subject is YALE COLLEGE, AS REPRESENTED IN HER TRIENNIAL CATALOGUE.

I am quite aware that a topic like this places me on ground beset with temptations to utter, if not great swelling words of academic vanity, yet what might naturally enough suggest to those outside of

our circle the idea that some small share of self-complacency still lingers among us. But I can not allow myself to be trammelled by any such considerations. I should offend against my own sense of filial obligation; I should offend against the genius of the occasion that has convened us; I should offend against the claims of truth, and justice, and honor, if in being over-cautious to avoid extravagance, I should bring to our venerable mother an offering of faint or equivocal praise. I am thankful that the occasion is one on which words of even lofty eulogy may still be words of truth and soberness.

Assuming then, as graduates of this College, the grateful and reverent attitude of sons, we may claim, first of all, that we belong to an *ancient* family. Antiquity is indeed a relative term; and that which, measured by one standard, falls far back into the distance, when referred to another, seems like a thing of yesterday. When, for instance, we compare the age of Yale with that of Oxford, which some suppose to have been founded, others to have been revived, by the great Alfred, we find little on which to build a claim for ourselves to an ancient origin. But when we substitute for the old English University any of the great sisterhood of American Colleges, which the last fifty or sixty years have brought into existence, we begin to have some sense of our own venerableness — we look upon our catalogue with more of reverence, not to say self-gratulation, when we find that it takes us back to the very commencement of the eighteenth century. Harvard had indeed a vigorous existence when Yale was founded — she had had breathed into her the spirit of Oxford and Cambridge by some of the most illustrious sons of each; and, for sixty years, she had been doing a work worthy of herself and of the cause to which she was consecrated. But it came to pass, at length, as the population

\* Our Triennial Catalogue. A Discourse, addressed to the Alumni of Yale College, at their Annual Meeting, July 25, 1860. By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D.

increased and extended, that the public convenience demanded another institution of the same kind; and in this exigency our College had its origin. Such an idea had indeed been conceived by the great and good Davenport at a much earlier period; and he had even gone so far as to make a proposition to the government respecting it; but it was judged premature, and was therefore deferred until the colony should gain more strength. In 1698, the matter began to be seriously agitated, but nothing was done to purpose till the next year, when, as you know, ten of the principal ministers of the colony were appointed, by general consent of both clergy and laity, to perform the work which resulted in the establishment of this institution; and thus, though the first commencement was not held till 1702, it is fair to say that the college originated in the seventeenth century. And she has been going on her way rejoicing through the long period of a hundred and sixty years. She has witnessed to the establishment of almost all those institutions which now constitute our country's glory. She heard the din of battle in the old French War, and in the War of the Revolution she even took part, in the person of her patriotic President. She has marked a long succession of changes on other continents, which have made the world quite another thing than what it was when she first opened her eyes upon it. Oh! if she could take on a personal form, and tell us all that she has witnessed, who would not love to sit at her feet, and revel amidst her rich treasures of observation?

Age is not indeed always a synonym of prosperity—it often betokens infirmity and decay. Old men are sometimes evidently shy of facing their own wrinkles; not so much because they regard wrinkles a deformity, as because they seem to shadow forth the possibility that the full strength of life's best days is no longer theirs. Old dwellings, from the long continued action of the elements, frequently become untenable, and they are visited only as curious relics—possibly as representing the taste of another century. Old institutions, in many instances, wax heavy and monotonous in their movements, until the principle of vitality gets so low that they seem at best to be dragging out a useless existence. Not so the grand old institution in which our in-

tellects have been nursed and developed—she *started* modestly indeed, but gloriously; and her course has ever been onward; and to-day witnesses to her greatest vigor and power. Indeed, though, when we look back to her beginning, she may seem well stricken in years, yet when we consider her in the light of the ages to come, we recognize in her present state the freshness of youth, looking towards progressive, indefinite, almost boundless, development.

Let me say, in the next place, that our connection is with a *numerous, growing, and widely extended* family. The whole number of graduates enrolled on our last Triennial is six thousand eight hundred and ten; averaging a little more than forty-three to each year. This is a large number in comparison with that of any other American College save Harvard, which is our senior by sixty years. It is large in consideration of the fact that other similar institutions have been multiplying in all parts of the land, many of which have enjoyed a wide and liberal patronage. It seems large also when we bear in mind that much the greater portion of our graduates have come out of the ranks of the yeomanry, among whom the pecuniary means of educating their sons are not usually abundant. And I can not forbear to add that it is large when viewed in the light of that now proverbial but rather humiliating concession, that we are the most money-loving people on earth. If I were called upon to meet the allegations which the envy or stupidity of some foreigners has made against the intellectual character of our country, I should think it enough—and more than they were entitled to—to open this venerable document on which I am commenting, and ask whether it were probable that such an army of scholars could have gone forth, each as a central point of illumination, without producing a result that must give the lie to these unworthy representations.

When I say that we are a *growing* family, I intend much more than merely the fact that each successive year, as a matter of course, adds a new class to our catalogue—I mean that we have had a sufficiently rapid, but at the same time steady and healthful, increase. The aggregate number of graduates, during the first fifty years, was six hundred and forty-eight; and the average for each year was

nearly thirteen; and when it is borne in mind how unpropitious to the cause of liberal education were the circumstances of the country; how difficult it must have been for fathers to dispense with the labor of their sons in felling the forests and cultivating the fields, as well as to furnish the requisite means of their support at college; and when, moreover, it is remembered that there was an older and better endowed institution of the same kind in the heart of New-England, which had become identified with the interests especially of the Massachusetts Colony—what seems to us now a small number, was really a large number, to be assembled, first at Killingworth, then at Saybrook, and afterwards on this ground, in the pursuit of learning. During the second half-century—that is, from 1752 to 1802—there were sixteen hundred and eighty-six names added to the catalogue; and the average annual number was thirty-three and three fourths. This, under all the circumstances, was a marvelous increase; for though, during this period, the population had a rapid growth, yet the first thirty years of it particularly were signalized by the most absorbing and agitating scenes of our history—I mean the French War, and the War of the Revolution. It is certainly worthy of enduring record that from 1775 to 1783, when the great question whether we were to be a nation of slaves or of freemen was in the process of being settled at the point of the bayonet, the average number of graduates each year was nearly nine more than it had been during the same period immediately preceding—an evidence that our fathers felt that their blood was to be the price of institutions, which it would require men of liberal culture to sustain and carry forward to their legitimate results. The remaining part of the period of our collegiate existence, as presented by the last Triennial, ranging from 1802 to 1859, and including fifty-eight years, casts into the shade the most favored of the preceding portions of our history. In this interval, not only has the population of our country been increased beyond a parallel, but the spirit of general enterprise had been thoroughly aroused, and the mind of the nation has been intensely engaged in working out problems bearing upon our national elevation and perpetuity. With the quickened pulsations of the body politic, with the

more earnest tone of thought and feeling and action that has pervaded all classes of society, Yale College has been in hearty sympathy; and one evidence of this is that within this period she has nearly tripled her numbers. Whereas, in 1801, the number of her graduates amounted to only two thousand three hundred and thirty-four, in 1859, it had reached six thousand eight hundred and ten; and whereas the average of the second general period, amounting to fifty years, had been but thirty-three and three fourths annually, the average of the third, amounting to fifty-eight years, has been a fraction over seventy-seven. To what extent a farther advance in numbers is likely to contribute to the substantial prosperity of the institution, I will not take it upon myself to determine.

And we have been *spreading* as fast as we have been growing. The earliest classes indeed betrayed the Connecticut origin of the institution from their scarcely drawing at all from beyond the limits of the colony. But, after a while, the neighboring colonies, particularly New-York, began to be represented here; and then the different New-England colonies, not excepting Massachusetts, which had her own Harvard; and here and there one came from New-Jersey or Pennsylvania; though it was not till the institution had numbered upwards of an hundred years that it began to attract extensively both the attention and the patronage of the South. From a little after the commencement of the present century, the sons of Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, began to be found here in large numbers; and I know not whether there be a State in the South or the West, which has not some name or names on the list of our Alumni. And, in all ordinary cases, they who come hither for an education, return to their own native region for a settlement—they come as the sons of Carolina or Kentucky—they return as the sons of Yale; and they will no sooner disown the latter relationship than the former. Hence it comes to pass that, as the College draws her students from all parts of the land, so she has her *representatives* in all parts of the land—she possesses a sort of national ubiquity; and no matter where there may be occasion to expound her claims, or vindicate her honor, or sound forth her praise, it is almost certain that some one of her own honored sons will be



there to do the filial duty. And now and then one strays across the ocean, at least as a sojourner, if not to find a permanent home; so that it is fair to say that there is scarcely any part of the globe which has not received the foot-prints of some one or more on whom has fallen the parental benediction of Yale.

It is scarcely more than the carrying out of thoughts already suggested, to say that our relationship is with an *honorable* family.

I would not attach any undue importance to a *name*—for every one knows that names are often very equivocal indices of things; and a splendid name, applied to an object of moderate or doubtful claims, only gives greater intensity to its insignificance. But, after all, where an honorable name crowns an honorable family, or an honorable institution, it is impossible that we should regard it with indifference—we instinctively cherish it as if it were a part of the family or the institution which it designates. Of the individual whose name this College bears, I doubt not that some of you know much more than I do; for the substance of all that I have been able to gather concerning him, would scarcely occupy more than a single page; but even in that little I find enough to inspire me with profound reverence for the name of YALE. For do we not honor a spirit of energetic and persevering enterprise? And is not that betokened even in the most general outline of his history—especially in the fact of his having emigrated from England to India, and accumulated there an immense fortune before he came back to England to pass the evening of his days? Do we not involuntarily render a sort of homage to the dignity of office or the splendor of rank? But this man occupied a high post of honor while he was yet in India, and a much higher one after his return to London; for he was chosen Governor of the East-India Company; a place second to no other in point of commercial influence and respectability. Are we not always attracted by the workings of a generous and philanthropic spirit, especially by liberal offerings to the cause of learning and religion? But we are walking to-day in the light of Governor Yale's benefactions—this great tree of knowledge that overshadows us, if not actually planted by his hand, was watered and nourished by his bounty. Is it not de-

lightful to see evidences of one's grateful and enduring remembrance of the land, or the State, or the city, in which he drew his first breath, though Providence may have directed that nearly his whole life should be passed in other and far distant climes? Elihu Yale's birth, and baptism, and earliest training, were here; and this delightful spot kept its place in his memory and his heart, as he traveled over the world; and when the fitting time for demonstration came, the New-Haven boy, now a prince in the domain of British commerce, sends back to the scene of his childhood an offering to the noblest of causes—thus building for himself a monument that shall remain in increasing glory, long after the marble that marks his grave at Wrexham shall have ceased to be distinguished.

I find another element of our respectability in the auspicious circumstances that marked our *origin*. Yale College was begotten by the spirit of lofty intelligence and heroic virtue, combined with a thoughtful and liberal regard for the intellectual and moral interests of the future; and the same spirit watched over her in her cradle, and led her on, as by an angel's hand, towards her maturity. It was not a hasty but a well-considered design that was intrusted to those ten veteran ministers to carry out—a design, which, though it seems to have been originally conceived by John Davenport, was, in its more mature state, to be credited, not so much to any single mind as to the harmonious action of many minds, forming the intellectual and moral atmosphere of the colony. But that noble ten, who had the enterprise in hand when it existed only in faint and shadowy outline, who not only saw the first stone of the venerable fabric laid, but laid it themselves—they were men fully competent to the work assigned them; men of forecast and energy—as was manifest from their discreet and yet decided movements; men of large benevolence and public spirit—as was evinced by their bringing from their own libraries, which no doubt were small enough, a liberal contribution of valuable books, which became the nucleus, as they are now the glory, of our College library. I should not discharge the debt of reverence that I owe them, if I were not, in this connection, to pronounce their honored names—JAMES NOYES, ISRAEL CHAUNCEY, THOMAS BUCKINGHAM, ABRAHAM PIER-

SON, SAMUEL MATHER, SAMUEL ANDREW, TIMOTHY WOODBRIDGE, JAMES PIERPONT, NOADIAH RUSSELL, and JOSEPH WEBB—these were the men whose minds brooded over the College, when it was a mere conception; whose hands, nerved with faith, and love, and mighty power, began to work vigorously here when every thing was yet to be done. They were all, with a single exception, graduates of Harvard—and their interest in her welfare never waned—but the training which they had had there qualified them at once to appreciate the importance of this enterprise, and to become the successful conductors of it. The whole agency, connected with the establishment of this College, was a wise, efficient, and every way honorable, agency—we may well afford to read the first chapter of our history, and thank God that we have such a chapter to read.

But these wise and excellent men to whom the interests of the College were intrusted in its very inception, have had a long line of worthy successors. On the list of its guardians through successive generations are found a hundred and two Congregational ministers, many of whom have attained to great eminence; and since the year 1792, there has been a liberal infusion into the body, of the civil element, consisting of the two highest officers of the State, and six members of the Senate; an admirable provision at once for silencing complaints of an exclusively clerical influence, and for securing the benefit of the soundest secular wisdom. Of this long list of venerable ministers, thirteen only remain; the eldest survivor, Rev. Dr. DAVID SMITH, after having seen more than ninety summers, being still here, with a heart as strong, and a hand as ready, to do good service for his Alma Mater as ever. No one could contemplate the present flourishing condition of the College, without feeling assured that she must have had an eminently wise and efficient guardianship—such a result was not to be reached under the auspices of simple mediocrity—and, on the other hand, no one, I am sure, could pass his eye over the honored list of her Corporation, without arriving at the secret of no small degree of her actual prosperity.

But the College has been favored, not more in respect to skillful oversight and direction without, than a wise and liberal system of instruction and management within. And here let me ask you to

pause for a moment beside the graves of the great men who have successively occupied the *Presidential chair*; not so much for the sake of finding out any thing new concerning them, as to refresh our minds and our hearts with our own grateful remembrances. And first comes ABRAHAM PIERSON—a man around whose character and history the shadows of a century and a half have gathered, but who has still left memorials enough of his honorable and useful career to insure immortality to his name. He was honored in his parentage; for his father, after having graduated at the University of Cambridge, and been episcopally ordained, and exercised his ministry for some time in England, migrated to this land as a helper in the great cause of religious liberty; and here his influence was widely felt in matters both civil and ecclesiastical; and to no object were his efforts more earnestly directed than the evangelization of the Indians. Governor Winthrop pronounces him “a godly, learned man;” and Cotton Mather, with characteristic quaintness, says of him: “Wherever he came, he shone.” The son was worthy of the father. His settlement at Killingworth brought peace where before there had been bitter dissension; and he soon became the idol of his flock. The cause of education he looked upon as twin sister to the cause of religion; and hence he was indented with the project for establishing the College; and not only his high appreciation of learning, but his own very liberal attainments, designated him as the proper man to be placed at its head. He accepted the place without resigning his pastoral charge; but, when the question of his removal with the College to Saybrook came up, the parish earnestly protested against what they considered an invasion of their rights, while the Trustees as earnestly insisted that the interests of the College were paramount to those of the parish, and therefore he ought to remove. While this important question was yet undecided, he was struck down with a violent illness, that very soon took on a form so alarming as to preclude all doubt that the people would have to look for another pastor, and the College for another Rector. His congregation abounded in offices of kindness and tenderness towards him during his illness, while he, in turn, expressed the deepest concern for their welfare, and counseled

them most wisely in respect to the choice of his successor. His death produced a double chasm, and both learning and religion wept beside his grave.

Next to Pierson came CUTLER—a man of elevated and strongly marked character, though his history, in one respect, forms an episode in the history of the College. He was born of Puritan blood; was an honorable son of Harvard; settled in the ministry at Stratford as an honest Congregationalist; and, when called to the Rectorship here, was as true to his early religious creed as ever. But, after two or three years, he began to doubt the validity of his own ordination; and his doubts gradually gave place to new convictions; and he frankly avowed that reading and reflection had made him an Episcopalian. The Trustees, much as they respected and honored him, felt obliged to dispense with his services as Rector; and, immediately after, he crossed the ocean, and came back a Priest of the Church of England, to become another sort of Rector in Boston. There he exercised his ministry with great ability and acceptance for nearly forty years. He was a man of vigorous and comprehensive intellect, of immense learning, and attractive eloquence. No minister of the Gospel ever makes any great change in his denominational relations without incurring more or less of censure; but I find nothing in the history of Dr. Cutler, either at Stratford, New-Haven, or Boston, to cast the least shade upon his candor or integrity.

The third in the series is ELISHA WILLIAMS—concerning whom the first thing that strikes us is, that he belonged to a family, which was another tribe of Levi; which seemed a standing pledge, through successive generations, that the Congregational ministry would never die out. After his graduation at Harvard, he first studied Divinity, and went and preached awhile to the fishermen of Nova Scotia; then studied Law, and was, for a few years engaged in civil life; then sustained a sort of equivocal relation of Tutor in the College; then, as the effect of a severe illness, rose to a higher tone of spirituality, and gave himself in good earnest to the work of the ministry, and was for five years pastor of the Church in Newington. Thence he was called to the Rectorship of the College—an office rendered at that time doubly difficult by the

agitation consequent upon the removal of his predecessor. For thirteen years he discharged his duties with alacrity and success, and then retired, on account of the failure of his health. We find him afterwards occupying one or two important civil stations; serving as Chaplain of the Connecticut regiment against Cape Breton; adventuring the next year in military life so far as to receive a Colonel's commission; crossing the ocean to adjust a difficulty that had arisen in respect to the payment of his regiment, who had served their country two years in the somewhat extraordinary way of only waiting for orders to serve it; passing a much longer time than he had intended in England, but passing it delightfully, and much of it in the circle of which Doddridge was the center; and accomplishing at least one important thing, which could not have been set down in his programme; for he brought back with him a wife—if not of noble blood, yet of noble qualities and bearing—to take the place of one who had died during his absence. But his mission to England nearly filled up his mission upon earth; and much of what remained was accomplished by patient suffering. Perhaps his usefulness might have been greater, if his pursuits had been less diversified; but surely he must have served his generation well, or the great and good Doddridge never could have said of him: "I look upon him to be one of the most valuable men upon earth."

The fourth name upon our list is THOMAS CLAP, in whom the title of *Rector* was changed to that of *President*. He had distinguished himself as a vigorous and successful student at Harvard. He had been, for several years, the greatly beloved and honored pastor of a church in Windham, and they felt his removal from them to be a heavy loss; though the Legislature had the grace to do something in the way of pounds, shillings, and pence, to compensate it. He brought with him hither a high reputation, not only for science and general scholarship, but for energy and skill in the transaction of business; and the event proved that, in none of these respects, had he been overrated. He compiled a new and greatly improved code of Laws for the College, and drafted a more liberal charter, which was granted by the Legislature. He was instrumental in the erection of a new college edifice for academic purposes, and

afterwards of a new chapel, both of which still stand as monuments of his enterprise; though modern improvement has diverted the latter from its original design. He wrote the *Annals of the College*—a work, which, if less minute in its details than we could desire, has, nevertheless, been, to a great extent, the basis of all that has since been written on the same subject. In short, there is no doubt that he tasked his great mind to the utmost in his endeavors to promote the prosperity of the institution. His orthodoxy was of the thorough Puritan stamp; even the innovations which Edwards made upon it, he looked upon as a blow aimed at the old foundations.\* As for the Whitefieldian revival, it is scarcely too much to say that he saw in it unmixed evil; and when the illustrious itinerant came along, the President had no warm side for him—he looked upon him as little better than an apostle of fanaticism, going forth to scourge the churches; and, in carrying out his convictions, he came directly in conflict with the high religious feeling of the day. This circumstance contributed, in a great measure, to give complexion to his administration—it brought him into several earnest controversies both with prominent individuals and with the Legislature; and no doubt it had much to do in bringing him, in the year 1766, to resign his office. He had longed for repose; but he had scarcely begun to enjoy it on earth, when he found it in the grave. He was a man of might and of courage—an heroic defender of what he regarded as truth and right; and even those who believe that his mental or spiritual vision was in some degree disordered, must still admire the grandeur of his intellect, and the honesty and intrepidity of what may seem to them his most doubtful movements.

When the venerable Clap retired, the College saw, for the first time, one of her own graduates advanced to the Presidency—the man was NAPHTALI DAGGETT, who, for five years, had been an acceptable pastor of a Presbyterian church on

Long Island; and, for the ten following years, had filled the chair of Professor of Divinity in this institution. He was chosen President *pro tempore*; and he continued to discharge the duties of this office, in connection with those of the Professorship which he had previously held, for eleven years; when—for some cause of which I am not definitely informed—he resigned the Presidency—still, however, retaining the Professorship. I have already alluded to his having shared in the perils of the Revolutionary War—the story has been so admirably told by one of his own pupils—an eminent and lamented citizen of this place, who testified what he had seen, that I will only say that the whole history of that memorable period scarcely furnishes a more marked—certainly not a more amusing—example of honest patriotism than he exhibited. With a more quiet and conciliatory spirit than his predecessor possessed, and with much deeper sympathy with the more earnest and orthodox portion of the Church, he contrived to hold the goodwill of parties who had no excess of goodwill to each other; and his connection with the College seems to have been, generally, peaceful and happy. It should not be forgotten that, while he occupied the Presidential chair, the Tutorships were filled by some of the most gifted and cultivated minds of which the country can boast; and this, of itself, went far to constitute that period of our history a brilliant epoch. President Daggett's two immediate successors, who knew him well, have each left an honorable testimony to his intelligence and worth; and it would be in vain to look for higher authority.

The resignation of the Presidency by Dr. Daggett, in 1777, made way for the introduction of EZRA STILES—a name of scarcely less than world-wide celebrity. The spot on which he first saw the light was distant only a few miles from this—the theater of his greatest fame. His father, the Rev. Isaac Stiles—himself a fine classical scholar, gave the earliest direction to his studies; and the fact that at twelve years of age he was fitted for college, witnessed at once to the competency of the teacher and the extraordinary promise of the pupil. While he was an under-graduate, he was a shining light among his fellows; and he bore away from college its highest honors. He studied Theology with a view to the minis-

\* It was stated, in the delivery of this discourse, that President Clap's orthodoxy was probably never fully up to the accredited standard of the day. That impression I received from a venerable clergyman who knew him well, and was one of his pupils. I am satisfied, however, from further information on the subject, that the impression was an erroneous one, and have accordingly modified the statement to conform to my present convictions.



try, and actually began to preach, and was invited to several fields of ministerial labor; but his health failed, and a morbid state of mind ensued, in which were generated the most painful doubts in regard to the Divinity of the Gospel; and, while thus in conflict with the skeptical spirit, he changed his purpose and studied Law. After a while, however, he recovered his health, and with that his faith, and with that his love for the profession from which he had a little while before drawn back; and the next we hear of him is that he has accepted a unanimous call from the Second Congregational Church in Newport to become their pastor. And now we find him, for a series of years, not only diligently engaged in the duties of his high calling, but mastering one Oriental language after another as if by intuition; putting in requisition Jews as well as Gentiles in aid of his improvement; in short, leaving no field of knowledge unexplored that was within his reach. The breaking out of the War did not at once drive him from the scene of his labors—for so long as any portion of his flock remained, he would not withdraw from them a shepherd's care—but when Newport came to be occupied by the British troops, and his congregation was entirely dispersed, he had no motive, even if it had been possible, to remain; and he accordingly fled with the rest, and took charge of a church in Portsmouth, the same of which Joseph Buckminster, one of the most distinguished of our alumni, afterwards became pastor. But scarcely had he begun his labors there, when a voice from his Alma Mater reached him, summoning him back to take the most honorable and most responsible place she had to offer. And, after due reflection, he came and entered upon his office; and faithfully, and nobly, and most acceptably, did he discharge its duties, until another summons reached him, requiring his presence where the inhabitants never die. President Stiles may be regarded as having been, in many respects, the man of his time. A ruling passion was his love of knowledge; and his attainments were worthy to have been the result of the diligent labor of two or three long lives. He could scarcely have been set down in any country, unless the most barbarous, where he could not have readily commanded a medium of intercourse with the people; and even if Isaiah or David could

have come back, he would have found a veteran scholar and saint here, who could converse with him in his own noble language. Not only had he studied the geography and the history of every portion of the earth, but he was familiar with the heavens also—if he made no new astronomical discoveries, he watched the explorations of others, and carefully treasured their results. His preaching always evinced thought and culture. In the earlier part of his ministry, it is said to have been lacking in evangelical tone; but, in his later years, it became more redolent of the Cross, and increased proportionally in fervor and power. His most celebrated effort in the pulpit, I suppose, was that which taxed the patience of the Legislature two hours and a half, and which remains to this day, not more a witness to the author's keen republicanism, than a terror to those who cry out against long sermons. He knew every body as well as every thing. Washington was his acquaintance—Franklin was his intimate friend—there was scarcely a philosopher, or a theologian, or a man of letters, of any note, in the land, with whom he was not familiar; and among his correspondents abroad were such men as Lardner and Price; and he sought and obtained information even from eminent Romish priests. His manuscripts, a large portion of which have fortunately become the property of the College, show that, for minute and successful research in every department of knowledge, we may never expect to find his superior. His manners—as those who knew him have told us—were characterized by a dignity worthy of his vast acquirements, and yet by a simplicity and generous frankness, fitted at once to disarm envy and inspire confidence. The history of his life is the history of one of the noblest minds, unfolding under the most auspicious circumstances, and consecrating its energies to all the best interests of humanity.

If there is only here and there one present whose memory reaches back far enough to take in the image of the illustrious man of whom I have last spoken, I am sure I have reached a name now, the mention of which will strike the chord of personal recollection in many who hear me. I am standing beside the grave of DWIGHT; and though the great events of his life, and the varied lineaments of his character, come thronging upon me

with the freshness of a thing of yesterday, yet I find little freedom in speaking of him here, where I know that every thing pertaining to him is intelligently and gratefully embalmed. I will only ask you to call up to remembrance what you know as well as I do—that in descent he stood but a single step from the immortal Edwards; that the foreshadowings of greatness were recognized almost while he lay in his mother's arms; that he advanced into life under circumstances singularly auspicious; that, while he was a mere stripling, he was filling a Tutorship here with marked ability, and was attracting the attention of some of the most gifted and erudite minds by the productions of his pen; that, after he became a minister of the Gospel, and even had a family of his own to provide for, his filial devotion still kept him by the side of his widowed mother; that he adventured as a Chaplain in the army of the Revolution, and enjoyed the confidence of the master-spirit of that mighty enterprise; that, for a while, he consented to take civil office, and showed himself wise and faithful in the management of the things that are Cæsar's; that he went to Greenfield in the double capacity of preacher of the Gospel and teacher of youth, and was abundantly honored there both of God and of man; and that he found his ultimate earthly destination amidst the responsibilities and honors of the Presidency of this College. We remember his finely formed and majestic person; his face intensely intellectual; his brilliant eye sometimes darting fire; his whole air and bearing betokening superiority. We remember how grandeur combined with grace in his movements up through the aisle of the chapel; how magnificently, as he sat in the pulpit, he would sometimes wield that great old fan; how evident it was, from his tone and manner, that his prayers came up from the very depths of his soul; and how, in his sermons, he would at some times enchain us by his clear and forcible logic, and at others would seem to borrow a seraph's wing, and bear us away beautifully into the skies. We remember the triumphs of his great intellect, as they were exhibited in the recitation-room; how his well-matured thoughts on every subject were always ready for use; how his most elaborate pulpit efforts were often completely distanced by the extemporaneous re-

marks that followed our recitations; how, when he had talked his full hour, with the rapidity of a cataract, we felt sure that he could have talked another, without repeating himself, and without wearying us, and still have kept back enough to say another time. He has been forty-three years in his grave; but surely the grave has dealt kindly with him—for it has only extended both his usefulness and his fame.

I am well aware that I am not yet at the end of the list of our Presidents; and, if I were to obey the impulses of feeling rather than what seem to me the dictates of propriety, I certainly should not stop till I had paid a tribute to the last. But I will only ask you to join me in thanking Heaven that two of the number yet survive—the one, in the serene twilight of life, to receive the grateful benedictions of the multitude whom he has led on to honorable usefulness; the other, in the noonday of his strength, to impress himself upon successive generations of minds, and thus to achieve continually new triumphs in aid of the great cause of human improvement. May there be years of tranquil enjoyment and usefulness in store for the one, and many years of earnest and successful devotion to the intellectual and moral interests of the world in store for the other, before it shall be allowed to justice, or reverence, or gratitude, to construct the wreath which it is fitting should be laid only on the grave.

I have spoken of the high honor that has accrued to this College from the exalted character of her Presidents—but I must not omit to say that she has been equally favored in respect to her entire Faculty, especially her *Professors*. I may allude to two or three in the academic department, who have passed away, of whom I can speak from vivid and affectionate remembrance. The one who is thrown farthest back into the distance is FISHER—that bright star that went down so suddenly and prematurely into the ocean. His mind was formed to rejoice amidst lines, and angles, and quantities, so that it had only to touch the darkest mathematical problem to throw it into a flood of light. There was DUTTON—in respect to whom it was difficult to say which was the more admirable, the clearness and fertility of his intellect, the genial tone of his spirit, or the winning simplicity of his manners. There was KINGSLEY

—a man of keen perception, and enlarged views, and most liberal culture — there was no limit to his good nature, and yet his quiver was always full of arrows — he seemed shy and diffident, and would pass his own pupils as if he were afraid of them; but woe to him who had the temerity to try the force and point of his missiles. There was OLMSTEAD—with a mind so perfectly balanced that you could detect no disproportion; with attainments that gave him an honorable rank among the philosophers of the age; and with an untiring industry and graceful facility at authorship, that have enabled him to enrich our libraries with many volumes of enduring interest. And last of all, there was GOODRICH—whose grave is so fresh, and whose memory so dear, that I can speak of him only as a mourner. He was a fine specimen of both intellectual and moral nobility; of a Christian gentleman, and a Christian teacher, and a Christian minister. His mind was at once comprehensive and energetic—it was a capacious storehouse of well-selected and well-assorted treasure—his thoughts were quick, and clear, and earnest, and always expressed with such luminous precision as to leave their exact impress upon other minds. His strength of purpose was an overmatch for protracted bodily infirmity, and enabled him to battle successfully with every invader of his professional industry, save the last enemy. He did not surrender his office as a minister of the Gospel, in taking the chair of Professor of Rhetoric, but exercised as close and constant a vigilance over the spiritual interests of the College, during the whole period that he held that Professorship, as if he had been specially designated to the pastoral care. I doubt not that his record is in many a heart, both on earth and in heaven, which, through his instrumentality, was first attuned to the objects and joys of a higher life. The works which he has left behind, praise him; works creditable alike to his intellect and his heart; works which posterity can not, without ignoring both the dictates of wisdom and the claims of justice, suffer to die. With this lamented and honored friend I so naturally associate another Professor that I can not forbear an allusion to him—though (thanks to a gracious Providence) he is yet among the living; one whose active connection with the College has indeed ceased, but whose

susceptibility of equal enjoyment and powers of general usefulness remain intact; a man (he must forgive me for saying it in his presence) whose long life has been one unbroken splendid offering to the cause of science, and whose monument is in both hemispheres. May the crown of venerable age, studded with gems of youthful buoyancy, and heroic devotion to all that is good, continue to sit gracefully upon him, until it shall be exchanged for the crown of life!

And finally, our College has been honored in her *benefactors*. Of her first great benefactor I have already had occasion to speak in referring to her name—and I will mention only two besides—the one of an earlier, the other of a later, period; the one creating a perpetual endowment for the promotion of classical learning, the other establishing a gallery of art, that forms a most graceful ornament of the institution. The ingenious and accomplished BERKELEY, a Dean of the Church of England, combining at once the ideal philosopher and the practical philanthropist, crossed the ocean on the benevolent errand of evangelizing the North-American Indians; and though, for want of the coöperation of the government at home, which he had been encouraged to expect, his enterprise signally failed, yet it was impossible that a mind so rich, and a spirit so pure and elevated, should be in exercise here for two years and a half, without leaving an enduring impression on the character of some of those infant institutions with which he came in contact. Having fixed his residence in a beautiful valley on Rhode Island, that he might the better enjoy his occasional visits to the neighboring hills, he used to spend his Sundays in Newport, preaching to the good people of that town and its vicinity, and his week-days in a natural alcove which he found among the hanging rocks and within the roar of the ocean, writing the book which, more than any other of his productions, has immortalized his name—*The Minute Philosopher*. An eminent Episcopal clergyman, who had himself graduated here,\* ventured as the Dean was making his arrangements to leave the country, to commend this institution, then in its infancy, to his beneficent consideration; the consequence of which was that, in due time, he not only

\* Dr. Johnson.

made a very liberal contribution to its library, but presented to the College a deed of his farm on Rhode Island, the rents of which he directed should be appropriated to the maintenance of the three best classical scholars who should reside at college at least nine months in the year, in each of the three years between receiving the first and second degrees. And thus the memory of Berkeley is intertwined with the history of the College, and it can never cease to be fragrant here unless the College should cease to be. TRUMBULL, the other benefactor to whom I referred, had devoted a portion of his early manhood to the service of his country in the Revolutionary struggle—he was advanced from one post of honor to another, until circumstances occurred that led him to quit the army—and then, by permission of the British government, he went to reside in London, to cultivate his fine taste for painting, under the instruction of his illustrious countryman, Benjamin West. But when the tidings of André's execution, consequent on the fearful lapse of Arnold, reached London, the British government, in the spirit of retaliation, arrested Colonel Trumbull on the charge of high treason, and committed him to prison. After a confinement of eight months, he was liberated by an order in council, and admitted to bail; and, before the treaty of Peace was concluded, he returned to America; though he subsequently rejoined Mr. West, and devoted himself with great enthusiasm to his favorite pursuit. After this, he held several important civil offices, but nothing was suffered to cripple or overshadow the artist—his professional career became increasingly brilliant, and in 1817, he was employed by Congress to paint some of the most striking scenes of the Revolution; and he performed the service in a manner honorable alike to himself and the country. The bequest which he has made to the College, comprising upwards of fifty splendid productions of his pencil, is a testimony to both his genius and munificence, that the lapse of ages will scarcely impair.

Enough, I suppose, has been said to illustrate the dignity of our relationship; though there are other considerations upon which I should love to dwell, if I did not foresee the danger of exhausting your patience. I will venture to put forth one more academic claim—namely, that

we belong to an *influential* family—a family that has already accomplished much for the country and the race, but whose patriotic and benevolent mission is only begun.

I know that influence is in its very nature subtle, diffusive, and often difficult to be analyzed, or even detected. And this is especially true in regard to the combined action of several different institutions, all moving forward in the same direction—you are assured that each is making itself felt in the various departments of society, but you can never know exactly where the influence of one ends and that of another begins—you only know that you are breathing an intellectual and moral atmosphere, which their joint operation has helped to generate. Ever since Yale College has existed, she has had sisters—for William and Mary as well as Harvard was her senior—and the number has now become so great that it is an evidence of a good memory—not to say of considerable research—to be able to repeat even their names; but each of these has contributed her share—some of them no doubt a very humble share—to that state of things which we recognize as the existing condition of our republic, and I may add, of the world. I will not undertake so invidious a task as to institute any comparison between the amount of good accomplished by this College, and that which has been accomplished by any other; but I will ask you to accompany me to some of our chief fountains of influence, and see whether we do not find our Alma Mater every where honorably represented.

In 1776, an assembly was convened in Philadelphia, representing the views and interests of the thirteen oppressed colonies. The question which they came together to decide was, whether the nation should quietly wear the chain which had been forged for her, or should make a desperate effort at self-emancipation. In the decision in which their deliberations are to result, are bound up the interests of unborn millions—nay, of our common humanity. The spirit of timidity is not there—the spirit of rashness is not there—but there is a force of purpose, that has already nerved the arm into steel. There is a calm forethought, that determines upon no measure without adventuring into the future to find out its probable consequences. There is an heroic patri-



otic devotion that fervidly exclaims: "Rather than prove false to thee, O my country! in this hour of thy peril, let me be offered up." There is a recognition of dependence on God; for not only are the deliberations of each day opened with prayer, but the great Witherspoon is there as a member of the body, and he had been a hero for Christ long before his adopted country asked his patriotic services. Tyrants turn their eyes towards that august assemblage and gnash their teeth. The lovers of freedom all over the world concentrate their hopeful looks upon it, and silently breathe forth the prayer that there may be no faltering. The time for the momentous decision arrives, and, with united heart and hand, the blow is struck; and Yale College helps to strike it. She was there in the person of her Livingston, her Morris, her Wolcott, and her Hall, and each of them affixed his name to the immortal document with an untrembling hand. Who of us does not venerate our mother the more for having thus, through four of her noble sons, borne a part in the grandest political act which perhaps the world has ever witnessed?

But that illustrious Congress had only begun their work in making the proclamation of our freedom—they had a yet more difficult service to perform in helping the country to maintain the attitude they had assumed for her. It devolved on them to carry us through a seven years' war with the most powerful nation upon earth; to sustain and coöperate with an army that were sometimes half-discouraged, even half-starved; to brave the current of Toryism, occasionally blackening into treason, that swept through the land; to decide doubtful questions and adjust conflicting claims, and to take care that the whole Revolutionary machinery was kept in good order till they could afford to let it stop. And even after the struggle had ceased, and our independence had been acknowledged, those political fathers had still enough to do—they had to construct new institutions from what was little better than chaos—they had to settle great principles that had never been brought out before in practical exemplification—they had to surround with guards the results of their own previous labors, and to provide as well against internal faction as foreign invasion—in short, it devolved on them, in great measure, to decide whether the sun

of liberty, which had but just shown itself above the horizon, should speedily pass into a cloud, never to emerge from it, or should rise higher and shine brighter unto the perfect day. This body was continued in its identity, though by a succession of members, till the framing of the Constitution in 1787; and most fitly and faithfully did it discharge its trust. On the list of names that composed it, I count eighteen sons of Yale, beside those who hazarded their lives over the Declaration; and when I say that among them are such men as Eliphalet Dyer, William Livingston, and William Samuel Johnson, I am sure you will not doubt that this College has had her full share, not only in achieving our country's independence, but in preserving and cherishing it during the critical period of its infancy.

When the fullness of time had come for settling our political concerns on a permanent basis, another assembly was convened, designed to embody the highest wisdom of the nation. Representing, as they did, the various parts of the country, it was not strange that their proceedings were not marked by perfect harmony; but it has been generally conceded that their deliberations resulted in the formation of an instrument in which conflicting interests are admirably balanced, and the well-being of the whole community of States most wisely provided for. Three of our alumni were there; and they were men whose very presence any where was an element of power. Their names are subscribed to the Constitution; and, here again, shall we not cherish the Constitution with a higher and more sacred regard, because our elder brothers assisted to frame it?

Since that memorable epoch in our history, our national affairs have been managed by a body constituted differently from the Old Congress, inasmuch as it consists of two distinct branches, whose coöperation, including also the sanction of a yet higher power, is essential to valid action. But here, too, need I say that Yale College is most widely and nobly represented? If my estimate be correct, she has furnished a hundred and twenty-nine members of the House of Representatives, and forty-one members of the Senate; and among them, especially the latter, have been found many great minds that were rarely ever in repose, and sometimes moved with prodigious pow-

er. Among those whose names in the catalogue are starred, you will think of ABRAHAM BALDWIN, HILLHOUSE, GOODRICH, TRACY, DAGGETT, MASON, BATES, DAVIS, and a multitude of others, whose voices, long since still in death, used to thrill to the heart of the nation. I may safely say that Congress never assembles, but that, in one branch or the other, or both, are to be found men to whom the sound of our old college-bell is as familiar as the sound of their own voices; and peradventure, sometimes they sit down from some of their grandest efforts, that vibrate to the extremity of the land, amidst grateful recollections of the rearing they had here, while their faculties were only in the process of early development.

The Heads of the different departments, constituting what is familiarly known as the President's Cabinet, need I say have a primary influence in molding and guiding the destinies of the nation. As they are the chosen counselors of the Chief-Magistrate, it is to be presumed that they generally have his ear; and through him, as well as by a more direct agency in their own immediate sphere, they make themselves felt for weal or woe, to the remotest parts of the land. I find ten names on our catalogue, which are also enrolled on these high records of State. Chief among these is JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, a man of immense grasp of mind and proportional energy of will; whose eloquence was strong, terse, impassioned, and severe; whose colloquial powers were almost without a parallel; whose education at the North did nothing to cool his love for Southern institutions, but whose majestic intellect and sterling virtues were honored even by those who eschewed his political creed. And there is one other name that I must mention here, and that is CLAYTON—for he was my own much-loved classmate. He was bright, kind-hearted, impulsive, and I believe he never occupied any prominent station without leaving his mark there. I never saw him but once after Dr. Dwight delivered to us our diplomas, and then under circumstances that showed that his heart had lost nothing of its genial warmth. After years of separation, during which our relations in life had undergone many changes, I arrived late in the evening at a hotel in New-Jersey, and stopped for the night. As I en-

tered my chamber, I saw a bed before me already occupied; and the instant the occupant heard my voice, he gave one hearty, ungraceful bound, which brought him to my arms—and it was Jack Clayton. It is needless to say that we had Yale College in our chamber during most of the night. When we parted in the morning, it was with the hope of meeting often; but the years rolled on; and he died; and we met—never.

Is not the Ambassador to a Foreign Court in a situation to wield a mighty influence upon the destinies of his country? Is not the question of Peace or War sometimes virtually submitted to his decision? And if, by any means, a man of acknowledged weakness, or doubtful integrity, finds his way into this office, especially where momentous interests are pending, do we not always regard it as a dark cloud in our political horizon? Nine of our graduates have, at different periods, sustained this high office. Of these I may mention particularly DAVID HUMPHREYS and JOEL BARLOW; both of whom became distinguished in other departments than that of diplomacy. Both were highly gifted men; both were poets; both mingled in the stirring scenes of the Revolution—the one as Colonel, the other as Chaplain. Those who were cotemporary with me in college, will remember Colonel Humphreys, as we used often to meet him in the street, an erect, vigorous old man, always looking as if he was dressed for a ball, and exhibiting an air and manner strongly marked by the period through which he had come.

What say you of the importance of the Chief-Magistracy, or the Supreme Judiciary, of the separate States? Is not each vitally connected with the public weal? If either the reins of government or the scales of justice are not held with an even hand, what else can we expect than that the State will become a scene of restlessness and agitation, if not of open revolt? To be the Governor of a State, or a Judge of the Supreme Court of a State, is to occupy a position from which there goes forth a current of influence that works a channel for itself through every portion of the community. But of Governors, this College has furnished twenty-seven; and of Judges of the Supreme Court, one hundred and six; and on each list I find names not a few, which our common country has long

since adopted as her own. As a representative of the latter class, I think of ROGER MINOT SHERMAN; and as a representative of both, I think of JOHN COTTON SMITH; two as fine spirits, I had almost said, as our fallen humanity can show. Judge Sherman I knew well—he was the friend of my early as well as mature years; and I may be allowed to pause beside his grave long enough to place an humble garland upon it. His mind was as clear as the sun, and as comprehensive and well-balanced as it was clear. His heart was fertile in generous feelings and purposes, which were sure to ripen into acts of substantial beneficence. There was a calm dignity in his manner that bespoke wisdom and thoughtfulness; and his movements seemed to be by rule; but his exactness was so qualified by kindness, and even gentleness, that he won the confidence and love of every body. He was deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, and you could not find a Christian whose heart would throb more tenderly at the remembrance of his Saviour's love. He was a great lawyer and a great judge, but he was a great theologian as well—I remember how ably and impressively he used to expound God's word to us at the weekly conference, in the absence of his pastor, when it seemed to me that we should scarcely have been gainers if we had had Dr. Dwight in his place. He knew how to guide the minds of the inquiring, to resolve the scruples of the doubting, to encourage the timid and rebuke the wayward, as well as any minister you would meet. His life was a scene of eminent usefulness; and, far beyond the community in which he lived, his name will be held in profound reverence by many generations.

If a College is an acknowledged fountain of vast influence, then surely he who presides over such an institution has a hand upon the very springs of social and public happiness. He is constantly giving direction to minds that are soon going forth to give direction to the concerns of the Church and the State; and through them he circulates invisibly but most effectively throughout the whole domain of society. No less than forty-two of our alumni have held or are now holding this important office—to say nothing of the multitude who occupy Professorships and other posts of instruction, many of which bring them in immediate contact

with a greater number of youth than even the Presidency itself. Among the earlier Presidents which the College has furnished, are JONATHAN DICKINSON, SAMUEL JOHNSON, JONATHAN EDWARDS, and AARON BURR—names which have lost nothing of their freshness by the lapse of a century; and, as we come further down, we find the catalogue illumined with other similar lights of equal brilliancy. Who can begin to measure the influence which this College has exerted merely in training others to take the direction and mold the character of institutions like itself?

I must not omit to speak of the noble contributions that have been made through our College to the various departments of literature and science; some of which have emanated directly from the College itself, while others have come as witnesses to the industry and ability of its graduates in after-life. To Theology, that noblest of all sciences, including also the kindred branch of Moral Philosophy, what a contributor was the great EDWARDS—one of the chief glories of his age—what comes to others by a process of induction, he knew intuitively—he walked through the darkest regions of Metaphysics, and made all as light as day. And his scarcely less renowned grandson, PRESIDENT DWIGHT—what a bequest was that which he made to the world in his *System of Theology*! a work which has long since acquired a European fame, and, I doubt not, is destined to be eagerly and admiringly read by the light of the millennial age. In the Mathematics I need not say who has written treatises and furnished text-books, that have, by general consent, been a decided improvement upon all that had preceded them. In the Natural Sciences, I will speak only of the *JOURNAL OF SCIENCE*—that great monument of learning and industry, that has called forth the admiration of all scientific Europe. In History, TRUMBULL, HOLMES, and PITKIN, are never to be forgotten names. Trumbull was a man of unpretending air and mien, but of vigorous mind, and iron nerve, and untiring industry. He worked diligently on his farm and in his parish, but he found time to work also in deciphering the records of the past, and the grave-stones of the fathers; and out of the result of these researches he has constructed *Histories* of great and enduring interest. Holmes spent a large part of his

professional life under the shadow of Harvard, enjoying of course the best opportunities for successful research; and the results of his extended and most careful inquiries he has embodied in two noble volumes that will witness to posterity of his excellent judgment, and cultivated taste, and rigid impartiality, as well as persevering industry. Pitkin, though himself a distinguished lawyer and statesman, represented in his descent both the Church and the State; for his father was an honored clergyman; and his grandfather was a Governor; and his more remote ancestors occupied high places of civil influence. It may be presumed that he inherited both the taste and the facilities for historical investigation—certainly he contrived, in connection with his professional and still more public duties, to make an invaluable contribution to both the commercial and political history of the United States. In Geography there have been the MORSES—*father and son*—the one created an epoch in the history of the science—the other has entered nobly into his father's labors. In English Lexicography, the age, even the language, can not boast of two greater lights than WEBSTER and WORCESTER—the former rests in an honored grave—the latter lives to wear his laurels. In the science of Law, I surely need mention no other name than JAMES KENT; for who does not know that his legal learning was prodigious; and that the buoyant old man, who could share the sports of little children to the last, and who was as simple and childlike as they, had produced Commentaries on the Law, which have rendered him an authority in the highest circles of British jurisprudence? In Poetry, the English language has scarcely a richer gem of its kind than *McFingall*—its author another TRUMBULL—a man of splendid intellect and varied acquisitions, and in the power of satire well-nigh unrivaled. HILLHOUSE—here especially where he lived; it is enough to mention his name—for it associates itself at once with not only the highest style of genius, but the rarest social attractions. And neither my judgment nor my heart will allow me to keep back the name of my poor classmate, PERCIVAL. He was certainly to be reckoned among the anomalous formations of human existence. With a mind of great natural inquisitiveness, and withal highly imaginative, and with

a heart not originally wanting in the element of kindness, he combined all the essential tendencies of a hermit. He gathered a library the most ample, that his mind not only fed but reveled upon; and thus, while he had little to say to the living, he was always conversing with the dead. He loved to roam about the fields, not more for the sake of scrutinizing the works of nature, than because it was a luxury to him to be alone; and when he came back from his rambles, he was alone still; and lucky was he who ever got his foot over the threshold of his cell. He was an enthusiast in natural science; and upon her altar he laid some choice offerings. There was a time when his mind refused to open fully to the blessed light of Christianity; and, on one occasion, while he was shivering under a skeptical chill, his imagination burst forth in an effusion that made infidelity look darker than the shadow of death. His poetical productions very fairly represent the peculiarities of his genius, and some of them are exceedingly rich and beautiful. If the history of his inner life could be written, it would be a study for the philosopher, and in some respects a warning to all literary men.

But our catalogue contains names that are blazoned on the records of art, and of high discovery; and some that are associated with the revealing of what seemed nature's deepest secrets. Who invented the machine for separating the cotton from its seed, thus saving an incalculable amount of labor, and marking an epoch in the commercial prosperity of the Southern States? It was ELI WHITNEY, a man whose mechanical genius would well bear comparison with that of Watt or Arkwright; and whose perseverance never relinquished an undertaking which it was possible to accomplish. Who taught the electric fire to do the work of a post, thus enabling us to keep talking with our wives and our little ones, as the rail-car bears us a thousand miles away from them? It was SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE, who, after taking rank among the first artists of his time, and enriching many of our dwellings with his highly finished productions, threw aside his brush, only to throw the whole world into a fit of rapture, by making them all feel as if they were living in the same neighborhood. Both Whitney and Morse, and especially the latter, have impressed themselves indelibly upon



the condition and destiny of mankind; and well may the eye of every son of Yale fall gratefully upon the page that embalms their honored names.

I shall not, I hope, be suspected of wishing to unduly exalt my own profession, on an occasion purely academic, when I say that the Christian ministry is one of God's chief instruments for enlightening and regenerating the world; and that no literary institution has done more in aid of the ministry of this land than our own. What think you of there having been trained here seventeen hundred and twenty-one young men, who have gone forth to preach that Gospel, which, besides looking to all the great interests of the world beyond the grave, embodies the elements of the highest civilization, and is, in every way, the most efficient auxiliary to our temporal well-being? As my eye, in passing over the catalogue, has paused upon one great light after another, I have been tempted to ask your indulgence a few minutes longer, that I might bring up a goodly number of those venerable tenants of the grave, as examples of the earnestness and power with which the Gospel has been dispensed to other generations as well as our own. But I can not conscientiously linger here for more than a moment, and I will name only the few who come first to my remembrance. Far back, in Whitefield times, was BEL-LAMY, who stood up in the pulpit, a valiant old champion in the service of Christ, and used the Gospel as a warrior would use a battle-ax—the staple of his preaching was stern orthodoxy—the manner was a compound of naturalness, earnestness, and boldness. A little later was my revered friend and colleague, Dr. JOSEPH LATHROP, whose preaching the simplest could understand and the wisest could be instructed by; who wrote more than five thousand sermons, every one of them bearing the impress of his own luminous and beautiful mind. Then came EMMONS, some of whose speculations comparatively few will indorse, but whose perspicuity and skill at logical induction comparatively few have approached. By and by GRIFFIN arose—a man of might, both physically and intellectually—the richness of his thoughts, the splendor and force of his diction, the surpassing grandeur of his manner, and that indescribable unctio that comes only from deep communion with the Cross, placed his auditory as

much under his control as if he had thrown around every one of them a magic chain. Then there was MOSES STUART, whose mind was an exuberant spring of striking thought; whose discourses were full of light, and point, and power, and were delivered with a forcible, I had almost said rugged, simplicity, that was of itself an effectual security against all listless hearing. There was NETTLETON—an angel sent unto the churches, with a lighted candle in one hand, and a sword piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit in the other; who preached oftener to subdued and mourning congregations than perhaps any other man of his time. There was NEVINS—my classmate in the Theological Seminary—with an imagination that reveled alike in the soft brilliancy of the rainbow and the furious rush of the cataract or the storm, with a power of logic that blended, in large measure and just proportions, light, and order, and strength, and was intensified by a dash of the keenest irony; with perceptions so intuitively penetrating, that he seemed at home in the deepest chambers of other men's hearts; with a graceful aptness of expression that turned even common thoughts into gems; and with a love for his Master and his work which mounted up into a ruling passion; his discourses were instinct with beauty and power, and he not only impressed himself, but engraved himself, on the hearts of those to whom he ministered. And last of all, there was your own TAYLOR—your own, I mean, as being connected with one department of the College—even those who dissent most earnestly from some of his theological views have borne a cheerful testimony to his great ability as a preacher, and some of them have even pronounced him a very giant in the pulpit.

The names which I have mentioned, as you perceive, represent only the ministry of the Congregational and Presbyterian denominations; and these, especially the former, embrace much the larger portion of those who have engaged in this sacred vocation; but we may not forget that the Episcopal Church has on the list of her clergy a bright galaxy of names that are found also on our catalogue. We have given her no less than seven of her Bishops—at the head of whom stands SEABURY—a man eminent for his talents and virtues, as well as for the exemplary dis-

charge of his episcopal functions; and who, if there be an apostolic succession, was surely worthy to be in it. Then there was JOHNSON, strong-minded, erudite, brave, and as true to the interests of his Church as the needle to the pole, while yet he was in most friendly relations with many eminent men not of his own communion. And after him came CANER, and BARCLAY, and CHANDLER, and LEAMING, and MANSFIELD, and OGILVIE, and BEACH, and HUBBARD, and DAVIS, and BRONSON, and YOUNG, and I know not how many others, some of whom lived eventful lives, and all occupied honorable fields of usefulness. Yale College, Congregational though she be, reveres the memory of her honored Episcopal sons; and I am sure that those of them who survive are not wanting in grateful remembrances of the mother that has guided and cherished them.

If the catalogue were not here too imperfect a guide, I might attempt some estimate of the influence which our College has exerted through the other liberal professions—namely, Law and Medicine. Suffice it to say that both these professions have found many of their brightest ornaments here. The renowned men whom I have mentioned as connected with our National Legislature, or holding other important offices in the State, had many of them earned a brilliant reputation at the bar before they were thus advanced—witness Jeremiah Mason, whom Daniel Webster is said to have pronounced the greatest lawyer of whom New-England can boast. And as for the medical profession, I need only mention the names of Eliot, Gale, Munson, West, Hubbard, Cogswell, and Miner, and leave you to infer the probable character of the class they represent. I may safely say that there are to be found no lawyers more accomplished, and no physicians more skillful, than numbers whom I could name among our living alumni, if I would adventure on so delicate a task as to make the selection.

I must not omit to say that our College has had much to do in originating or sustaining most of our Benevolent Institutions. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, our grand pioneer in that department of evangelical effort, was started chiefly under the auspices of some noble spirits who had been trained here—one of whom, and perhaps

the very originator of the enterprise, was Governor Treadwell. President Dwight made one of his noblest efforts in the pulpit on the occasion, I think, of its third anniversary. Besides giving it its first three Presidents, Yale College has, through a mighty host of her alumni, been one of its most steady and efficient helpers, as it has gone on through a generation and a half, gathering fresh strength with each successive year, and ranging, as an angel of light and love, through the darkest territories of barbarism and moral death. Another illustrious example (and the only one I will add) is the provision for educating the Deaf and Dumb. You all know that that had its origin with the gifted and lamented Gallaudet, unless indeed it be traced farther back to another of our distinguished graduates,\* whose heart was first moved in that direction by being brought in sad contact with the calamity in the person of one of his own children. Mr. Gallaudet was then a licensed preacher of the Gospel; and his professional career seemed to be opening under circumstances of much more than ordinary promise; but, from being brought in frequent contact with the little deaf and dumb girl at the house of his friend, his sympathies were largely drawn out towards the unfortunate class which she represented, until, under the patronage of several philanthropic individuals, he crossed the ocean to learn all that was then known of the manner of breaking down the barrier between them and the world to which they belonged. Having accomplished his mission abroad, he returned to his own country to become the head of a noble institution in which this new form of charity began to display itself to the admiration of the whole community. Other similar institutions have since been formed, and other sons of Yale have been most honorably and usefully connected with them; and now it has come to pass that even the humblest mother who finds that the little creature in her arms is voiceless, may still be of good cheer, because the hands may be trained to do the work of the voice, and the mind, and the heart, and the whole being, be educated for immortality.

Say now whether Yale College has not been a prominent instrument in the hand of Providence in sustaining and carrying

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\* Dr. Mason Fitch Cogswell.

forward every cause that is identified with the progress of society, or the permanent well-being of the race. If she was present as a helper at the laying of the foundation of our country's liberty, and bore a part in superintending the mighty fabric, as it rose amidst showers of blood, and finally assisted to lay the top-stone in the framing of our glorious Constitution; if her voice has ever since been a familiar one in the halls of supreme legislation; if she has graced our highest places of executive and judicial authority; if, under her auspices, the pulpit has been a throne of power, and the bar an engine of consummate astuteness and ability, and the medical profession has been constantly growing in respectability and usefulness; if she has given an impulse to the cause of general learning that has vibrated to the extremities of the land, and has even been the revealer of secrets which had always been hid in the bosom of Omniscience, but which now come forth in the form of blessed helpers to the world's renovation; and, finally, if she has set the ear of Christian Benevolence, freighted with the blessings of salvation, to rolling through the earth—I say, if these are the triumphs she has achieved, where is the human mind comprehensive enough to take in the full extent of her influence? Imagine for once that she had never existed; or that, by some mysterious and malignant agency, all these grand results of which I have spoken, were annihilated—would it not seem almost as if the very wheels of Providence were clogged? Would not the whole civilized world look round to see what great pillar of society had fallen?

But none of us believe that more than a few of the first pages of the history of our College have been written—we expect to leave the brightest part of it to be written by posterity. Believe me, we have not an engine here that works mechanically and doggedly, as if paid by the day; but we have a mass of intellectual and moral machinery that is all the time growing brighter and stronger by use; machinery that is a thing of life and thought, and that will not only keep going amidst all the changes of society, but will itself reach and regulate those changes. Only let Yale College move on, enlarging her resources and her influence during the next half-century in the same proportion as she has done during

the last; and then let that be the starting-point of a new and still more glorious career, and so on till her great mission shall be finally accomplished, and what say you of the results which coming generations will have to contemplate? We live in a country blessed of heaven above any other, but every child knows that clouds of portentous import darken our national horizon—the demon of party prowls among us; and foolish men and mad men bow down at his shrine; and some of them talk of rending in twain this great brotherhood of States, as if a few fiery threats breathed into the air would accomplish it. But I believe that history will mark these men as prophets of Baal, and that if they should look out from their graves half a century hence, they would find the whole world laughing at them. I believe that this great nation has yet a mighty work to perform in *her unity*; and I expect that my Alma Mater will wear bright laurels for the part she is to bear in it. Not only by ministering continually to the intelligence and moral strength of the nation, but by gathering her sons from every part of it, and bringing them into relations of enduring goodwill, she will help to strengthen the common tie that binds the great family together. We live in an age the spirit of which is feverish, restless, ever dashing onward. A Throne used to represent stability, perpetuity, independence; but it has come now to be reckoned among the most insecure of all earthly things. Tyranny, that bloody old monster that has been dreaming for ages of a universal and eternal reign, looks haggard and ghastly, and occasionally shakes his giant frame as if in desperation, thereby revealing to the world a consciousness that his own death-struggle is coming on. From the heaving nations there comes up first the sigh of discontent, and then the stern utterances of rebellion, and then follows the grasping of the sword. Meanwhile Christian Benevolence is out upon her mission of mercy; going through the world, as Heaven's brightest angel, to purify, to elevate, to save—she opens channels of blessing in the heart of the wilderness—she writes on the face of mid-heaven, so that all the world can read it, and God writes his name underneath, that her humble but glorious work of evangelization shall never stop till every spot in the wide world shall fall within the actual

domain of Jesus Christ; and I should have to abjure my Christianity, and give up my confidence in Heaven's veracity, before I could doubt that her purpose will be accomplished. Good and evil, two mighty but yet unequal forces, are now in fierce conflict; but the latter will by and by be forced to yield, and then the universal reign of truth, and peace, and righteousness will begin. Here again, on the occasion of that grand jubilee that will be kept on earth, in which Heaven will come down to take a share, I expect that venerable Yale will lift up her head and rejoice. As she goes over the long list of her faithful sons, and sees how some of them have adorned one sphere and some another—how some have shone as stars in the civil horizon; and some have consecrated their energies to the preaching of the Gospel; and some have planted, and cherished, and directed benevolent institutions; and some have worn out their lives, and finally made their graves among the far-off Pagan nations; while an All-wise Providence has given to their diversified labors the character of a goodly and effective coöperation for bringing about the grand result—I say, as she runs her eye back on the pages of her history, in which this great assemblage of glorious facts is embodied, I predict that she will want a higher language to give utterance to her gratitude and her rapture; that she will be ready to ask the loan of a celestial harp to praise the Providence that has so eminently blessed and exalted her.

I trust you will not mistake my purpose in what I have been saying of the past and the future of our College. It has not been to cherish a spirit of academic pride; for lowliness becomes us in this as in all our relations. It has not been to encourage the idea of isolation in respect to other colleges, as if we had any sister so humble that we would not gladly invite and honor her coöperation. It has been with a view to impress you with your obligations to the cause of learning and religion, (for they should never be divorced,) in view of your collegiate advantages and relations. We are scattered over the land, having, to some extent, different aims, and occupying different spheres; but, if we will be true to our sense either of gratitude or of honor, we shall occasionally turn our eye towards this mother who has nursed us, and ask

what there is that we can still do for her. We are to bear in mind that our career in life identifies itself with her reputation; that every lapse of ours makes her halt; that each dishonored name on her catalogue comes to her both as a stain and a pang. We are to show ourselves in sympathy with the cause of education, with the cause of religion, with all the great interests of humanity, throughout our widely extended country—nay, there must be no limit to the range of our benevolent thoughts and regards short of that line which forms the boundary of the world. We must cultivate true greatness of soul—great aspirations, great purposes, running out into noble acts. Above all, in token of our gratitude, our dependence, our accountableness, we must keep our eye turned upward.

What an intermingling of death and life does our catalogue present; and yet, during more than half of the years which it records, the monster has it entirely to himself. The cold, dark stream takes its rise in 1702—it is at first a mere rivulet, but it grows broader with each successive year, and comes sweeping down through the greater part of a century, a mighty torrent river, leaving not one solitary name that is not buried beneath its surges. Then there arises another stream—so small indeed that it might escape the observation of any but a careful eye—but it is a stream of life; and that too gradually widens, until the other, running by the side of it, finally disappears; and at the end of the catalogue all around us are living men. Of the senior graduate, JOSHUA DEWEY, of the class of '87, it is enough to say that his venerable presence graces this occasion; and that we are permitted to look upon him to-day, a vigorous monument of God's preserving care and goodness through the long period of ninety-three years. The only surviving member of the next class is DANIEL WALDO; and another such specimen of embalmed youth, in a minister of the Gospel, at the age of ninety-eight, I believe we may safely challenge the world to produce. The next in order is SOLOMON STODDARD, of the class of '90, who, through life has associated an honorable character with an honorable name, and whose advanced age blesses the fine old town that gave him birth. Of the last decade in the century forty-one survive, averaging a little more than four



to the year; and from 1801 to 1810, there are two hundred and ten survivors, averaging twenty and a half to the year. Peace to the memories of the dead! Light to the footsteps of the venerable men who are now treading upon the border-land! Prosperity for both worlds to our brethren who survive, in the freshness of their faculties and the fullness of their usefulness!

And now what remains but that we linger a little longer amidst these cherished scenes, exchange once more our fraternal greetings, look in each other's eyes, and talk over the past, tenderly, lovingly, joyously, and then part. There

will be other meetings like this, and yet not like this, for we shall never all meet again. The throng of dark stars that cloud our Triennial tell the story. Those stars each successive year will increase, until every one of our names will appear with the gloomy prefix. Brethren, let us be wise. Let us remember that

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die."

When we reach the end of our earthly course, may we be ready to be gathered, and find a gracious angel there, waiting to bear us up into the third heavens.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In placing the able and eloquent address of the Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE upon the pages of the ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, we depart from our usual rule. We do so, however, for good reasons: to accompany the plate-embellishments with three Portraits of eminent men who are identified with the current history of the College, and who still survive to rejoice in its prosperity; to gratify many friends and graduates of the Institution; to put in permanent form this great historic word-painting, abounding with a rich constellation of biographical portrait-sketches of many renowned men, who have acted important parts in matters of human interest, once connected with this venerated seat of learning; and to give a wider circulation to this admirable historical sketch of Yale College.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## THE SNOW-BALL AND THE ROSE.

How lovely is the summer-time, how richly nature dowers  
The gardens and the meadows with a heritage of flowers!  
Gazing on bowers and woods and streams so exquisite and fair,  
How strange appears the contrast of the snow-ball that I bear!

And yet my humble offering a moral may convey,  
Showing how soon a change may come o'er life's resplendent day;  
In pleasure's most enticing scenes the heart has oft grown chill,  
Warned by some silent monitor of future storm and ill.

You will greet me with a welcome when I visit you again;  
The rippling streams will then be locked in winter's icy chain;  
The flowers will have departed, and the fields look bare and drear,  
And I shall bring a blushing rose to grace the closing year.

A rose, to give assurance in its fresh and smiling bloom,  
That green leaves will return again, that summer flowers will come;  
Thus, oft when mournfully we walk through dim and clouded ways,  
Some pleasant token bids us hope for brighter, better days.

'Tis by a quaint observance that my tenement I hold;  
I do not bring to you a dole of silver or of gold;  
Perchance my tributes may be deemed of poor and fragile worth—  
The snow-flakes that descend from heaven, the rose that gems the earth.

Yet may they teach you wisdom; when you journey amid flowers,  
Think of the summer snow-ball, and prepare for gloomy hours;  
And when your path is bleak and drear, let cheering hope disclose  
Sweet visions of the future, like the blooming winter-rose.

From the National Review.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ANCIENTS.\*

THE history of the physical sciences exhibits something of that periodic character, that tendency to come back to the same point, which marks so many human affairs, from the merest trifles of dress and fashion to the deepest thoughts and feelings of mankind. A comparison of the earliest youth and the present mature age of the sciences might almost make us think that we have made little advance; at any rate, it might be sufficient to check that inordinate self-satisfaction with which men, ignorant of all time and all knowledge that is past, are too apt to regard the time and the knowledge that is present.

The physical sciences begin, as they end, in the widest generalities; they begin, not as the sciences, but as science. The thoughts of the ancient naturalists may have been inaccurate or false, but they were thoughts about the *prima philosophia*, which is the highest and ultimate development of all knowledge. If science seems thus to spring up as a single and unbroken stream, it is destined, after many and wide separations, after many stagnant shallows and dangerous rapids, at last to form again one single stream, and to flow in one undivided channel. The connection of the sciences

is only another phrase for the same union as that in which they began; to us every-day science, not the sciences, becomes the true and proper word to express our studies in nature. We more and more come back to the simplicity of early thoughts; the age of distinctions and clear, sharp divisions is the middle age in the history of science; the youth and old age are times, not of distinctions, but of unity and identity.

The infancy of the sciences is a time in which the elements are thought to be few; the forces that operate on them are conceived of as few likewise. In the middle ages, every thing tends to diversity and number; the minds of inquirers are occupied with the vast variety of substances, the vast variety of forces. But in still maturer age every thing tends to bring us back to the original simplicity of conception; we find the apparently numerous elements are but forms of a very few elements; the apparently numerous forces are but utterances of one or two primary forces.

Again, the infancy of the sciences knows of no distinction between things spiritual and things physical. In modern times, we are wont to regard these two classes of things as related by analogy; the ancients, at least the very earliest philosophers, thought of them as of one class and identical; and this difference in conception is often somewhat bewildering, and must ever be borne in mind, if we would enter into the meaning of their speculations. Now, without attempting here any proof of such a proposition, we think it may be fairly asserted that the course of modern discoveries tends to lead us to a more and more close connection of the spiritual and physical worlds—to make us believe that force, in whatever form, never is, nor can be, due to any thing but spirit.

And does not this adult age of the world seem reproducing the speculations

\* *The History of Herodotus.* A new English version, edited with copious Notes and Appendices, illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus, from the most recent sources of information, and embodying the chief results, historical and ethnographical, which have been obtained in the progress of Cuneiform and Hieroglyphical discovery. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford; assisted by Col. Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, K.C.B., and Sir J. G. WILKINSON, F.R.S. In four volumes. Vol. II. London: John Murray. 1858.

*A History of the Literature of Ancient Greece.* By K. O. MÜLLER, late Professor in the University of Göttingen; continued, after the Author's death, by JOHN WILLIAM DONALDSON, D.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 3 Vols. London, 1858. Chapter xl.: *Aristotle.*

of the first dawn of philosophy? What are attraction and repulsion, under all their thousand forms, which play so large a part in modern science, but the *φιλία* and *νείκος* of Empedocles? Were not the atoms of Democritus a splendid dream, if nothing more, of Dalton's great discovery of the atomic theory? Did not Lucretius assert the existence of latent heat? Did not Philolaus the Pythagorean maintain that the earth revolves round a central fire? and did not Heraclides and Eephanus, whilst denying the local motion of the earth, assert it to have a rotatory motion round its own center, like a wheel? And what are all the splendid speculations of Oken and Geofroy, and Goethe, about the morphology of animals and plants but repetitions of Plato's theory of original forms? So truly are they such, that Owen, in summing up the subject, finds the simplest expression of the whole matter in a reference to the thoughts and the language of the old Greek.

Surely these are not all mere fortuitous coincidences, but rather these old speculations have in them somewhat of intuition and insight. For it can not be doubted that the mind of man is, in a sense, set over against nature; so that the thoughts of man have a tendency to run parallel with the creative thoughts of God, that is, with the facts of nature. If this were not so, we should have nothing but mere hap-hazard to guide us in our discoveries; we should find nothing of that intuitive insight into nature which is the only guide in all inductive experiments, the *anticipatio naturæ* of Lord Bacon; nothing of that intimate alliance between nature and genius which Schiller so well describes:

"Mit dem Genius steht die Natur in ewigen Bunde;  
Was der eine verspricht, leistet die andre gewiss."

And as in the childhood of each man there are, amongst all his foolish and infantile thoughts, thoughts which in their simplicity and beauty seem more divine than the best thoughts of his graver years, so perhaps in the infancy of our race, amidst many idle and untrue dreams about science, there are some thoughts

of nature that rise beyond the level of the more cautious period of exacter science, that seem more directly like shadows in the mind of man of thoughts in the Divine Mind.

The first efforts, then, at exact observations in natural history, as distinguished from science at large, are not to be expected from the philosophers; they come from a different source, the poets and the travelers. Thus, in the Hebrew literature, we have in the book of Job those most poetic descriptions of the horse, of leviathan, and of behemoth, that in their force and beauty have never been excelled. In the Psalms, in the poetry of Solomon, and in the far loftier poetry of the Prophets, there are allusions of exquisite beauty to the trees, the flowers, and creatures of the Holy Land, which only want some one to do for them what Mr. Stanley has done for the geographical notices of the Bible to bring them to our minds with a greatly augmented vividness and reality.

And as it is with the Jews, so it is with the Greeks; their poets give us their earliest materials in natural history; and the earlier amongst them, perhaps, even the most simply and most sincerely love and sing of natural things, not for association, not for metaphor, but for their own sake. Take Anacreon, for instance; how full he is of themes from nature! the rose, the pigeon, the swallow, the spring-tide, and the grasshopper, each claim a poem. And even when dealing with subjects remote from our present object, he shows the same familiarity with natural history; as, for instance, in his spiteful little verse about womankind, where he compares her beauty with the other means of defense which nature has given to other animals. By way of specimen, let us take the pretty little poem on the Grasshopper, which Cowper has neatly translated:

"Happy songster, perched above,  
On the summit of the grove,  
Whom a dew-drop cheers to sing  
With the freedom of a king,  
From thy perch survey the fields,  
Where prolific Nature yields  
Naught that, willingly as she,  
Man surrenders not to thee.  
For hostility or hate  
None thy pleasures can create.  
Thee it satisfies to sing  
Sweetly the return of spring,  
Herald of the genial hours,  
Harming neither herbs nor flowers.

\* Lucret. i. 900. † Plut. de Placit. lib. iii. c. 13.

Therefore man thy voice attends  
Gladly; thou and he are friends.  
Nor thy never-ceasing strains  
Phœbus or the Muse disdains  
As too simple or too long,  
For themselves inspire the song.  
Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,  
Ever singing, sporting, playing,  
What has Nature else to show  
Godlike in its kind as thou?"

It has been often said, and truly, that the great dramatic poets of Greece have but little of this feeling for nature and natural beauty in themselves; that their inspiration is drawn far more from the agora than from the fields, from the haunts of men than from the solitudes of nature. And so, when they do allude, as oftentimes they do, to the objects of natural history, it is generally in some relation or association with civil life or political history. Perhaps there are no lines in the Greek tragedy more justly celebrated for their beauty as a description of natural scenery and things than the chorus in the *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles, where the poet describes the glories of his own village home, (668-719, edit. Dind.)

"Stranger, before thine eyes  
The silver-soiled Colonos lies,  
Whose homesteads fairest are  
In a land that is all fair,  
A land of noble steeds.

"Here the shrill nightingale,  
Pours forth her tuneful wail  
Among the soft green glades,  
And the dark ivy-shades;  
Or clearly comes her song  
From those deep-hearted bowers,  
Many-fruited clusters bearing,  
Where the sun may never shine,  
Never pierce the summer showers,  
Nor may the winds of winter roar.  
But the god, himself appearing,  
Haunts the grove for evermore,  
Following his maids divine.

"Here, day by day, amid the dews,  
Blooms the narcissus, clustering fair,  
Wherewith the goddesses did use  
In elder times to wreath their hair.  
Here bright the golden crocus gleams,  
Nor ever fails  
The wandering of sleepless streams  
Through these broad-spreading vales;  
For, all day long,  
With current pure and strong  
His fruitful-making waves Cephissus pours  
along.

"The bands of Muses haunt the spot,  
Nor is it all forgot  
Aphrodite, with her reins of gold.

"And it was never told  
Of all the Asian land,  
Nor of the Dorian isle  
By Pelops ruled of old,  
As of *this* happy strand,  
Whereon the gods do smile,  
That *there* doth grow, self-sown,  
(Unkept by hand of man,)  
Dread of each hostile clan,  
The glorious tree of spears;  
Ay, no where is it known  
To spring and flourish so joyously  
As here—the gray-leaved olive-tree,  
Whose fruit doth feed the little child.

"Sign of ruth and ruin wild,  
Token of destroying rage,  
From hasty youth, or gray-haired age,  
Shall sear its branches never;  
For it is guarded ever  
By the all-seeing eye of Maurian Jove,  
And by blue-eyed Athene's looks of love.

"And yet more remains to tell  
Of this mother-city's pride,  
Greater praise than all beside,  
That the god who loves her well  
Gave her a goodly race of steeds,  
Goodly foals of noble breeds;  
And gave the sea-waves evermore  
To dash upon her happy shore.

"Child of Chronos! such is she,  
For 'tis thou, most mighty king,  
O Poseidon! who didst bring  
Her to such prosperity.  
For was it not through thee  
That the mighty steed did feel  
First, in *her* streets, the taming curb of  
steel?

"And the oar, the mighty, the well-rowed oar,  
Bounds, well-pulled, from her sea-girt shore,  
In her children's outstretched hands;  
While the Nereid bands  
Float all day  
Hundred-footed, around its way."

And yet how different is this from the verses of Anacreon, where the description of the natural object is enough in itself, is the end! Here it is only a means towards other and dearer thoughts; so that the olive is loved, not for its light gray-green or its dark and gnarled stems, but as the mother of spears; the waves, not for their unnumbered smiles, their marvelous mysterious life, but as bearing the triumphant galleys of Poseidon's favorite city.

Aristophanes would afford many a morsel to any one carefully searching into the natural history of the ancients; for whilst he made nature, like every thing else, subserve the purposes of his boundless



humor, he yet looked on it with the eye of a true poet. The *Birds*, from the very necessity of its subject, affords many clues into the ornithology of the Greeks, and many a quaint observation on the habits of the feathered races. We can not forbear the pleasure of quoting Mr. Frere's most Aristophanic translation of the Hoopoe's song, calling together the great council of the birds; it will at any rate serve to show how wide a range in ornithology the play extends over.

"Hoop! hoop!  
Come in a troop,  
Come at a call,  
One and all,  
Birds of a feather,  
All together.  
Birds of an humble, gentle bill,  
Smooth and shrill,  
Dieted on seeds and grain,  
Rioting on the furrowed plain,  
Pecking, hopping,  
Picking, popping,  
Among the barley newly sown.  
Birds of a bolder, louder tone,  
Lodging in the shrubs and bushes,  
Mavises and thrushes,  
On the summer berries browsing,  
On the garden-fruits carousing,  
All the grubs and vermin snouzing.

"You that in a humbler station,  
With an active occupation,  
Haunt the lowly watery mead,  
Warring against the native breed,  
The gnats and flies your enemies;  
In the level, marshy plain  
Of Marathon, pursued and slain.

"You that in a squadron driving  
From the seas are seen arriving,  
With the cormorants and mews,  
Haste to land and hear the news.  
All the feathered, airy nation,  
Birds of every size and station,  
Are convened in convocation.  
For an envoy queer and shrewd  
Means to address the multitude,  
And submit to their decision  
A surprising proposition  
For the welfare of the state.

Come in a flurry,  
With a hurry scurry,  
Hurry to the meeting, and attend to the debate."

The travelers are, besides the poets, the chief early source of exact observations in natural history. These observations are, of course, oftentimes found in connection with stories to which we are bound by every possible motive to refuse our credence—such stories, for instance,

as those about the phenix, or the wonderful pismires that filled the camel's panniers with gold. The whole subject of the apocryphal and mythological animals of the ancients is one of great interest. It would be interesting to inquire how far the stories in question are, like other marvelous stories, founded on fact; how far it is possible that animals like those told of may in fact have existed; or, again, how far the fossil remains of the real monsters of the old world may have suggested to the vivid imaginations of men the monsters that we now call fabulous. But into this we are not going to enter.

Of the early travelers, of course none is so noteworthy as old Herodotus; and in passing one may observe how the marvelous natural history of the land of the Nile seems to have struck both the Greek and the Hebrew intellects, as the books of Job and Herodotus will testify. His description of the crocodile is so interesting, and on the whole so faithful, that we shall not hesitate to put it before our readers, availing ourselves of Mr. Rawlinson's translation, (lib. ii. cap. 68-70.)

"The following are the peculiarities of the Crocodile: during the four winter months they eat nothing; they are four-footed, and live indifferently on land or in the water. The female lays and hatches her eggs ashore, passing the greater portion of the day on dry land, but at night retiring to the river, the water of which is warmer than the night-air and the dew. Of all known animals this is the one which from the smallest size grows to be the greatest; for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than that of the goose, and the young crocodile is in proportion to the egg; yet, when it is full-grown, the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits, and even more.

"It has the eyes of a pig, teeth large and tusk-like, of a size proportioned to its frame. Unlike any other animal, it is without a tongue; it can not move its under-jaw, and in this respect too it is singular, being the only animal in the world which moves the *upper* jaw, but not the *under*. It has strong claws, and a scaly skin, impenetrable upon the back. In the water it is blind, but on land it is very keen of sight. As it lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; hence it happens that, while all the other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird; for the crocodile, when he leaves the water and comes out upon the land, is in the habit of lying with his mouth wide open, facing the western breeze; at such times the trochilus goes into his mouth, and devours the leeches.

This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus.

"The crocodile is esteemed sacred by some of the Egyptians, by others he is treated as an enemy. . . .

"The modes of catching the crocodile are many and various. I shall only describe the one which seems to me most worthy of mention. They bait a hook with a chine of pork, and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter upon the bank holds a living pig, which he belabors. The crocodile hears its cries, and making for the sound, encounters the pork, which he instantly swallows down. The men on the shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is dispatched with ease, otherwise he gives great trouble."

In this account there are observations which strike one by their truthfulness and exactitude, as, for instance, the comparison between the size of the egg and the full-grown animal. And others of Herodotus's statements which are not perfectly accurate, are yet better far than silence, for they are respectable "guesses at truth."

The question whether the crocodile has or has not a tongue seems to have been greatly ventilated amongst the ancients; and the sculptors and antiquaries of Rome, as M. Humboldt assures us, amused themselves in giving or denying a tongue to their crocodiles, according as the one or the other of these opinions prevailed. The true explanation, no doubt, is that which M. Humboldt has stated in his very interesting discussion of the point, namely, that the tongue of the crocodile is throughout its length attached to the lower jaw, so that it is entirely deprived of all freedom of motion, and, in fact, does not figure as a tongue at all. Again, though the upper jaw does not in reality move on the lower, the statement of Herodotus is fully excused by the fact, that "the lower jaw is protruded backward beyond the skull, which occasions the upper one to appear movable." And even the story about the trochilus has found an apologist in M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire.

But what, far more than aught besides in Herodotus, impresses us with a sense of his real scientific insight is the account which he has given us of the geological formation of Egypt.

Having described the formation of land

by the deposit of earth, and illustrated this by the process going forward with the Achelous and other rivers, he thus proceeds:

"In Arabia, not far from Egypt, there is a long and narrow gulf, running inland from the sea, called the Erythrean, of which I will here set down the dimensions. Starting from its innermost recess, and using a row-boat, you take forty days to reach the open main, while you may cross the gulf at its widest part in the space of half a day. In this sea there is an ebb and flow of the tide every day. My opinion is, that Egypt was formerly very much such a gulf as this; one gulf penetrated from the sea that washes Egypt on the north, and extended itself towards Ethiopia; another entered from the southern ocean, and stretched towards Syria; the two gulfs ran into the land so as very nearly to meet each other, and left between them only a very narrow tract of country. Now if the Nile should choose to divert his waters from their present bed into this Arabian gulf, what is there to hinder it from being filled up by the stream within, at the utmost, twenty thousand years? For my part, I think it would be filled in half the time. How, then, should not a gulf, even of much greater size, have been filled up in the ages that passed before I was born, by a river that is at once so large and so given to working changes?

"Thus I give credit to those from whom I received this account of Egypt, and am myself, moreover, strongly of the same opinion, since I remarked that the country projects into the sea further than the neighboring shores; and I observed that there were shells upon the hills, and that salt exuded from the soil to such an extent as even to injure the Pyramids; and I noticed also that there is but a single hill in all Egypt where sand is found, namely the hill above Memphis; and further, I found the country to bear no resemblance either to its borderland, Arabia, or to Libya—nay, nor even to Syria, which forms the sea-board of Arabia, but whereas the soil of Libya is, we know, sandy and of a reddish hue, and that of Arabia and Syria inclines to stones and clay, Egypt has a soil that is black and crumbly, as being alluvial and formed of the deposits brought down by the river from Ethiopia.

"One fact which I learnt from the priests is to me a strong evidence of the origin of the country. They said, that when Moeris was king, the Nile overflowed all Egypt below Memphis as soon as it rose so little as eight cubits. Now Moeris had not been dead nine hundred years at the time I heard this of the priests; yet, at the present day, unless the river rise sixteen, or at the very least fifteen cubits, it does not overflow the lands. It seems to me, therefore, that if the land goes on rising and growing at this rate, the Egyptians who dwell below Lake Moeris, in the Delta, as it is called, will one day, by the stoppage of the inundations, suffer permanently the fate which they told me

they expected would some time or other befall the Greeks.\*

Now here we have not only a conclusion to a large extent accurate and just, but we find Herodotus making observations and using a method of reasoning singularly in advance of much of the speculations of far later geologists; and what, above all, is most noteworthy, is the entire grasp we find him to have of the explication of geological facts by the means of existing causes operating through vast periods of time; a principle that has only been established within comparatively late years, by the labors, beyond all others, of Sir Charles Lyell. Take it altogether, and it is impossible to deny that this passage of Herodotus is a most observable contribution to geological science.

It was hardly to be supposed that such a mind as that of Socrates should have devoted any part of its strength to the study of nature, and not have left a marked impress upon it. True it is, that in the passage in the *Phædo*† where Socrates narrates his vehement love as a young man for the study of nature, he tells us of little else as its result than a certain bewilderment of mind, which ultimately made him turn his thoughts from natural to moral science. But in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon we have a conversation which, even in the most superficial survey of the natural history of the ancients, it is impossible to pass over.

Socrates is engaged in conversation with Aristodemus, who was notorious for his irreligious freethinking habits; and

\* Lib. ii. cap. 11-13: Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, vol. ii. pp. 14-17.

† *Phædo*, p. 96, edit. Steph. Is it possibly to some early speculations of Socrates in natural history that Aristophanes alludes in the absurd passage about the flea, (*Clouds*, 143 et seq., ed. Dind.,) or was he talking unmitigated nonsense?

"*Disciple.* This is the question, As it was put but now to Chærephon By our great master Socrates to answer— How many of his own lengths at one spring A flea can hop; for we did see one vault From Chærephon's black eyebrow to the head Of the philosopher.

*Strepsiades.* And how did t'other Contrive to measure this?

*Disciple.* Most accurately: He dipped the insect's feet in melted wax, Which, hardening into sandals as it cooled, Gave him the space by rule infallible."

*Mitchell.*

after getting from him the admission that there were men whom he admired for their wisdom, the master goes on:

"Whether do those who make figures devoid of sense and motion, or those who make living beings endowed with sense and activity, seem to you the more deserving of our wonder? *A.* By Jupiter, those who make living beings are much the more so, unless, it be that these things arise by some chance, and not by design. *S.* Of the two classes of things, those as to which we are in the dark for the sake of what they exist, and those which are manifestly for some purpose—which do you judge to be works of chance, and which of design? *A.* It seems that those which exist for some purpose are the works of design.

"*S.* Does it seem to you, then, that he who in the beginning made men gave to them on purpose the various organs of sensation—eyes to see things visible, ears to hear things audible? *A.* What would have been the good to us of smells if our nostrils had not been given to us? What sensation should we have had of things sweet or pungent, or all the pleasures of the palate, unless the tongue had been inserted as the judge of these things?

"*S.* And besides this, don't you think that there is a great likeness to a work of providence in this—that since the sight is delicate, it has eyelids for doors, which, when there is any need of using the sight, are drawn back, but are closed together in sleep; and that not even a breath of air should harm it, the eyelashes are planted in to form a network, and that the parts above the eyes have the eyebrows as a cornice, so that not even a drop of sweat from the forehead can harm it; or this, that the hearing can take in all sounds, and yet never be filled; or this, that in all animals the front teeth are able to cut, but the hinder teeth are able to receive from the former, and triturate what they thus receive; or that the mouth, through which creatures take in all that they desire, is placed near the eyes and the nose: . . . all these things that are thus providently brought—are you at a loss whether they are the works of chance or design?

"*A.* No, by Jupiter, but if one looks at it in this way, these things do certainly seem like the work of some wise and creature-loving artificer. *S.* The implanting in them a desire for offspring, implanting in mothers a love of bringing up their young, and in those who are nourished the greatest desire for life and the greatest fear of death: surely these also seem like the contrivances of some one designing that there should be living creatures?" (*Memor.* book i. ch. 4.)

In this passage we have, as we believe, the first distinct statement of the relation of ends to means in the natural world, and of the arguments to be based thereon. Hence there take their rise two great

lines of thought, or rather two distinct applications of one and the same thought. On the one hand, this relation has been used to prove something about the maker from the thing made; and thus forms the whole basis of the great argument from design in natural theology—that argument which, thus sketched in outline by Socrates, has in after-times been filled up and adorned with a great wealth of illustration by Cicero and Seneca amongst the ancients, and by such writers as Ray, and Boyle, and Derham, and Paley, amongst the moderns.

On the other hand, in the firm grasp which we find in this passage of the relation between means and end lies involved the whole of what we now understand by teleological anatomy—that portion of the science which includes all the most brilliant discoveries of Cuvier, and those who have followed in the same line of research. For if there be such a relation between means and end, then we may argue from the one to the other, and from any given means to the end; and, again, from this end to other means; and in this simple process of ascent and descent lies the whole method of this branch of the science. Let us suppose the jaw-bone of some extinct quadruped is before us, and we find that its molar teeth are trenchant and knife-like; from this means we argue to an end of the creature, namely, its carnivorous habits; and from this end, thus ascertained, we travel again down to other means, namely, the form of its feet, which we are sure must have been, not hoofs, but claws. Now in this simple illustration, and in every like reasoning, however complicated it may appear, there is but one postulate—we mean the relation of means to end; and though to use it now seem an axiom, it was not always so; and to the clear enunciation of it by Socrates, in the passage we have quoted, we suspect natural science, no less than natural theology, to be under no slight obligation.

Next in our survey we come to Aristotle, the greatest name in natural history amongst the ancients, as in well-nigh every other department of human thought. His works on this subject, mutilated and imperfect as they now are, would be a sufficient claim to a foremost rank amongst the heritors of fame; but to have been the founder of comparative anatomy, the most accurate systematizer of the animal

kingdom, and the most scientific of all ancient naturalists, is but a by-work for the mind of Aristotle, and constitutes a claim to renown that is almost lost in the magnitude of his other fame. He not only studied an immense variety of species, he arranged them with that systematizing genius which is one of Aristotle's chief characteristics; so that, to quote the language of Baron Cuvier,\* “the principal divisions which naturalists still follow in the animal kingdom are due to Aristotle, and he had already pointed out several which have recently been again adopted after having once been improperly abandoned; he is the most patient scrutinizer into the habits of animals, the most skillful and scientific of ancient comparative anatomists.”

There is one quality in Aristotle which we suspect has done more than any other to bring the minds of other men into subjection to his—and that is the infinitude of his powers of exact observation. One perpetually rises from his pages with a sense that every thing which one ever has seen or thought, or ever can see or think, was known to Aristotle, and is to be found somewhere in his works. What is the use of troubling to unravel nature, or examine and chronicle facts, when you have a perfect index and schedule of all nature and of all facts in the master's works—when, in fine, you have every thing duly folded up and indorsed, and put into its right pigeon-hole? Turn to the *Organon*, and you have all logic; or to the *Morals*, and you have every thought and every difficulty that ever occurred to you in your most speculative moments; and yet such a perfect knowledge of practical every-day affairs as makes one almost believe Aristotle must have been looking over one's shoulder all through life, and jotted down notes of all one's doubts and difficulties. In his natural history it is just the same; you find speculations of the most abstruse kind, and at the same time observations on the most familiar facts—discussions, for instance, whether birth be for the sake of being or being for the sake of birth; and again, notes about the horrid night-wailings of the cats, and dogs eating grass as medicine—and all these alike put into their rank and place. The universe at first seems a somewhat miscellaneous heap

\* *Biographie Universelle*, s. v. Aristote, par MM. Clavier et Cuvier.



and medley of things; whilst Aristotle seems a well-ordered museum of all that is valuable in it. Why be immersed in matter and picking over the dust-heap of creation, when every thing of value is already got out and arranged in the proper place within? This feeling will steal over even a modern reader of the *Stagyrite* now and then, and we are sure it was one great source of the despotism he exerted over the middle ages. The most observant of all men put a stop to observation—he had done the work for mankind; and his followers, stunned with the magnitude of his inquiries, abandoned his method in despair, and studied, not his objects of study, but himself.

Aristotle has but little about induction in his logic; but his method in physical science is as inductive as Lord Bacon's. His prejudice against the ideas of Plato must have led him in this direction, and so seconded what was evidently the native bent of his genius. "Every where," says Baron Cuvier, in the article from which we have already quoted, "Aristotle observes facts with attention; he compares them with acuteness, and seeks to ascend towards their common ground; thus his *Poetics* is founded upon the works of Homer and the great tragedians; his *Politics* upon the constitutions of a great number of Greek and barbarian governments; and his *Natural History* upon those infinite observations which the generous assistance of Alexander enabled him to make."

To give some notion of the character of Aristotle's zoological studies, we translate the opening chapter of his *Natural History*:

"The differences of animals are according to their modes of life, their actions, their characters, and their parts, concerning which we will speak generally at first—and afterwards we will discuss them in relation to each species in particular. The differences, according to their modes of life, their actions, and their characters, are such as these—that some of them are water animals, some land. The water animals are so in a two-fold manner: some because they pass their lives and gain their subsistence in the water, and inhale and exhale the water, and when deprived of it are no longer able to live, as is the case with most of the fishes; whilst there are other creatures which gain their subsistence and pass their time in the water, but nevertheless do not inhale water, but air, and rear their young out of the former element. Of this kind are many footed creatures, as the otter and the latak and the crocodile; and winged animals, as

the shag and the diver; and footless creatures, as the water-serpent. Some animals gain their subsistence in the water, and are unable to live out of it, but yet inhale neither air nor water, like the jelly-fish and shell-fish. Again, of water animals, some are marine, some fluvial, some dwelling in salt marshes, and others in fresh marshes, as the frog and the water-lizard; and of the marine animals, some are of the deep water, some of the shore, some of the rocks. And of land animals, some take in and give out the air, which is called inhaling and exhaling, as man and all the land animals which have lungs; but some do not take in the air, and yet live and get their food on the land, as the wasp and the bee and the other insects. I call those animals insects which have incisions along the body, either on the upper side, or both on the upper and on the lower side. Of land animals, many, as I have said, get their food from the water; but of water animals, which take in sea-water, not one gets its food from the land. Some animals, in the first states of development, live in the water, and afterwards change into other forms, and live out of it, as occurs with the caddis-worms on rivers—for from them come the flies. Again, some animals are stationary, others locomotive. The stationary animals are in the water; for not a single land animal is stationary. In the water many animals live by adhesion, as many kinds of shell-fish. It seems that even the sponge has some sensation, an evidence of which is, that it is more difficult to tear it off, if the movement is not made stealthily, as they say. Some animals both adhere and go free, as a certain kind of the so-called jelly-fish; for some of these getting free at night, take their nourishment. And many animals are free, but incapable of motion, as shell-fish and the so-called holothuria. Some animals are swimming, as fish and the molluscs and soft-shelled animals, as the lobsters; others are walking, as the class of crabs—for this, though a water animal, naturally walks. Of land animals, some are winged, as birds and bees; and these, again, differ amongst themselves in a certain way, for some are footed; and of the footed animals, some are walking, some are creeping, some wriggling; but not one of them is solely winged, in the same way in which the fish is solely capable of swimming; for even the animals whose wings are of skin, walk, and a bat has feet, and a seal truncated feet. And some birds are weak-footed, which are therefore called the footless bird, (the swift;) for this little bird is strong-winged; and almost all the birds that are like it are strong-winged, but weak-footed, as the swallow and the martin; for all these birds are alike in habits and in their wings, and are similar in appearance. But the swift makes its appearance the whole season, whilst the martin is seen and taken only when it is wet in the summer, for, on the whole, it is a rare bird. Many animals are capable both of walking and of flying. There are also the following differences as to their modes of life and their actions. Some animals are gregarious, others solitary,

both of footed animals, winged animals, and swimming animals; and some are both gregarious and solitary. And of both these kinds, some are political animals, others are disunited. The gregarious are such as, amongst birds, the pigeon kind, the crane, and the swan; but of the birds of prey, none are gregarious; and amongst swimming animals, many kinds of fishes, as those which they call the dromas, the tunny, the palamye, and the amie; but man is both gregarious and solitary. Those animals are political amongst whom the work of all is some one common thing, which is not the case with all the gregarious animals. Such are man, the bee, the wasp, the ant, the crane; and of these, some are under rulers, some without any government, as the crane and the bee kind are under rulers, the ant and very many others without government. Some, both of the gregarious and of the solitary animals, are local, others are migratory. And some are carnivorous, others fruit-eating, others omnivorous, others feeding on particular things, as the bee and spider kinds; for the former use for food honey and a few other sweet things, and spiders live by preying on flies; and other animals use fish as their food. Some animals hunt, and some store their food, and some do not. Some have dwellings, others no houses. Of those having dwellings, the mole, the mouse, the ant, the bee, are examples; whilst many insects and quadrupeds have no houses. Again, as to their localities, some are dwellers in holes, as the lizard and the snake; some above ground, as the horse and the dog. And some burrow holes, and others do not; and some are nocturnal, as the owl and the bat; and some live in the light. Again, there are the tame and the wild; some perpetually, as man and the mule, which are always tame, and others wild, as the panther and the wolf. Others are capable of being quickly tamed, as the elephant. Again, in another way; for all races which are tame are also wild, as horses, oxen, pigs, sheep, goats, dogs. Some have the power of making a noise; some are voiceless; others are endowed with voice; and of these, some have a language, others are inarticulate; and some are garrulous, others silent; some songsters, others without song. But all have this in common, that they sing or talk most when rearing their young. Some creatures haunt the fields, as the wood-pigeon; others the hills, as the hippoe; and others consort with man, as the pigeon. . . . Moreover, some animals are given to defend themselves, others to keep watch against danger. Those are defensive, which either make attacks on others or defend themselves when wronged; those are watchful, which have something in themselves which is a means of escape from suffering. With the following distinctions also do animals differ as to their character; for some are mild and hard to enrage, and not obstinate, like the ox; others passionate and obstinate and stupid, like the wild-boar. Others are prudent and fearful, like the stag and the hare; others mean and crafty, like serpents; others generous

and brave and well-born, like the lion; others noble and fierce and crafty, like the wolf; for that is well-born which is sprung from a good race; but that is noble which will not depart from its own nature. And some are inquisitive and mischievous, like the fox; others high-spirited and loving and fawning, like the dog; others are mild and tameable, like the elephant; others are modest and ever on the watch, like the goose; others envious and vain, like the peacock. But of all living things, man alone is deliberative; many animals share in memory and the power of learning, but to exercise remembrance no other being save man is able."\*

Few things, perhaps, show more vividly Aristotle's scientific instincts in natural history than his appreciation of the real character and relations of the aberrant forms of animals. We have, in the passage already quoted, seen how he appreciates the bat as a quadruped; he has elsewhere described with accuracy the positions of the whales as mammiferous and viviparous animals, and as breathing air like ordinary quadrupeds. The notices which he has given of the seal are still more curious and interesting; he not only has given a particular and, we believe, correct sketch of its habits, but he shows in one passage how the fins are the homologues of the feet of ordinary quadrupeds; although, as he remarks, the hinder ones assume a form very similar to the tail in the fishes. In another passage he adduces the character of its teeth as an evidence of its being an animal closely connected with the fishes; in another he accounts for the absence of an external ear possessed by ordinary quadrupeds, on the ground that the purpose of such an ear being to collect the movements of the air, it would be useless to an animal living,

\* *Animal Hist.* lib. i. c. 1. The last observation in this chapter, which is to be found in a fuller form in the second chapter of Aristotle's tract on Memory and Recollection, is a very interesting, and, as we think, just observation, on the comparative psychology of man and the lower animals. Fuller, in his chapter on Memory, in *The Holy State*, has the same remark. After observing that memory is "two-fold, one the simple retention of things, the other a regaining of them when forgotten," he goes on to say: "Brute creatures equal, if not exceed, man in a bare retentive memory. Through how many labyrinths of woods, without any other clue of thread than natural instinct, doth the hunted hare return to her mace! How doth the little bee, flying into several meadows and gardens, sipping of many cups, yet never intoxicated, through an ocean, as I may say, of air, steadily steer herself home, without help of card or compass! But these can not play an after-game, and recover what they have forgotten, which is done by the meditation of discourse."

not in the air, but the water, (*De Gen. An. lib. v. c. 2.*)

In this point of view, his discussion of the relations of the ostrich, the most quadruped-like of all birds, is very curious:

"The African ostrich," he says, "has the organs in part of a bird, in part of a quadruped. For, inasmuch as it is not a quadruped, it has wings; and inasmuch as it is not a bird, it does not fly in the air, and its wings are useless for flight and covered with hair. Moreover, inasmuch as it is a quadruped, it has upper eyelashes, and the parts about the head and the upper parts of the neck are bare, so that its eyelashes appear more hairy; inasmuch as it is a bird, its lower parts are covered with feathers, and it has two feet like a bird, but cloven-hoofed like a quadruped, for it has not claws, but hoofs. The reason of this is, that its size is that not of a bird but of a quadruped. For, generally speaking, it is necessary that the size of birds should be very small; for it is not easy for a body of great mass to be moved through the air."—*De Part. Anim. lib. iv. c. 13.*

Allowing for a little exaggeration in the statement that this bird is cloven-hoofed, this account is substantially accurate; and it is curious to find Cuvier, in his *Règne Animal*, reproducing, not only several of the statements in a not dissimilar form, but giving the like reason with Aristotle for the ostrich's incapacity to fly.

By the side of that anatomy which takes cognizance of the final causes of the different animal forms, there has sprung up, and at length reached a definite development, another anatomy, which has to do with the forms of animal life, as abstracted from all consideration of the ends to which they are applied—that science which is known as morphology. This latter science has grown up as it were by necessity, because it has been found that the law of final causes will not account for all the facts that need accounting for, and that under all reasonings from final causes there lies an assumption, for a long while understood, and now at length expressed, of a community or identity of form, except so far as varied by the diverse final causes. Thus, for example, if I find a single bone of some extinct quadruped, and find certain differences between it and its nearest known ally, which involve a difference of food or habitat, or mode of life, I shall conclude that there were certain differences in form corresponding with these differences of food, or habitat or life; but, except to that ex-

tent, the animal I should reconstruct would be alike in form. Such reasoning is found by experience to be sound; and whilst at first sight it may appear to proceed on the purposes of the animal structure alone, it does in fact involve and assume another principle, namely that of a community of form, or type, irrespective of the identity of end. And this community of type we every where find throughout nature: we find it first running throughout all the members of the different kingdoms of nature, and secondly, running through all the different parts of the same animal or plant. Thus, for example, we find all the infinite variety of the forms of the flowers of phanerogamous plants developed out of a few simple forms, the stamens, the petals, and so forth; and we find, again, that all the parts of every plant are but modifications of one and the same simple part, namely, the leaf; and the same might easily be illustrated with regard to quadrupeds and the vertebra, as the simplest element of their structure. But we should be wandering too far from our purpose into this most inviting part of natural history, which seeks out, amidst the varying phenomena the ideals of nature, the creative thoughts of the Creator—if we may so dare to say; which makes one feel that in the plan of nature order and beauty stand far above even its own glorious and unselfish utilitarianism.

Did Aristotle know any thing about this part of natural history? We answer that the homologies of the different parts of the human frame did not entirely escape his observation; and in the eleventh chapter of the first book of his *History of Animals* he has some curious observations on the relations of its parts, comparing the upper and the lower, the fore and the hind, and the right and the left, respectively. But into the higher law of morphology, that which depends on a recognition of form as distinct from the end, he had no insight.

He who compares the natural history of the moderns with that of the ancients, even in its most scientific development, will of course be struck with the vast advance made in the collection and comparison of facts, the correction of errors, and the improvement of the means and method of observation. But he will be struck too with another thought, which it will be well for him also to ponder—we mean, that almost all the great ultimate

questions which presented themselves to the ancients present themselves to us also in nearly the same form, and with nearly the same difficulties attending their solution.

Thus, for instance, the great question about the development of animal life and form, how far the need has gone before and caused the development, or the development has preceded and owed its origin to design—the question, we mean, which has of late years been popularly raised by the *Vestiges of Creation*—was familiar to the ancient naturalists; and there were among them, as among us, two parties, the one for and the other against what we may call the development theory. Thus Aristotle (*De Partibus An.* lib. i. c. 1) says that the first natural philosophers held, “that from water running into the body the stomach arose, and all the organs devoted to the reception of food; and that by the passage of the breath the nostrils were rent open.” From this view he expresses his dissent, and sums up his conception of the matter in the very Aristotelian remark: “That birth is for the sake of being, and not being for the sake of birth.” But the debate still survived, and reappears among the Roman naturalists. Lucretius has discussed the subject, in a way which might at first sight be confounded with the views of the Stagyrice, because he does not put the use before, but after the creation of the organ; but the motive with which this is done is essentially different, because Lucretius conceives the organ to have preceded the use, not by design and with a view to the use, but by accident only, the use being a thing purely casual.

The modern doctrine of development tells us, as has been often said, that we are only fishes in a higher stage, and that

we each have been a fish ourselves. Now Plutarch has a story which forcibly recalls this statement of the modern doctrine; for he tells us that Anaximander taught that mankind were originally born of fishes; and that when they had been nourished up and became able to help themselves—reached a proper stage of development, to use more modern language—they were then cast forth, and took to the land; and that for this reason the philosopher affirmed fishes to be the father and mother of mankind, and on that ground forbade the eating of them. We wonder whether it would be possible to discover the secret author of the *Vestiges* by a general invitation of all the *savans* of the country to a white-bait dinner.

The spontaneous generation of animals is another of those ultimate questions in natural science of which we have spoken. Every schoolboy, at least of the type with which Lord Macaulay was familiar, remembers the recipe which Virgil gives in the fourth Georgic for the production of bees where the hive may have lost its usual colony, whereby a brood of insects is raised from the blood of the slaughtered heifer:

“Interen teneris tepefactus in ossibus humor  
Æstuat: et visenda modis animalia miris,  
Trunca pedum primo, mox et stridentia penis,  
Miscetur, tenuemque magis, magis æera carpunt,  
Donec, ut æstavis effusus nubibus imber,  
Eruptere.” *Georgica*, iv. 308.

It is impossible to read these lines and not to recall the acari which Mr. Crosse saw, or thought he saw, developing on the stone in his galvanic battery; and the question raised by the two narratives is identically the same.



From the London Eclectic Review.

## TRICENTENARY OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION.

On the first of August, 1560, the Scottish Parliament met at Edinburgh. No sooner had the various initiatory forms been disposed of, and business had begun, than all minds and hearts in the assembly were thrown into one subject, and that the progress of the Reformation, and the determination of the people to have the Protestant Faith established as the religion of the realm. Deep and savage murmurs were ever and anon heard from the Highland chiefs and a few Lowland lairds, against the bald, *parvenu*, uncereemonial, unimposing, pietism which obtained, stripped as it was of prelate, priest, and altar. But there was no withstanding the pressure from without, and on the seventeenth of August, after very little more than a fortnight's consideration, the Reformation was proclaimed as an accomplished fact, and began to be established throughout the land, with its plain pastor and schoolmaster for each parish, pretty much after the same ecclesiastical form which now exists.

That was a great fact in the history of Scotland, and well does it become the Scottish people to stand still and consider it. Old superstitions, old associations, an imposing ritual, and a venerable hierarchy, religious beliefs and religious antipathies, all were swept aside to enable a simpler, stronger, sterner faith to do its work in the construction of the national character. And that it has nobly and successfully labored will not be doubted by any who have studied the history of Scotland's progress, the habits of the people, the opposition it has had to meet, and the results with which the activities of the Scotch, in all quarters of the world, and in all departments of industry, have been crowned.

It was a noble idea, from whomsoever it originated, that of holding a series of emphatic services in Edinburgh, commemorative of the goodness of God, and expressive of unswerving confidence in

Protestant principles, at the close of the third century of the Reformation. At the close of the first century, the people were too much engaged in watching the retrogressive tendencies of their rulers and partisans, to think of glorying much in their liberty. At the close of the second century, the painful memories of 1745 were still too fresh in men's minds, and the well-known lingering regard which clung to the fallen House of the Stuarts, made Christians wisely hold to their privileges without parading their profession. Circumstances are now entirely changed. Loyalty to our beloved Queen is now as deep-rooted and enthusiastic in the Highland mind as ever existed for Charlie; and in the Lowlands, scriptural views of the king-rights of Christ in his Church, and attachment to Victoria as sovereign in the state, were never more fully appreciated, or happily maintained.

Yet there are phases of Scottish society specially calling for such a Commemoration. Many of the aristocracy have imbibed the views held by the Tractarian party in the Church of England — identical in every sense with the Laudian Episcopacy, which has throughout characterized the Scottish Episcopal Church, and on account of which new energy, bustle, and expectancy now pervade that body. Some Scottish nobles have gone over entirely to Rome, affording a pretext to Popery for putting forth new claims to public confidence — building on the forgetfulness of the people concerning the past. While the influx of Irish into the industrial districts of the country by hundreds of thousands, uneducated, not to be touched by the ordinary means of instruction existing for the population in general, never lost sight of by their priests, intermarrying with the lower classes of the Scotch, who also in their turn become priest-ridden — has drawn into Scotland thousands of Popish priests, who are con-

stantly insinuating themselves among the people, and getting a footing in districts where formerly their sere and yellow look, their straight hair, their long surtouts and close waistcoats, their peculiar neckties, and broad brimmers, would have made them nearly as great curiosities to the inhabitants as Mungo Park was to the Africans. Thus Romish chapels are rising up in different parts of the country, Romish bishops are appointed to sees, these come with pomp to consecrate their churches, and the elements of a new struggle begin to work in the bosom of Scottish life.

The Tricentenary of the Reformation, in these circumstances, affords an opportunity which it were a sin on the part of Scotland to overlook, in which to recall the condition of the country under the supremacy of Popery; the darkness, superstition, cruelty and wrong under which the people groaned; the political slavery which existed, and the social misery with which it was associated. Nor must the state of the land during the reign of Laudian Episcopacy be overlooked; the ignorance of the clergy, the Lord's day desecration which they encouraged, the persecution with which they sought to enforce their claims, and the rivers of blood drawn from the veins of the best and noblest of the sons and daughters of Scotland, which they caused to be shed. Nor ought the people to be permitted to forget that, sweeping as the Scottish Reformation was, pure as compared with the Reformation in other lands it undoubtedly was, still that it were folly to suppose it were perfect, and ought to be stereotyped. Much remains to be done, and it is because of the opportunity which the Tricentenary Commemoration affords of a review of the defects, as well as of the excellences of the Reformation, that we devote a portion of our space to assist in the attainment of this most desirable object. To this purpose is this article devoted.

There is as little reason for believing that Paul planted Christianity in England, as there is for supposing that Simon Zelotes was the apostle of truth to Scotland. The best-supported theory in reference to the latter is, that during the persecution under Domitian, the twelfth and last of the Cæsars, many of the Christians fled from Italy and the continent to our shores and, being pursued, betook themselves to

the far north for shelter. This was about A.D. 96. There they appear to have labored quietly, assiduously, and with success. From an incidental expression used by Tertullian, we learn, that at the close of the second century the religion of Jesus was known, and by numbers received in Scotland.

It was not, however, before the beginning of the third century that Christianity began to be much professed. Donald I., with his queen, and several of the nobles, were then publicly and with great solemnity baptized. From that time he did his best to extirpate idolatry, to establish a gospel ministry, and to turn the hearts of his people to the Lord—but with limited success. His constant wars with the Romans kept him from giving much of his attention to this great work. While the hold which Druidism had upon the minds of the people—with its mystic rites and awe-inspiring ceremonies—with its numerous and imposing priesthood, consisting of the statesmen, judges, and bards, as well as spiritual advisers of the people, required a strength and grasp of power of no ordinary description to enable the new religion to seize upon the soil. Time and patience, however, accomplished the task. New accessions to the staff of Christian missionaries were constantly made during the Roman persecutions; the missionaries themselves, holy men, *cultores Dei*, known afterwards as the Culdees, gained great respect from the people; and in the year 277, during the reign of Cratlinth, the Druids were expelled the country, and every memorial of their worship of any moment was destroyed. From this period is properly dated the commencement of the Christian era in Scotland.

For centuries the Romans, aided by the Picts, continued their wars against the Scots, with ever-varying fortune. For a time the latter were driven from the Lowlands into the mountain fastnesses, or over the Channel into Ireland—an error which the Picts had very soon occasion to regret, and the Scots were again invited to return. Christianity, meanwhile, in its progress, ebbed and flowed—now largely successful, now sadly depressed, but throughout keeping a firm hold on the public mind. Rome, as yet, had no supremacy in Scotland; in fact, the simple ecclesiasticism of the Culdees—the superintendents among them being no

bishops, but only for the time "*primum inter pares*," afforded no opportunity for the exercise of an ambition evoked by an hierarchical system. Yet the thirst for supremacy on the part of Popery has ever been insatiable, and Scotland was not to be overlooked.

The occasion seized upon by the Pope for interference with the churches in Scotland, was the Pelagian heresy. That had raged for some time, causing much heart-burning and grievous division. At the alleged request of the orthodox party, Palladius was sent for. Insinuating himself into the good graces of the people, powerful in argument, and successful in the overthrow of the doctrinal error, he rested not till he had obtained the consent both of king and people to create an hierarchy, and place the Church under the jurisdiction of Rome. This occurred about the year 450. Previous to this time Fordun, in his chronicle, tells us, that "the Scots, following the customs of the primitive Church, had for teachers of the faith and ministers of the sacraments only Presbyters." Boetius adds: "That Palladius was the first who exercised sacred rule among the Scots, being made bishop by the Pope." And this is confirmed by the venerable Bede, who records: "That unto the Scots, who believed in Christ, Palladius was sent by the Pope as their first bishop." From this time, for centuries, Popery prevailed.

We must pass over a long era of darkness and death, heaving a sigh and dropping a tear over the depravity which could pervert "the truth as it is in Jesus" into a system of spiritual bondage and idolatrous worship—believing that many who lived and died during these generations were better than the faith they professed—others, alas! much worse. But all was not darkness. There were chroniclers who wove truth into their songs, there were monks whom Christ met with in their monasteries, and there were persons who were still able, though feebly, and apparently without much effect, to witness for God. For the time was not yet.

The beginning of the fourteenth century saw Great Britain sunk into a condition of the profoundest spiritual gloom and apathy. The light of true religion, if existing at all, appears to have been so enshrouded in error, as not to be able to make its influence felt. Popery was then full-blown and rampant, and a fearful con-

dition of things was the result. The courts and the nobles, both of England and Scotland, were steeped in ignorance. The bishops and priests were so profligate that, according to the testimony of one of Rome's own historians, "the Church was worthy only of the detestation of posterity." Her Popes were chargeable with the grossest immoralities; her monks and mendicant friars prowled about every where, like beasts of prey; from the highest to the lowest associated with the priesthood, rottenness prevailed. From the tenth to the end of the thirteenth century had been introduced into the Church the doctrine of Transubstantiation, the dogma of the Seven Sacraments, the baptism of Bells, the prohibition of flesh meat on Fridays and Saturdays, the sale of Indulgences, Auricular Confession, and the refusal to the laity of the cup in the Sacrament and the use of the Scriptures; and as among the Waldenses and Albigenses sufficient light shone to secure their continued resistance to Rome—to punish all who fell into her hands, as well as to subdue or crush every rising spirit of independence in her own midst, the infamous Inquisition was established.

These false doctrines and foul practices were now in their fullest operation, and the power of Rome seemed absolute. Emperors crouched before the Pope, kings did homage at his feet, countries were fiefs of his pontificate. That the people should be in darkness, in such circumstances, was only a natural result; that liberty should be no more than a name, at such a time, ought not to be matter of astonishment. It has ever been so—it is so still—wherever priestcraft has supreme power, the people are enslaved. And such was the state of these lands then. But God does not allow unmixed evil long to rule unopposed—darkness undisturbed long to reign. In the fourteenth century it was when John Wycliffe, "the star of the Reformation," burst through the gloom, and began to teach, with a clearness and a power which to this day occasions wonder, the grand truths of the everlasting Gospel. The ground which from the first he occupied as a reformer was, the Headship of Christ alone in the Church—destroying, in his estimation, the supremacy of the Pope; salvation, through the perfect sacrifice of Christ, needing no supplemental sacrifice

of transubstantiation; freedom of Christian worship, thus separating the Church from earthly government; and the right of the people to the word of God, which led him to translate the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue.

Amid unbounding iniquity Wycliffe stood forth, like a giant refreshed with new wine, and labored incessantly in denouncing the errors of the Papacy and the immorality of the clergy, calling on men to seek salvation alone through faith in Christ. Nor was he long without followers. The heart of these nations seemed sick of the sin and shame which passed for religion. Adherents flocked to him from all classes; and though he was twice cited to appear before the emissaries of Rome, by the great interest which his undaunted courage had secured on his side, nothing was done to him. He died at his living of Lutterworth, having by his labors planted the pillars of the Reformation. His ashes were dug up by his enemies, scattered to the winds, and cast upon the waters. Poor spite towards one whom they could not touch while he was living. Yet there in history, after centuries, John Wycliffe stands—the first Protestant and Puritan!

The Lollards were Wycliffe's successors. They went every where preaching the same great truths, and many of them sealed their testimony with their blood. Wycliffe's Bible made its way both in England and Scotland. The seeds of truth soon became broadcast in both countries. Especially in the south and west of Scotland was this the case. So that, after Patrick Hamilton, Walter Mills, George Wishart, and others had watered the word with their tears and prayers, and finally with their blood—when John Knox began his great work he found a people prepared to his hand. And such was the effect of his energetic ministrations, that in a very few years a large proportion of the population of the Lowlands, including many of the nobility and gentry, had renounced Popery, and were ready to demand, with him, as the established religion of the land, the creed and the ecclesiasticism of the Reformation.

We must here, in a few sentences, ask the reader's attention, first, to the establishment of the Reformation in England under Elizabeth; and, then, regard its subsequent institution in 1560 in Scotland. This falls in with the order of events in

point of time, as well as meets the object which we have meanwhile in view.

It was now a happy day for England—"the bloody Queen Mary" was dead. On the announcement of this fact, the Parliament was immediately assembled. The Commons were summoned to the bar of the Upper House, and were informed that, with their consent, the Lady Elizabeth should be proclaimed Queen. With one approving voice the announcement was met. At Hatfield, Elizabeth had been reared in comparative solitude. Hated by her sister Mary, and hating her in return, she seemed naturally to shrink from the parties, both in Church and State, who had previously encircled the throne, and had brought it into such disgrace. On the seventeenth of November, 1558, Elizabeth was proclaimed. Six days afterwards she made her public entrance into London. No one was struck with her beauty, but all were affected by her bearing. When a Bible was presented to her on her passage through the city, she kissed it and pressed it to her heart—holding it there amid the acclamations of the people. It had been well had she loved it better, read it more, and acted more in accordance with its precepts.

"The new Queen, however, proved herself to be a genuine daughter of Henry VIII.; for she commenced her reign by forbidding her subjects to be reformed sooner, and closed it by prohibiting them from being reformed further than she chose." She announced to the Pope her accession to the throne. Sir Edward Carne, the English ambassador at Rome, conveyed the message. The aged Paul, who was then Pope, on hearing it, broke through all restraint, stamped with rage, declared that England was a fief of Rome, that Elizabeth was illegitimate, and that it was excessive temerity for her to assume the title and authority of Queen of England without his leave. This was a providential circumstance, for which our country has to be thankful to this day. Elizabeth, with all her faults, was not a woman to be trifled with; and hearing of the Pope's conduct, commanded her ambassador immediately to leave Rome and return home. Then began her work of reestablishing the Reformation.

Taking time and advice in reference to this matter, Sir William Cecil, then Secretary of State, informed her Majesty that the largest portion of the nation, ever



since her father's reign, inclined to the Reformation. King Edward's Liturgy was revised in Council; and though, to satisfy Elizabeth, it was made much less decidedly Protestant, on the twenty-fourth of June, 1559, it was established by law, in virtue of an "Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer." A clause was inserted in this Act, without which, Elizabeth informed Archbishop Parker, she would never have signed it, empowering her, as Queen, "to ordain further ceremonies." Among other things it gave her power to create a Court, infamous to all posterity—the history of a similar one in Scotland, during the Charles's, may be traced in blood—the Court of High Commission; every member of which was to be appointed by the Crown, and the purpose of which was to take cognizance of religion. Here, at the outset, was a great blot on the Reformation, as established by Elizabeth. *She* became Head of the Church, took the place of the Pope, and required all to submit to her supremacy.

Nor was this all. Elizabeth, acting on this authority, caused to be published fifty-three injunctions; among other things, ordaining that priests and deacons should not marry without leave of the bishops and two justices of the peace, nor bishops without the consent of the archbishops and the high commissioners; that private and family prayers should be discouraged, and that all prayer should be offered in the churches, where the Queen's will was supreme. She frowned upon preaching, and established for the Sabbath-day the Book of Sports. Bishop Sandys observes, that "multitudes of persons did not hear a sermon once in seven years in the churches." As to her own religion, Elizabeth abjured nothing in Popery but submission to a higher authority than her own, and "was no further a Protestant than was necessary to make herself a Pope." In the Royal Chapel she had images, and crucifixes, and lighted candles; and when her chaplain, on one occasion, preached against the sign of the Cross, unable to contain her anger, she shouted out to him: "Desist from that ungodly digression, and go on with your text!" In all this the word and authority of the Lord Jesus were not regarded, though he alone is the "Head over all things to the Church."

It was scarcely possible that these things should be without something of

that spirit being evoked which animated Wycliffe, and which lived in and led on to death for Christ his successors—the Lollards. Nor was it so. Elizabeth was not ignorant of the fact of Puritanism existing, standing boldly out against her usurpation of power, not in matters temporal, but in the Church of Christ. This she determined to uproot and destroy. The London clergy were summoned to appear before the High Commission, sitting in St. Paul's. A hundred of them obeyed the call. They had placed before them a certain Mr. Cole, dressed in full canonicals, as the Queen approved. The Bishop's Chancellor addressed them: "My masters," said he, "and ye ministers of London, the Council's pleasure is, that ye strictly keep the unity of apparel, like this man, [pointing to Mr. Cole,] with a square cap, a scholar's gown priest-like, a tippet, and in the church a linen surplice. Ye that will subscribe, say, 'Volo;' ye who will not, say 'Nolo.'" On attempting to speak, they were commanded to be silent; and while sixty-three subscribed, acknowledging that it wounded their conscience, thirty-seven would not subscribe, choosing rather to suffer, or even to die. These were the first Puritan pastors—many of them the most godly men, and most of them the best preachers of their day, at a time when not one minister in six could compose a sermon.

Now, there is not much, apparently, in a minister's dress—whether he preach in a black gown or a white, or in no gown at all. Nor indeed is there any thing in the mere garment. A man may preach as well in a smock-frock, as in a surplice—in a Geneva as in a Cambridge gown. But it is whether any principle is at stake in wearing it—whether or not it is *the badge* of a party. It was on the ground of opposing the Popish doctrine of the Mass that Ridley ordered the altars to be removed from the churches, and a simple table to be used. It was in opposition to Popery, and with a desire to uproot it from the Church, that Bishop Hooper refused to wear sacerdotal vestments. Bishop Jewel, in the like spirit, declared the priestly garb to be "a stage-dress, a fool's coat, a relique of the Amorites, and promised to spare no pains to extirpate all such Popish remnants." This was the ground on which Puritanism took its stand. And well had it been for the Church of England to-day, had its voice

been regarded and its counsels of wisdom been followed, instead of its noble men having been martyred. But the compromise, of which the English Church is the offspring, between Popery and Protestantism, has developed into many hideous conformations. Among others, observe this day how the seeds of the apostasy left in the Church of England at the Reformation, are seen full-blown in Tractarianism, bearing bitter fruits, preparing and sending multitudes back to the bosom of the Man of Sin, proclaiming to the world that Oxford is the highway to Rome, and showing that, if England is ever to be Christ's, the Reformation has yet to be reformed.

The Reformation in Scotland was a very different matter to the Reformation in England. The Scottish sovereigns and Court were ever opposed to it. Popish to the back-bone, they did every thing they could to stem the current of reforming opinions. But all was in vain. The people had put their hand to the plow, backed by many of the nobility and gentry; and, with a full realization of the "perfidum ingenium Scotorum," nothing could stop their progress, or induce them to look back. Hamilton, Wishart, and their compeers had labored hard, and had labored successfully, in exposing the entire rottenness of the Popish hierarchy, as well as in proving the unscripturalness of Popish doctrines and practices. John Knox followed in their wake, with all the rigor of Calvin both in doctrine and discipline, and with far more than Calvin's power. He was a bold man, was John Knox; and his bravery was just the thing to set on fire the sturdy hearts of Scotchmen for God and his truth. An iconoclast was Knox; and his disregard for mere form and ceremony—crucifix, cathedral, or consecration—went far to leaven the whole land with that spirit of freedom in religious matters which, whilst it has its extremes which ought to be avoided, had for that age its excellences; so that, despite the opposition of James V., his widow the Queen-Regent, and their daughter, the unhappy Mary, reforming opinion went on, gathered strength, and resulted, in 1560, in the most Reformed of all the Reform Churches, and in the purest establishment on the face of the earth, having neither priest nor prelate, but simple ministers, elders, and deacons.

Such is the Reformation, the Tricen-

tenary of which in Scotland happens this year. For its realization we have much to be thankful. Greatly do we rejoice, therefore, that during this month, in Edinburgh, this great fact is to be brought to mind before God, and on an extensive scale and catholic basis to be celebrated. This, we think, is as it ought to be. This will lead to a review of the whole subject—to a recalling to remembrance of those evils of Popery out of which the Reformation led, and about which nowadays so many people appear to be indifferent—to a reconsideration of the Reformation itself, its worth and its weakness, its excellences and its defects, and to a devout appreciation, we hope, of the present mission of Christianity—pure, undefiled, and unshackled—which may lead to the putting forth of primitive power towards "the restitution of all things." May the best expectations of the largest-hearted of the Christian men, who have originated and are laboring to carry out this celebration, be realized! and may even more than they foresee of freedom to all the churches of the saints be thereby advanced!

We should ill discharge our duty, however, were we to close our remarks without hinting at a few of the obligations resting on the churches, and worthy of their devout consideration, in relation to the age, and as arising out of the deficiencies of the Reformation.

We have little or no fault to find with the Scottish Reformers in reference to doctrine. In respect to the great outline of Divine Truth, their opinions were scriptural and well defined. *About the work of Christ*, their views have ever appeared to us to be somewhat cramped, and their estimate of it limited; so that, taken in their legitimate application, their offers of Divine Mercy became, though they meant not so, all but necessarily circumscribed.

On the question of Church government, it has long appeared to us that the word of God affords no ground for much dogmatizing. There are a few fundamental principles laid down in the New Testament on which we are required to act, and by which the Church is to be kept pure—all else seems left to natural development. A diversity, in this respect, was to be anticipated. Ecclesiasticism, fairly considered, is the utterance in action *without* of our spiritual life, and of the Church's spiritual life *within*. Where there is life, there will be variety. A forest of trees

may all be pruned into one form in winter; but no sooner will the breath of spring begin to blow upon them, and the life of summer burst forth and shoot out, than you will find infinite diversity.

The more simple, however, our organization becomes, the more, we feel persuaded, will it accord with the character and claims of a Church of Christ truly spiritual. Complications and excesses of organization are not utterances of power, but of weakness. Not that a disregard is to be shown in the way and manner in which we carry on the work of God: nor is a want of attention to the discipline of the Church even to be manifested. A highly spiritually educated mind, a highly spiritually educated Church, a highly spiritually educated age, will never be satisfied with any thing but what God's word approves, his honor demands, and his service requires.

The great difficulty in regard to all the forms of Church government which have for any length of time been mixed up with the State, lies in this—the amount of the *worldly governmental* which becomes embodied with and overrides the scriptural and spiritual. This has led to legislation instead of arbitration—to injunction instead of admonition—yea, to every form of compulsory enactment, up to Episcopal Decretals and Papal Bulls. The whole of these strike a death-blow at the voluntary character of true religion, as founded on individual conviction and action; and as their existence implies the presence and possession of power with man over his fellow-man—a power after which men naturally lust—so do they indicate the certainty of a struggle before the Church and the world get rid of politico-ecclesiastical authority, whether in the form of Synodical action, Prelatical dictation, or Papal anathema.

The great question with which the churches of these islands have yet to grapple—a question handed down to us from the Reformation—is that of the union of Church and State. We do not here inquire whether a magistrate, as such, is bound to help the Church. We believe that every man is to use all the influence he possesses for his God. But a magistrate lives not on the bench, nor a king on the throne. Both the one and the other may cast in their positional influence for Christ, without carrying into the Church their magisterial authority. No govern-

ment can long support, from the public purse, all sections of religionists in the land, yet all may be alike loyal. To select one sect to the neglect of all the others, is to elevate the one to the injury of the many; it is to create pride on the one hand, and originate heart-burnings on the other: it can not vitalize for good the section which is selected—it is ever a bone of contention, working discontent among all the rest.

“Nothing, in our opinion, has been more injurious to the Church of Christ in the world, than its subserviency to secular power. There are certain unquestionable blessings which the possession of ‘pure and undefiled religion’ by a country, can not fail to confer both upon its government and people; and there are certain rights and privileges which every government must concede, in order to the propagation and enjoyment of religion. But the moment the spiritual overrides the secular power, the State becomes oppressed by ecclesiastical tyranny; and the instant the secular power interferes with the individual Christian, or with Christian churches, in the exercise of their privileges, Christianity suffers from intolerance. The true equilibrium between them we believe to be, *when religion* is left free to do its own work in its own sphere, and *the civil power* in its sphere; then the former will further the ends of all good government, and the latter will possess enlightened and sanctified subjects among whom to exercise its highest and noblest functions.

“As it is, much of the time of senates, much of the wisdom and eloquence of statesmen, have been expended in endeavoring to settle disputes occasioned by the overreaching grasp either of secular or spiritual authorities. Much of the bitterness of parties is fomented and fed by clashing interests, originating in the same source. Separate these, giving ‘a fair field and no favor’ to religion, and liberty to governments to devote themselves entirely to their own affairs, and speedily a new era will dawn upon the world. The prejudices of sect in the churches will give place to the provocations of love; the useful in religious creeds will establish the real in them; the lordly priest will discover his honor in becoming the lowly minister; freedom of opinion will create respect alone for fairness of opinion; piety will shun pride as it would poison; wis-

dom will appear to be what it really is, both good and great, because great in doing good; nobility will become another name for exalted virtue and practical worth; and governments will exist in their true character, and in their proper place, as the executives of the public will for the protection of the lives, the liberties, and the properties of the whole people. Far is the world yet from enjoying this blessed condition of things; still, the anticipation of its realization is no mere chimera, but a predicted certainty, having the Gospel of Christ working out its fulfillment in the world, and the God of the Gospel presiding over the elements of its sublime consummation.\*

What all the Churches of the Reformed Faith desiderate at this crisis in the world's history, is a baptism of life and power from on high. All have organization enough—all order and form enough. What is wanted is *vitality*. The bud bursts its shell, and casts off its coat, when the life within it rushes forth into blossom and fruit. So, Heaven's own life, coming down with resistless power upon the churches, will finally prove the grand restorer from all death within, and the great reformer from all ecclesiastical malformations without; casting off the useless, and removing all that stands in the way of prosperity.

What, then, is the state of society around the churches? The masses every where are moving, and craving after a better condition of life. Are the churches moving, to meet, with God's own remedy, the craving of the masses? Or, do they dread movement, shrink from seeming

disorder, fear novelty? Are they so orderly and so formal, that they shrink from the apparent vulgarity of going out of the ordinary way to do good? Do they stand on their dignity? Is there no danger of churches dying of dignity?

In our day, all is movement. The Arabs of the street and of the city are being gathered into ragged schools, the social evil is being grappled with at midnight, "the missing link" of woman's gentle hand is now bringing up from the dregs of society into the genial influences of regenerating love and truth the most hideous shapes of lost humanity. Omnibus men are being preached to in their yards, butcher-boys meet for nightly prayer, cities and towns are being brought together in Christian conference about missions at home and missions abroad—missions to the young and missions to the old; and the cry is going up night and day to the Lord of Sabaoth—"Send, Lord, send now prosperity!"

What as Christians we have to regard is, that, individually and in union with our fellow-Christians, we take care that *our link* in the golden chain of instrumentalities is fully charged, and that it faithfully communicates its quota in the great work of moving, enlightening, and sanctifying the world. Let Christians, let churches be encouraged—for most assuredly will come the day, the long-expected day of earth's great jubilee, when from the south and from the north, from the east and from the west, Jesus shall receive his inheritance, and

"Justice and mercy, holiness and love,  
Among the people walk; Messiah reign,  
And earth keep jubilee a thousand years!"

\* Dr. Brown's *Peden the Prophet*, p. 144.



From Chambers's Journal.

## THE RULING PASSION.

ONE of the prettiest of the German watering-places is Schlossenbourg.

A long, straight, tedious avenue takes you to it from the bright-looking town of F——; twelve long miles without a railway; but when you get there, it is like a garden with houses in it, not houses with a garden to them—a garden filled with flowers, exquisitely kept, tastefully laid out, stretching into a park and woods that an English duke might envy. Then there is a conservatory, with tall palm-trees and other exotics; a Chinese temple, with gas-lights at night, that are contrived as if they sprang from amongst the flowers; and morning, noon, and night, music—from one of the best bands in Germany. You may sit and hear it in the garden, sipping coffee all the while, or you may go into a well-lighted room, provided with every newspaper in every language you could desire, fitted up like the most luxurious drawing-room. You may also remark in the one long street of which the town of Schlossenbourg consists, that every other house is a banker's or money-changer's, where all kinds of facilities for obtaining or changing money are offered.

"How rich and prosperous the little town must be," you remark; "what a beneficent government;" for all these luxuries are given for nothing. No visitor is asked to pay for the expensive garden that surrounds his lodgings, or the gas, or the music, or the newspapers, or the sofas—all is generously provided by some invisible power. Let us walk into the noble saloon with its lofty painted ceilings, past the soft-seated news-room, and we shall see the munificent provider of flowers and music—the board of green cloth, the bank and its directors, the rouge et noir, and the roulette-table.

The bank is obliged to lay out a certain portion of its enormous profits every year on the place; the gardens, the conservatories, and every luxury are kept up to

render attractive the temple of the blind goddess.

It is a mistake to look for fiery passions, deep despairs among the players; most wear an outward calm: there is only a sort of fixed haggard look and contraction of the mouth sometimes to be detected, that speaks as with an inward curse.

I had to come to Schlossenbourg as the medical attendant of an old and valued friend as well as patient. I had no money to risk, and I was determined not to be seduced by that strange chink of gold, and the atmosphere of excitement pervading the rooms.

My friend, Harry Melville, found me in the reading-room one evening. "Come," said he, "Halford, as you are a philosopher, and behold the oddest specimen you ever set eyes on, and help me to make her out." We went to the roulette table. "There she is," said Harry, "between the hat with the scarlet feather and the old snuffy *Gräfin*. There; she has won again. Look at her little hands gathering up the silver florins—they are like a child's hands; but her face—did you ever see such a face?"

"I can see nothing," said I, "but spectacles and a false front, and a large, old-fashioned bonnet, and a little wizzened figure. What can it be?"

There; she loses now. See how she clasps her little hands, but plays boldly again, without a moment's hesitation; only she seems to consult some written notes on a card. Lost again, poor little old lady! it is evident she is not a witch."

The heap of winnings was now reduced to a single gold piece, a double Frederick d'or. The little old woman seemed to hesitate; she looked eagerly at her notes, then took up the money and disappeared so rapidly that I did not see her leave the room.

I should scarcely have remembered the

circumstance or the personage who seemed to have impressed Harry so strongly, but for the appearance of the mysterious little old woman again at the table two or three days afterwards. This time, I was determined to watch her; it was in the afternoon, rather dusk, but before the tables were lighted.

She had an umbrella, on which she leaned with a limping gait, the old bonnet, and a large dark shawl. She went straight up to the table, and without hesitation placed a double Frederick d'or on a single number—I think it was three. I looked at her as the table turned; her hands were tightly clasped, her neck stretched out. The umbrella on which she leaned for a walking-stick had fallen down, and she did not seem aware of it.

"Elle ne tourne plus—trois!" said the croupier. The little witch had won thirty-six double Fredericks.

She gave an unmistakable shout of ecstasy. "Oh! beautiful!" said a clear shrill child's voice, and she snatched up the gold pieces, and actually ran out of the saloon. I turned to follow, but she had disappeared, leaving the umbrella on the floor. I picked it up, thinking it might lead to some acquaintance with the mysterious little person.

My invalid had become worse, and I was much taken up with him, and did not go to the Cursaal for some days. Sitting one afternoon in the garden with him, we were listlessly watching some children, both German and English, engaged in a game of hide-and-seek, chasing each other round the trees. A little girl whose remarkably graceful movements had caught my attention, suddenly exclaimed with a laugh and a shout: "Oh! beautiful!"

The voice was identical—I could not mistake it—with that of the old woman of the Cursaal. I was determined to be convinced of the fact, and when I again looked at the perfectly childish creature of eleven years old, I could not believe her to be the same. I rose from my seat as she came near, but was rather puzzled how to accost her. I have an odd sort of shyness with children, I feel so afraid of encountering either of the two extremes of shyness or pertness. At last I bethought me of the umbrella.

"Stop, my little lady," said I very timidly. She looked round wondering, and with the softest blue eyes in the world. "Have you not lost some-

thing lately? the other evening in the Cursaal."

Poor little thing! all her fun and frolic were gone. She blushed and hung her head, and I saw the ready childish tears swelling under her eyelids.

"I don't know, I——" she murmured; and I felt so guilty in tempting her to an untruth, that I said at once: "You dropped your umbrella when you were dressed up the other evening."

She came quite close up to me; all her shyness was gone. "O sir," she said, "if you have found me out, don't tell upon me, pray, don't. Never mind the umbrella; and, sir, if you should see me again so dressed like an old woman, don't take any notice."

"But, my dear little girl, or my dear old lady, I can not promise any thing, because I am sure I should laugh. What can be the reason of such a disguise?"

She had not the shadow of a smile as she answered: "I can not and may not tell you; and perhaps I was wrong not to say at once, 'No, it was not my umbrella'—and yet that would be a story. It is so hard to know what is right—isn't it, sir, sometimes?"

Her companions here came to call her to play, but she said in German—which she spoke like a native: "No, I must go home now." Then turning to me with a sort of involuntary confidence, she said: "There is no body but me now to attend to poor papa, and it was very wrong indeed of me to stay playing here."

"I wish," said I, "you would tell me something more of yourself; I might help you, perhaps, and your papa too."

She shook her head sadly. "I dare not," she said. "It would vex him so much that he might die. We don't want any thing now—just now, I mean; only if you see me again there, don't tell any body; for, you know"—this she said in a whisper—"they won't let children play."

She went away out of the garden with a sedate step, and her face, thin and pale when not animated, had lost its childish expression. I watched her, and longed to follow and know what the mystery was. She stopped, and looked back hesitating, and I instantly joined her. "Shall I send your umbrella," said I, "or bring it you here to-morrow?"

"Never mind that," she said. "If you will only tell me where you live—I may—I don't know; but papa won't let

any body come, and we may—O sir, we may want a friend!" She burst into tears, and then, with an effort to repress her sobs, said: "Tell me where you live?"

I readily gave her my card, and pressed her slight little hand as she ran away.

A few days after that, in the Cursaal, I again saw the strange little figure. I went and stood opposite to her, but I believe she did not see me. She had, as before, a double Frederick d'or, which she changed into silver, and began to play first cautiously, and consulting some written directions, and winning every time; she then staked gold pieces, and again won. Then she grew more reckless, and placed high stakes on a single number—she lost; staked again—lost again, and then her last remaining gold pieces were raked off. I could not see her face for the absurd disguise, but as I saw her glide from the table, I instinctively followed. She rushed down the steps, and into the garden. When I came up, she had thrown herself on a garden-seat, had torn off her disguise, and with her childish hands covering her face, was sobbing in the bitterest despair. When she looked up on hearing my step, it was sad to see such wild sorrow in a child's face. "My poor child," said I, going up to her, "what is it?"

"O sir, O sir," she sobbed, "that cruel man!" Then a sudden idea seized her; she sprang up. "Don't you think, for once, only once, he would give me back a little money, and let me try again?"

"I think not," I said. "How is it that you do this, and know so little? Tell me all, and let me perhaps help you."

She looked wistfully in my face. "If you would lend me a Frederick d'or, I should be sure to win this time."

"I will lend it to you," I said, "but not to play—take it home."

She hung back, and blushed. "I dare not—I can not go home." Then she burst into a passion of sobs, exclaiming: "Oh! no; papa would die: it would kill him to see me come home with nothing—all lost?"

"Let me go home with you," said I. "I am a doctor; if your father is ill, I may be of use to him."

She hesitated, and then, with a sudden resolution, took my hand, and led me on. It was a turning not far from the Cursaal, down a lane, and into a yard, where there

was a stand of donkeys at one end, and a washerwoman at the other. The door of a mean house stood open, and my little guide asked me to stop at the bottom of the stairs, while she first went up to her father. I watched her light step, and saw her open a door very cautiously; then a shriek of alarm and horror rang through the house, and I waited no further summons to rush to the room.

The sight that presented itself was indeed appalling: on the bed lay a man apparently lifeless, the pillow and the sheets covered with blood. I immediately raised his head, and found the bleeding proceeded from the mouth and nose—he had broken a blood-vessel. The shrieks of the child had brought more assistants than enough, and by dismissing some, and making use of others, I succeeded at last in restoring consciousness to the invalid, and calmness to his poor little daughter.

While applying remedies, I was obliged to stop every attempt to speak on the part of the patient; but he smiled at Alice, whose every faculty seemed absorbed in watching him, and turned his eyes towards the table by the side of the bed. On the table were a pack of cards and a pair of much-used dice, a note-book to prick the numbers, and another with a pencil by its side, and filled with calculations. The man's face was haggard and emaciated, evidently in the last stages of consumption, but of finely chiseled features; his hands also were delicately formed. He was making efforts to speak, and tried to point still to the table, when Alice's quick eye fell on a letter which he must have received in her absence. She held it out to him. I saw the hectic mount to his cheek; and with a flash of the eye and a violent effort to raise himself and to seize it, he exclaimed: "Thank God! I have not ruined my little Alice. It's all her luck, and she deserves it all." The effort brought on a return of the bleeding; he fell back exhausted, and never spoke again.

The letter, whose perusal had so strongly affected him, proved to be the announcement of a considerable fortune, which had been long in litigation, having been adjudged to him, and at his death, to his daughter Alice. His name and family were discovered by this and other papers.

The rest we could only guess: his fatal

propensity to gambling, his illness, and his sending his child, when unable to go to the table himself—living thus, by what he had called her wonderful luck, sometimes in ease, sometimes on the verge of starvation; and the end of the feverish fitful life coming as I have said.

Poor, desolate little Alice did not now want friends; aunts and cousins who had ignored her existence, and avoided her

gambling father, now disputed with each other so violently her bringing up, that she stood a chance of being torn up by the roots altogether.

I did not lose sight of her; and when, many years after, I met the graceful, somewhat pensive girl—for she always retained a shade of melancholy—she had never forgotten her friend the doctor of Bad-Schlossembourg.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## GREAT WITS, MAD WITS! .

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied."

FROM the days of Aristotle, and probably long before his time, there has been a tacit, and often expressed, belief that, somehow or other, men of genius were mad, or if not positively mad, they were of the temperament which easily leads to madness. The very fact of their superiority seemed to imply a departure from healthy equilibrium. Obviously unlike ordinary men, it was easy to conclude that this unlikeness originated in insanity: they were looked upon as "men inspired" or madmen; sometimes both. This notion was further strengthened by certain resemblances observed in men of genius and madmen; in both there was a similar excitability and intensity of excitement; in both a strangeness and remoteness from ordinary ideas and habits; in both a singularly reliant conviction of the truth and practicability of ideas and projects which to others seemed wildly chimerical; so that not only have madmen sometimes passed for men of genius, and men of genius have been thought insane, but with all our experience we often find it impossible to decide whether an entirely novel plan be the conception of far-seeing genius, or the vision of a diseased brain. The irritability and eccentricity often noticed in illustrious men have been regarded as indications of incipient insanity. In

some notorious cases insanity has actually declared itself—as in Tasso, among poets; Newton, among philosophers; and Peter the Great, among statesmen.

So long as this idea of a necessary connection between aberration of mind and greatness of mind remained a vague and half-believed proposition, which might fill out a verse or close an epigram, there was no necessity for any serious refutation of it; but the moment it is reduced to precision, and is taken as the thesis of a scientific volume by a man not wholly without the respect due to an important position, we are called upon to scrutinize it closely. That moment has arrived. M. Moreau, physician to the Lunatic Asylum (*Hospice de Bicêtre*) and author of known works on cognate subjects, has recently issued a large volume,\* setting forth, as the result of many years' study, the proposition that genius is due to nervous disease, being only another form of that abnormal condition of the nervous centers, which elsewhere manifests itself as epilepsy, monomania, or idiocy. He has no hesitation in declaring that "the physiological history of idiots is, in a multitude of

\* *La Psychologie Morbide, dans ses rapports avec la Philosophie de l'Histoire, ou de l'Influence des Névropathies sur le Dynamisme Intellectuel.* Par le Docteur J. MOREAU, (de Tours.) 1859.



particulars, the same as that of the majority of men of genius, and *vice versa*." His arguments and illustrations are thus summed up: "It appears sufficiently established that the *preëminence of the intellectual faculties* has for its *organic condition* a special state of disease of the *nervous centers*."

If this were a mere paradox, it should be handled with more finesse and skill than M. Moreau can command. If it has to be regarded as a scientific truth, a contribution to our psychology, every experienced reader will quickly perceive that M. Moreau wants the requisite ability to treat it properly. The very laxity of his ambitious title shows a deplorable vagueness in his use of terms. There is no more about the "philosophy of history" in his work, than there is about international law. He is a poor writer, and worse reasoner. If we notice his book at all, it is for the sake of inducing our readers to come to a definite conclusion respecting the vague half-belief which has so long been tolerated respecting men of genius. And that we may the more completely extricate this subject from the ambiguities clustering round the word Genius, so variously and so laxly used by various writers, we shall throughout employ the word as expressive of intellectual preëminence—an energy of the intellectual faculties surpassing that of ordinary men.

At the outset we may assume it to be admitted, by all, that these faculties are among the functions of the nervous system; and that their energy must necessarily be dependent on the organic condition of that system. By "organic condition" is meant the more or less perfect *structure*, and more or less *healthy activity* of the system. The vital energy of a man is dependent on the organic condition of his body; and his mental energy is in like manner dependent on the organic condition of the nervous system. An undeveloped brain will act less vigorously, less efficiently, than one fully developed; a diseased brain will act less coherently than one in health. It is indisputable that any hindrance to the nervous mechanism, arising from congestion, anæmia, lesion, or poison, must be a hindrance to its functions. If a piano is out of tune, we know that the strings are slackened. If a man's thoughts are incoherent, we know that there is *somewhere*—not primarily,

perhaps, in the brain—a disturbing cause, which affects the nervous mechanism.

But in admitting that intellectual energy depends upon the nervous mechanism, and that all the forms of insanity are referable to organic conditions of that system, we can not for an instant admit that genius and insanity issue from *similar* organic conditions; we can not admit that the strength and energy of the mind are referable to the same causes as its weakness and incoherence. To suppose that Shakespeare was nearly akin to an inhabitant of Hanwell is about as reasonable as to consider the Benicia Boy and Tom Sayers pathological cases. The energy of genius is strength, not disease. It may, "like vaulting ambition, o'erleap itself." The intellect may be overtaken, and succumb; but so likewise may the athlete overtask his strength, and come home with a broken back.

M. Moreau argues thus: Genius is owing to an unusual activity of the nervous centers; insanity is also owing to an unusual activity of these centers. But he might as well argue that a spasm is identical with strength, as argue that the activity of insanity is identical with that of genius. We are almost ashamed of asking a physician, and one devoted to the subject of alienation, whether he imagines that any amount of excitation would raise the brain of an ordinary man to the potency of a Shakespeare. Is original constitution nothing? and will not the healthy activity of a great mind surpass the delirious energy of a common mind? M. Moreau knows well enough that the excitability of some idiots greatly exceeds that of the most illustrious men; and this knowledge should enable him to see that genius must depend on quite other conditions than those of mere excitability. Instead of this, he argues that because idiots are excitable, therefore they have similar organic conditions to those which produce genius. Not so. The difference lies in the organic conditions. The nervous mechanism is more complex and more developed in the one case than in the other; and, being so, its activity is unlike that of the other.

A reference to the lives of illustrious men would be the first resource of the inquirer; accordingly, M. Moreau has gathered together some sixty pages of biographical details to prove his hypothe-

sis. This array of illustrious names will probably impose upon the careless reader; the more so as M. Moreau does not pretend that all men of genius are actually mad, but only that their genius is founded on a diseased organic condition of the nervous system, similar to that observed in idiots and madmen. The purpose of this biographical array is to show that men of genius have been temporarily insane, or subject to hallucinations; and when this has not been the case in the men themselves, it has been observed in their relatives. If a man of preëminent ability comes from a family in which one or more cases of epilepsy, hallucination, melancholy, monomania, or idiocy, have been recorded, M. Moreau conceives that this fact illustrates his hypothesis, since it shows that the organic conditions of insanity were in the family, and these organic conditions must have been inherited. Let us inquire into the family history of Tom Sayers; we shall probably meet with an aunt, or a sister, or some near relative, who died of consumption, or was paralytic; and we shall then be able to prove that the noble chest, and the dreadful "right-handers" of our champion result from the same organic conditions as those which fill the hospitals and swell the mortality lists.

Perhaps our readers imagine that we are misrepresenting M. Moreau in this absurd instance. Let us therefore proceed to cite a parallel case. Sayers is powerful enough, but his aunt we will suppose to be "weak as a rat." Hegel likewise was a powerful thinker, and not in the least suspected of being mad—but M. Moreau notes that Hegel's sister was so: "She imagined herself to be a parcel which they were about to cord and seal up before dispatching it by the carrier; every stranger made her tremble; she drowned herself." With such a key to interpret phenomena, biographical evidence ought not to be scanty. Nevertheless, a calm consideration of the evidence collected by M. Moreau shows that it is extremely scant, the great majority of the cases having no legitimate bearing on the question.

His list commences with Socrates, a great name certainly, and one which we can not strike off, if we are to accept the statements of Plato and Xenophon, which exhibit the hallucinations of their master. Granting, however, that there was in So-

crates a tendency to become so absorbed in ideas as to be totally insensible to what was passing around—granting that his *Dæmon* was not a figure of speech, but an hallucination—we can not be equally compliant in the case of Aristotle, whom M. Moreau claims, on the strength of idle rumors of his having committed suicide at seventy. If we admit that Brutus had the vision of Cæsar before the fatal battle of Philippi, instead of simply dreaming it, he must be placed on the list; but it is surely tasking our credulity too far when we are asked to place Scott and Goethe there, on the strength of two momentary illusions. Two men of immense genius, more entirely removed from every suspicion of insanity, could not be named; they had not even the fanaticism, the eccentricity, the irritability, so often seen in conjunction with intense intellectual activity. What, then, are the facts which M. Moreau takes to be evidence in his favor? It is clear that his knowledge of the men is scant enough; but he alludes to the following anecdotes:

"Those who have seen Abbotsford," writes Mr. Adolphus, "will remember that there is at the end of the hall, opposite to the library, an arched doorway leading to other rooms. One night some of the party observed that by an arrangement of light, easily to be imagined, a luminous space was formed upon the library door, in which the shadow of a person standing in the opposite archway made a very imposing appearance, the body of the hall remaining quite dark. Sir Walter had some time before told his friends of the deception of sight which made him for a moment imagine a figure of Lord Byron standing in the hall.\*" Mr. Adolphus alluded to Scott's *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, in which the following narrative is given: "Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the public eye, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable

\* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*; edition in one vol. p. 644.

degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armor, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw, right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities and posture of the illustrious poet. *Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various articles of which it had been composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by a greatcoat, shawls, plaids, and other such articles as are usually found in a country entrance-hall.*

If this is to be classed among hallucinations, and on the strength of it, Scott counted as one having a nervous system in the organic condition which produces insanity, it is clear that we are all mad, since we are all liable to similar deceptions in the twilight; we see a footpad pointing a pistol at our heads—the footpad being the stump of an old tree. Nay, to short-sighted persons, similar deceptions take place in broad daylight. The present writer is frequently amused at the distinctness with which he sees dogs wagging their tails, cows nibbling the grass, and men or women approaching him, and as he gets nearer to them they gradually resolve themselves into logs of wood, mile-stones, or bushes.

The difference between an optical delusion and an hallucination is, that the sane mind is able to control its belief in the existence of the apparent object; the insane mind is servile to the appearance. Scott expressly says that he knew Lord Byron was *not* before him; had he declared that his vision was real, produced objectively by the apparition of his friend, M. Moreau

might with more excuse have ranked him among *les hallucinés*.

The illustration drawn from Goethe's life is more to the point, if we accept the truth of the narrative, which, however, Goethe's biographer is indisposed to accept. The poet describes his taking leave of Frederika: "Those were painful days, of which I remember nothing. When I held out my hand to her from my horse, the tears were in her eyes, and I felt sad at heart. As I rode along the footpath to Drusenheim a strange fantasy took hold of me. I saw in my mind's eye my own figure riding towards me, attired in a dress I had never worn—pike-gray, with silver lace. I shook off this fantasy, but eight years afterwards I found myself on the very road going to visit Frederika, and that too in the very dress I had seen myself in in the fantasm, although my wearing it was quite accidental." On this Mr. Lewes remarks: "The reader will probably be somewhat skeptical respecting the dress, and will suppose that this prophetic detail was transferred to the vision by the imagination of later years."\* In a note Mr. Lewes adds, that in Goethe's correspondence with the Frau von Stein, there is a letter written a day or two after the visit, describing it, but singularly enough containing no allusion to this surprising coincidence. The whole story wears a very incredible aspect; and considering that Goethe was narrating in his old age an event said to have happened in his boyhood, it is easy to conceive some confusion and substitution of details. Unless we suppose this, we must suppose an actual vision of his future self in clothes then unwoven and unthought of! This would prove that he was gifted with precience; it could not prove that he was insane.

We forgot to add that M. Moreau has another detail indicating Goethe's "organic condition," namely: "Sa mère est mort d'une attaque d'apoplexie." Whatever she died of, she lived a perfectly sane and healthy life during seventy-eight years; so that the "organic condition" transmitted to her son was not of a very dangerous character.

M. Moreau has better examples than these, but he cites many that are ques-

\* Lewes's *Life and Works of Goethe*, vol. i. p. 138.

tionable, and not a few that are absurd. Cato *may* have been mad when he committed suicide: if M. Moreau is struck by several indications of insanity in Plutarch's narrative, we are willing to let Cato's name retain its place on the list; as also that of Charlemagne, to whom St. James appeared in the Milky Way, and revealed the spot in Galicia where his bones lay buried, at the same time ordering Charlemagne to conquer Spain, and build there a church and a tomb. Peter the Great and Charles V. have an indubitable right to figure among mad statesmen. The mother of Charles was insane, and hence styled *Jeanne la folle*. His grandfather Ferdinand of Aragon was profoundly melancholy, and he himself was epileptic. So was Julius Cæsar. Richelieu had occasional attacks of insanity, in which he fancied himself a horse; he would prance round the billiard-table, neighing, kicking out at his servants, and making a great noise, until, exhausted, by fatigue, he suffered himself to be put to bed and well covered up. On awaking he remembered nothing that had passed. His sister, the Marquise de Brézé, had a droll hallucination: "Elle croyait avoir une derrière de cristal, ne voulait pas s'asseoir de peur de le casser, et le tenait soigneusement entre ses deux mains de peur qu'il ne lui arrivât malheur."

Cromwell had fits of hypochondria. Dr. Francia was unequivocally insane. Dr. Johnson was hypochondriacal, and declared that he once distinctly heard his mother call to him "Samuel!" when she was many miles distant. Rousseau was certainly insane. Saint Simon is said to have committed suicide under circumstances indicating insanity. Fourier "passed his life in a continual hallucination." Cardan, Swedenborg, Lavater, Zimmermann, Mohammed, Van Helmont, Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Dominic, all had visions. Even Luther had his hallucinations; Satan frequently appeared, not only to have inkstands thrown at his sophistical head, but to get into the reformer's bed and lie beside him. Jeanne d'Arc gloried in her celestial visions.

No one will be surprised to find numerous examples of the "organic condition" among the founders of sects, or among artists; but several of those cited by M. Moreau are rather examples of his credulity than of any thing else. Thus we read: "Petrarch was found dead in his

library, his head leaning on a book." Can you detect the connection between this fact, and the proposition that genius is a disease of the nervous center? Again we read of Malherbe, that his thickness of utterance spoiled the effect of his verses when he recited them; he also spat more than even a Frenchman thinks becoming, and drew down upon him this *mot* from the chevalier Marin: "Qu'il n'avait jamais vu d'homme plus humide, ni poète plus sec." If the salivary standard is to be applied, we fear that France, Germany, Italy, and America, will yield a long list of madmen.

Handel, Milton, and Delille were blind; Richardson and Labruyère died of apoplexy—and to M. Moreau blindness, or apoplexy, is ample proof of a predisposition to insanity. David the painter, and Rude the sculptor, were not themselves actually insane, but the son of David died of apoplexy, and the father of Rude was afflicted with paralysis—what more can be needed to prove a family predisposition? Alfred de Musset became a confirmed drunkard—clear proof! Guercino squinted—need more be said? If more be needed, more is ready; for did not Ludovic Caracci say of Guercino that he was a prodigy whose works, although the products of a young man, amazed the greatest painters?

Let not the reader imagine we are inventing absurdities for M. Moreau; all these examples are gravely adduced by him as evidence; and they serve to give the measure at once of his scientific capacity, and his theoretic courage. A more circumspect writer could have collected sufficient examples to produce an effect, without betraying his weakness by such as those just cited.

Lucretius, Tasso, Swift, Cowper, Chatterton, are melancholy cases about which there is no dispute. Shelley had hallucinations. Bernardin St. Pierre, while writing one of his works, was "attacked by a strange illness"—lights flashed before his eyes; objects appeared double and in motion; he imagined all the passers by to be his enemies. Heine died of a chronic disease of the spine. Metastasio early suffered from nervous affections. Molière was liable to convulsions. Paganini was cataleptic at four years old. Mozart died of water on the brain. Beethoven was bizarre, irritable, hypochondriacal. Donizetti died in an asylum.



Chatterton and Gilbert committed suicide. Chateaubriand was troubled with suicidal thoughts; and George Sand confesses to the same. Sophocles was *accused* of imbecility by his son—but this was after he was eighty. Pope was deformed; and, according to Atterbury, he had *mens curva in corpore curvo*. He believed that he once saw an arm projecting from the wall of his room.

Among the less impassioned heroes of philosophy the examples are confessedly rarer; yet Newton, Pascal, and Auguste Comte, are illustrious and indisputable examples. Albertus Magnus also must be named. He had a vision of the Virgin, who asked him whether he preferred excelling in theology or in philosophy; he chose the latter; whereupon she assured him that he would be incomparable in it, but as a punishment for his rejection of theology, he was to sink into complete imbecility before he died. Linnaeus died “*en état de démence sénile*.” Other names might doubtless be added; but it is only such a mind as our author's that could see a proof of insanity in Kepler's belief of the world being an organism; or in Montesquieu's blindness. To such a mind it is even conceivable that the deaths of Voltaire and Wellington in extreme old age by apoplexy, are illustrations of the hypothesis that preëminence of intellect is due to organic disease of the nervous centers.

The collection of biographical facts made by M. Moreau is thus seen to be wholly inadequate to his purpose; not only are the majority of them questionable, but were they all of the same unequivocal character as the cases of Tasso, Newton, and Cowper, they would not warrant his deduction. They would prove that many men of genius were insane, or predisposed to insanity; but not that genius issued from the same organic condition as insanity; nor that there was any direct necessary connection between the two.

It is often said, and by M. Moreau's method it would be easy to prove, that poverty forms one of the necessary conditions of genius. Biography would show that many, if not most illustrious intellects were developed amidst the *res angusta domi*. The men were poor, or at any rate had poor relatives. Want stimulated their energies. The struggle for existence developed their strength. With

a list of well-known instances, and a few eloquent declamations, the hypothesis might be considered established. Nevertheless it would not be difficult to confute it. A few examples—one would suffice—of unmistakable genius reared in affluence or comfort would show that there was no necessity for poverty as the stimulus and condition of intellectual preëminence; while a glance at the thousands of highly educated men, unquestionably poor and unquestionably common-place, struggling with want, yet doomed by congenital mediocrity, would show that no amount of such stimulus as poverty can supply will add a cubit to the intellectual stature. Genius is often accompanied by want, but it is something altogether distinct from “impecuniosity.” In like manner it is often accompanied by eccentricity or insanity, but it is something altogether distinct from nervous disease.

If instead of allowing attention to fall on the few cases of genius coëxisting with disease, we glance at the numberless cases of nervous disease which reveal no intellectual preëminence, but only a desolation of stupidity or a sterile excitability we shall see reason to place M. Moreau's hypothesis on a level with that which assumes poverty to be the necessary condition of genius. Every experienced keeper of an asylum will testify to the painful mediocrity of his patients in spite of their excitability; and in our ordinary experience we see how it is by no means the most excitable people who are the most eminent. Very shallow natures are often very excitable; and some forms of idiocy are distinguished by restlessness and vivacity. It is perfectly true that of two equally-developed brains the more excitable will be the more powerful; but intellectual preëminence depends rather on the development of the brain than on the vivacity of the temperament.

This truth is the more to be insisted on, since the cause of the *resemblances* observable between genius and insanity is the excitability common to both; whereas the cause of the essential *differences* between them is the organic perfection of the one, and the organic imperfection of the other.

When a man of genius is in a state of intense excitement, he is at the culmination of his power; and so long as his nervous mechanism is uninjured or unhindered in its action, there is an infinite dis-

tance between him and the madman in an equal state of excitement. But should this exaltation be prolonged, should the strain be too great for the mechanism, and some portion of it give way or become disturbed, then, indeed, insanity will supervene. Does this prove a necessary connection between the two? No more than the broken back of an overtaken athlete proves a necessary connection between muscular strength and decrepitude.

It will naturally occur to the reader that a notion so widely spread, and so persistently handed down from generation to generation, as the one we are here combating, must have some ground of plausibility, if not of truth. That men in all ages should have been struck with the similarity between genius and insanity, especially when the genius took the form of artistic activity, is only intelligible on the supposition of some fundamental similitude; and the answer to the question, What is that similitude? can not be uninteresting. In our opinion there can be little hesitation as to the answer. So far from believing, as M. Moreau believes, that there is an essential similarity, and that both genius and insanity are forms of the same nervous disease, we believe there is an essential distinction, one not less than between the vivacious monkey and the vivacious man. There is a resemblance, but it is simply in the excitability common to both. Instead of exclaiming—

"What thin partitions do our souls divide!  
Great wits to madness nearly are allied,"

we should assert that the partitions are party-walls; and that there is no other alliance between genius and madness than that of a common humanity, a common excitability, and a common liability to excess. If a few great men have fallen victims to the facility with which the nervous mechanism may be disturbed, men who had nothing great have likewise fallen victims by thousands. When we have gained some slight knowledge of the wondrous mechanism we name the body, how multitudinous its combined actions, how easily the disturbance of one will affect the healthy action of the rest, and how recklessly we disregard the plainest rules of health, the wonder at a few men having succumbed in the course of an intense intellectual life ceases at

once, and a new wonder emerges—wonder that any man can live this life, and retain his faculties in healthy activity. The very predominance of the nervous system implies a predominant activity, and this is liable to be stimulated to excess by two potent tempters: Ambition, eager to jostle its way through energetic crowds; and Fascination, which lies in intellectual labor, the brooding *storge* of creation, the passionate persistence of research. These tempters hurry men into excess. Men who live much by the brain have seldom the courage to be prudent, seldom the wisdom to be patient. In vain the significant words of warning become louder and louder: in vain the head feels hot, the ears are full of noises, the heart fluttering and thumping, the nights sleepless, the digestion miserably imperfect, the temper irritable: these are Nature's warnings to desist, but they are disregarded; the object of ambition lures the victim on, the seduction of artistic creation, or of a truth seen dancing like a will-o'-wisp, incessantly solicits him; he will not pause—at length he can not pause, the excitement has become a fever, the flame that warms destroys him: madness arrives.

Sad this is, and would be infinitely sad if there were no help for it, if the very glory and splendor of the intellect were necessarily allied to its infirmity and ruin. But it is not so. Men can not transgress Nature's laws without incurring Nature's penalties. The most perfect digestive apparatus will be ruined by imprudent habits; the most powerful muscular system may be lamed by over-exertion; the most admirable secreting organs will become morbid under over-stimulus; and why are we to expect the complex and delicate nervous mechanism to be over-worked with impunity?

Not by reason of diseased nervous centers are men ever preëminent in intellectual energy, nor are they liable to become insane by reason of this energy, unless misdirected. They are preëminent because God has endowed them with the higher cerebral development, and because this is in healthy activity; when it falls into unhealthy activity, insanity is the result—a result not due to the original strength of the energy, but due to an original defect in the constitution transmitted from parents, or to a defect acquired through neglect of the plainest precepts of healthy living. It is from

their weakness that they fall, not because of their strength. One may pity the overtasked man of genius, and sympathize with his imprudence; one may regret that a knowledge of the simpler laws of life and health is not more general; but one can not draw from the biographies of illustrious men an argument in favor of the notion that genius is allied to insanity. Overwork, and unseemly neglect, kill the meanest as inevitably as the highest. It is a tragedy which is no respecter of persons, and darkens a thousand homes which are never brightened with a ray of genius.

If genius were disease, the greatest men ought to manifest the most unmistakable signs of it. Yet we do not learn that Sophocles, Dante, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe, and Scott, among the poets, or Giotto, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Rubens, among the painters, or Bacon, Spinoza, and Kant, among philosophers, either claim our sorrow for their intellectual eclipse, or our pity for their eccentricities. We are told that men of genius are always eccentric. They are always original, and generally much self-absorbed; but we believe that there will be found among them very little eccentricity of the kind noticeable in mad people. We have ourselves known a great many people preëminent in intellect, and can not recall one who was remarkable for any such eccentricity; whereas we have known people whose eccentricities were such that their friends generally alluded to them as "half-cracked," yet these people were by no means remarkable for intellectual power.

That it is over-excitement, and disregard of the laws of health, rather than the amount of cerebral power, which causes the insanity of men of genius, may be suspected from the single comparison of Southey and Wordsworth. No one, we suppose, will for an instant question the immeasurable superiority of Wordsworth's genius; yet his long and laborious life was passed without a threat of cerebral disease; whereas poor Southey paid the penalty of overwork. Wordsworth was much in the open air, taking active exercise. Southey lived in his study. The explanation lies there.

There is another error current on the subject of genius, an error which bases its evidence on cases not less equivocal than those brought forward respecting insanity

—namely, that men of genius are too absorbed in their pursuits to pay the same scrupulous attention to minor morals and ordinary duties demanded from other men. Here biography offers its treacherous aid, and shows, unhappily, that many men of genius have disregarded minor morals. To this we reply, as before, that many *more* men of unblemished mediocrity of intellect have shown a *greater* disregard to minor and major morals; whereupon we conclude that there must be some other cause at work, and that the shortcomings of men of genius are referable simply to their imperfect conscientiousness. Not because they are strong in intellect, but because they are weak in will or conscience, have these men erred. There is no legitimate connection between splendid talents and engagements broken, trusts violated, or bills unpaid; but there is a direct connection between weak consciences and these things.

Genius may prevent a man from becoming rich; it does not prevent his being scrupulously honest. Absorption in ideas, the pursuit of objects not in themselves marketable, must of course limit the income of any man who earns his income by labor of brain; but it does not screen from him the plain facts of his position. If he is so absorbed as not to be perfectly aware that he has not earned the money to pay for the sherry and mutton on his table, he ought to be shut up in an asylum; and if he *is* aware of it, but disregards it, either because it vexes him, or because his sanguine disposition leads him to believe that the money will be forthcoming "somehow," then we must lay the blame on his feeble conscientiousness, not on his intense intellectual absorption. It is true that a concentration of the intellect on any subject indisposes, if it does not unfit, a man for attending closely to many other matters; though one may note in passing, that mathematicians and poets who could find no time to look after the small matters of finance in their own families, found ample time to look after the finance of India, and the means of defraying the National Debt. But granting that genius incapacitates a man from attending to domestic matters, we must still assert that it by no means absolves him from taking care that those matters are properly seen to; he may resign them into other hands, and only be careful that no sophistication misleads his agent.

Ghirlandajo bade his brother manage the house; for himself, he would do his utmost to find the money for it by painting.

The same principle applies even to men too poor "to live like gentlemen." It is not imperative on a man to live like a gentleman; only imperative on him to live honestly. If his genius will not procure him the "common necessities," (which too often include a host of superfluities, and sacrifices to mere show,) let him earn those necessities by some other labor, like other men. Spinoza lived by polishing glasses; and small as the pittance was which this secured him, it was enough for his necessities, and it preserved his independence. When a pension was offered to him if he would dedicate his work to Louis XIV., he declined, "having no intention of dedicating any thing to that monarch." It was ascertained after his death that he had sometimes lived on twopence halfpenny a day. This was interpreting the necessities very rigidly; and although it is highly probable that had he been an Englishman his "position in society" would not have been very brilliant on those terms, it is certain that he would have troubled himself little about his position in society, finding in philosophy enough to satisfy his soul.

Goldsmith and Johnson are two instructive illustrations of our argument. Goldsmith had more of what is especially called genius than Johnson had; but will any one assert that it was by reason of this advantage that he was so careless of engagements, and so heedless in money matters? will any one assert that Johnson's noble integrity was owing to his intellectual inferiority? The impulsive, hopeful, childlike nature of Goldsmith, makes us love the man, and easily forgive his errors; we know that there was nothing base in him, only a weakness to which we can be charitable; but let us not forget that his errors sprang from his weakness, and were in no sense the neces-

sary consequence of his strength. Neither let us suffer logic to stifle charity; nor let charity confuse our moral judgments. It is not because we see a course of conduct to be sinful that we are to shut the sinner from our hearts; nor because we feel yearnings of pity for the erring, that we are to alter our judgment of the error.

Men of genius are said to be by nature improvident. It may be so: biography too often seems to say it is so. But thousands who have no genius are quite as improvident; and it is never in virtue of his genius that any man is so. Human nature is human nature, and its infirmities may be seen in the shade of its splendors, but they are not owing to the splendors. The great Shakspeare, the great Newton, the great Goethe, were not little men because they too had their littlenesses; nor were these littlenesses in any sense the product of their greatness. And if the trembling sensibility, which is one of the conditions of genius, makes a man more accessible to certain temptations, it makes him also more accessible to moral influences, so that, in point of fact, the history of men of genius is on the whole remarkably noble and pure. The curiosity naturally felt about every thing concerning men of genius leads to the publication of all their errors and shortcomings; but who can doubt that a similar scrutiny of the lives of grocers would yield a much blacker catalogue of errors? The vices of illustrious men are cried out from the house-tops, but who troubles himself about the vices of blockheads?

Our conclusion, then, is briefly this: Genius is health and strength, not disease and weakness; it is sanity and virtue, not insanity and vice. The man of genius may be sickly and vicious; but he is so by reason of a sickly body and a vacillating will; not by any means because, with this body and this will, he also possesses a splendid intellect.



## GALILEO AND HIS PORTRAIT.

To add interest and value to the present number of the *ECLECTIC* we place a fine portrait of this renowned man, upon the page opposite to the portraits of the savans of Yale College, with no apprehension that there will be any diversity of astronomical views, such as he encountered before the tribunal of the Inquisition in the olden time. We subjoin a biographical sketch.

GALILEO was born at Pisa July 15, 1564. His father, who was himself a philosopher, had a family of three sons and three daughters, of which Galileo was the eldest. He was distinguished as a child by his skill in constructing toys and pieces of machinery. To these mechanical accomplishments he added a taste for music, drawing, and painting, and so great was his passion for pictures, that he was desirous of following painting as a profession. His father, however, having observed very decided indications of early genius, resolved to send him to the university to study medicine. He accordingly went to Pisa on the ninth of November, 1581, and was placed under the celebrated botanist Cæsalpinus, who then filled the chair of medicine. In studying music and drawing, he found it necessary to acquire some knowledge of geometry, but no sooner had he entered upon Euclid than he conceived a violent passion for mathematics, and devoted himself wholly to its study. While pondering over the treatise of Archimedes, *De insidentibus in fluido*, he wrote an essay on the hydrostatic balance, which was the means, through Guido Ubaldi, of obtaining for him the appointment of lecturer on mathematics in the University of Pisa, with a salary of only sixty crowns. Galileo had even in his eighteenth year exhibited a great antipathy to the philosophy of Aristotle; but in the discharge of his new functions at Pisa, he did not scruple to denounce his mechanical doctrines, and expose their errors in the language even of asperity and triumph. On the subject of falling bodies he disproved his doctrine by actual ex-

periments made from the leaning tower of Pisa, and so great was the prejudice which was then roused against him, that he quitted Pisa in 1592, and accepted the professorship of mathematics in the University of Padua. Galileo was converted to the doctrines of Copernicus by the lectures of Christian Vurstisius, but even after his conversion he taught the Ptolemaic system in compliance with popular feeling. The reputation of Galileo was now widely extended. Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, invited him, in 1609, to resume his original situation at Pisa. Galileo accepted of the invitation on condition that he should receive the title of Philosopher to his Highness, as well as that of mathematician; and while this negotiation was going on he went to pay a visit to a friend in Venice. There he learned, by common report, that a Dutchman had given Prince Maurice an optical instrument which made distant objects appear near the observer. Anxious to know what this instrument was, he discovered the principle of it on his return to Padua, and having placed at the ends of a leaden tube two spectacle glasses, the one a plano-convex, and the other a plano-concave, the latter being nearest the eye, he obtained a telescope exactly the same as a modern opera-glass. This little instrument, which had a magnifying power of only three times, he exhibited at Venice to crowds of the principal citizens, and he presented one of them to the senate, who in return gave him his professorship at Padua for life, and raised his salary from five hundred and twenty to one thousand florins. After having made other two telescopes, one magnifying eight, and the other thirty times, Galileo applied them to the heavens. With them he discovered the mountains and cavities in the moon, the round disk of the planets, and the four satellites of Jupiter. He counted forty stars in the Pleiades, and found that many of the nebulae were clusters of small stars. The satellites of Jupiter were discovered on the seventh January, 1610,

and they were afterwards found by our celebrated countryman, Thomas Hariot, on the seventeenth of October of the same year. In directing his telescope towards Saturn, Galileo observed it to be like three o's, namely, oOo, the middle one being the largest, thus approximating to the discovery of Saturn's ring, afterwards made by Huygens. About the same time he discovered the crescent of Venus, and the spots on the sun, which were seen about six months later by Hariot in England. In the early part of 1611, Galileo went to Rome, and took with him his best telescope. Here, princes, cardinals, and prelates, hastened to do him honor, and had the gratification of seeing the spots on the sun in the Quirinal gardens. The discoveries of Galileo were ill received by the followers of Aristotle. Prejudice and ignorance were thus combined against him, and in the controversies into which he was led, he treated his opponents and their opinions with undue ridicule and sarcasm. The philosophers and free-thinkers of the day, many of whom had been Galileo's pupils, marshaled themselves on his side, while the Aristotelian sages were supported with all the influence of the Church. While these parties were resting on the defensive, Galileo, in 1613, addressed a letter to his friend, the Abbé Castelli, to prove that the Scriptures were not intended to teach us science and philosophy, and that it was equally difficult to reconcile the Ptolemaic and the Copernican system with expressions in the Bible. In replying to this letter, Caccini, a Dominican monk, made a personal attack upon Galileo from the pulpit, ridiculing the astronomer and his followers. Roused by this attack, Galileo published a long letter defending his former views, which he dedicated to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. Its reasoning was conclusive, and its influence powerful. It was felt to be hopeless to meet his arguments by any other weapons than those of the civil power, and with the resolution to crush the dangerous innovation, his enemies determined upon appealing to the Inquisition. A Dominican monk had paved the way for such a process by denouncing to that body Galileo's letter to Castelli, and Caccini was induced to settle at Rome, in order to embody the evidence against his opponent. In the year 1617, Galileo went to Rome, cited probably by the Inquisition, and was lodged in the palace of the

Grand Duke's ambassador. When summoned before that body for his heretical doctrine, he was charged with maintaining the stability of the sun, and the motion of the earth, and of trying to reconcile this doctrine to Scripture; and after inquiring into the truth of these charges on the twenty-fifth February, 1616, it was decreed that Galileo should be enjoined by Cardinal Bellarmine to renounce the obnoxious tenets, and to pledge himself, under the pain of imprisonment, neither to teach nor publish them in future. He accordingly appeared before the Cardinal, and having renounced his opinions, and declared that he would neither teach nor defend them, he was dismissed from the bar of the Inquisition. About this time Galileo proposed a method of finding the longitude at sea by the eclipse of Jupiter's satellites, and expected that Philip III. of Spain would employ him to devote his time to the perfection of a method so useful to commerce. He failed, however, in this attempt. But the mortification which it gave him was compensated by the elevation of his friend Urban VIII. to the pontificate. In October, 1623, Galileo went to Rome to offer his congratulations to his holiness. The Pope loaded him with presents, promised him a pension for his son, and on the death of Cosmo, recommended him in a special letter to the new Grand Duke of Tuscany. The cardinals even were propitiated, and in the same spirit his friend Castelli was made mathematician to the Pope. Notwithstanding these acts of kindness, however, Galileo cherished the deepest hostility against the Church, and his resolution to propagate his opinions seems to have been coeval with the vow by which he renounced them. He resolved to write a work in which the Copernican system should be demonstrated. This work, entitled *The System of the World*, by Galileo Galilei, was published in 1626, and consists of four dialogues, in which he discusses the Ptolemaic and the Copernican systems. The work is dedicated to Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and contains an ironical and insulting attack upon the decree of the Inquisition. The doctrines which it defended were so widely disseminated, and so eagerly received, that the Church of Rome felt the blow which was thus given to its intellectual supremacy. Under these circumstances the Pope did not hesitate in his resolution to punish its

author. Galileo was accordingly summoned before the Inquisition. Worn out with age and infirmities, he arrived in Rome on the fourteenth February, 1633, and on the advice of his friends he remained in strict seclusion in the house of the Tuscan ambassador. Early in April, when his examination in person took place, he was removed to the holy office, and lodged in the house of the fiscal of the Inquisition, his table being provided by the Tuscan ambassador. It is stated by M. Libri, and generally believed, that in his examination he was put to the torture, and after this had taken place, he was allowed a reasonable time for his defense. Having duly considered his confession and excuses, he was again summoned to the holy office. On the twenty-second of June he was conducted in a penitential dress to the convent of Minerva, sentence of imprisonment during the pleasure of the Inquisition was pronounced upon him, and he was ordered to abjure and curse the heresies he had cherished. "The account of the trial and sentence of Galileo," says Sir David Brewster, "is pregnant with the deepest interest and instruction. Human nature is here drawn in its darkest coloring; and in surveying the melancholy picture, it is difficult to decide whether religion or philosophy has been most degraded. But what excuse can we devise for the humiliating abjuration of Galileo? Why did this master spirit of the age—this high-priest of the stars—this representative of science—this hoary sage, whose career of glory was near its consummation—why did he reject the crown of martyrdom which he had himself created, and which, plaited with immortal laurels, was about to descend upon his head? If instead of disavowing the laws of nature, and surrendering in his own person the intellectual dignity of his species, he had boldly asserted the truth of his opinions, and confided his character to posterity, and his cause to an all-ruling Providence, he would have strung up the hair-suspended saber, and disarmed for-

ever the hostility which threatened to overwhelm him. The philosopher, however, was supported only by philosophy, and in the love of truth he found a miserable substitute for the hopes of the martyr. Galileo cowered under the fear of man, and his submission was the salvation of the Church. The sword of the Inquisition descended on his prostrate neck, and though its stroke was not physical, yet it fell with a moral influence, fatal to the character of its victim, and to the dignity of science." From the prison of the Inquisition, where he remained only four days, Galileo was allowed to go to the house of the Tuscan ambassador, and after six months' residence there, to pass the term of imprisonment in his own house at Arcetri. The happiness of rejoining his family, however, was of short duration. His favorite daughter was seized with an illness of which she died; and having himself fallen into a state of ill-health, he was permitted to go to Florence for its recovery in 1638. Here he was debarred from all intercourse with society, and it was only in the presence of an officer of the inquisition that his friend Castelli was permitted to visit him. During his five years' confinement he composed his *Dialogues on Local Motion*, and in 1636 he discovered the interesting phenomena of the moon's libration. About this time he lost the use of both his eyes, when he was negotiating with the Dutch government respecting his method of finding the longitude. At a somewhat later period almost total deafness supervened, and having been attacked with fever and palpitation of the heart, he died on the eighth January, 1642, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was buried in the church of Sta Croce in Florence, and a splendid monument erected to his memory in 1737.\*

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\* The identical instruments which Galileo constructed and used in his astronomical discoveries are still preserved as objects of interest, which we have seen at Florence.—ED.

## COMMENCEMENT DAY. YALE COLLEGE, 1860.

THIS is the title of the plate of portraits which embellishes our present number. Some explanation of its design may be of interest to the reader. The scene is laid in the Center Church, at New-Haven, where Rev. Dr. Bacon has filled the pastorate for thirty-five years. The occasion is the annual commencement of Yale College, July 26th, 1860. The position of the portraits is in the pulpit, with a representation of columns behind. Here President Day sat and presided, annually on commencement-day for twenty-nine years, and conferred the college degrees upon twenty-nine generations or classes of graduating students, many of whom now fill important stations of honor and trust in all parts of the land. Here President Woolsey has annually sat for a similar purpose for fourteen years, and conferred degrees upon fourteen generations of students. With few exceptions Professor Silliman has been annually present on these occasions for more than a half-century, sitting in near proximity to the position where he now appears. From the stage in front of this pulpit more than forty generations of students have uttered their valedictories in words or actions—taken leave of college scenes to enter on the battle-conflicts of practical and pro-

fessional life. Here crowded assemblies of the good and beautiful of the land, have annually been convened to witness these interesting and instructive ceremonies. Thousands of the sons of the Yale College family have returned, and love to return after long years of absence, for mutual recognitions and friendly greetings, in these scenes of college life. This pulpit has thus become an historic locality, environed with countless reminiscences which nestle in the hearts of the alumni over all the land. No where else, scarcely, are there such annual gatherings of talent, and character, and influence, such as come up here from all parts of our great Confederacy.

Our design in the character of this plate is obvious. We desired, as far as possible, to photograph the scene and the occasion—to preserve a perpetual remembrance, alike of the place, the scene, and the almost life-portraits of the eminent men who have presided there for so many years, the observed of all observers. For this purpose we went with Mr. Sartain to New-Haven, who sketched the pulpit on the spot, and personally directed in the execution of the ambrotypes from life, and the gratifying result may be seen by a look at the plate.

## REV. JEREMIAH DAY, D.D., LL.D.

AN expressive portrait of this venerable and venerated man adorns the present number of the *ECLECTIC*. He is now advancing in the eighty-eighth year of his long and useful life. His example has illuminated the path he trod through these revolving years. His declining sun, now far down in life's evening, is serene

and without clouds, betokening a bright and glorious morn. Many, we doubt not, of the surviving members of the twenty-nine college generations, or classes, which graduated under his presidency, will look upon these well-remembered features though deeply marked with the tracery of time's fingers, with respect and affec-



tion. Once numbered among his pupils in college-life, we were desirous of preserving and perpetuating these portrait lineaments, as a tribute of regard, where time's hand could not reach or mar them, and in a form where many friends could share in their cherished remembrance. It may be enough to say that the portrait is the combined result of three ambrotypes, carefully taken at New-Haven, late in August, 1860, under the personal direction of Mr. John Sartain, whose artistic talent and gifted burin has thus lined and stippled these life-like lineaments in steel indentations.

In connection with the portrait we record the following brief biographical sketch. The Rev. Jeremiah Day, late President of Yale College, was born in New-Preston, Conn., August 3, 1773; entered Yale College in 1789; on account of infirm health was not able to go on with the class to which he at first belonged; but after an absence of several years resumed his college studies, and was graduated with high honor in 1795. This was the year of Dr. Dwight's accession to the presidency of the College, on whose removal from Greenfield Mr. Day was invited to take charge of the school in that village, which had flourished so greatly under the care of the former. This invitation he accepted, and continued there for a year, when he was elected a tutor in Williams College, where he remained till he was chosen tutor in Yale College, in 1798. Having early made choice of the profession of theology, while acting as tutor he began to preach as a candidate for the ministry; but before taking charge of any parish, he was, in 1801, elected to the professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy in Yale College. His health, however, still being feeble, he was not able to enter on its duties till 1803; but after that continued in them till 1817, when, on the death of Dr. Dwight, he was elected his successor in the presidency. In July of the same year he was formally inaugurated, and on the same day was ordained as a minister of the Gospel. In 1817 he received the

degree of LL.D. from Middlebury College, and in 1818 the degree of D.D. from Union College, and the latter also from Harvard College in 1831. He continued in the presidency of Yale College till 1846, when, on account of feeble health, he resigned; and though that venerable institution has been deemed peculiarly fortunate in its presidents, it may with truth be said that it has at no time been more prosperous than under the presidency of Dr. Day. His learning and talent, united to great kindness of heart, soundness of judgment, and urbanity of manner, secured alike the respect and love of his thousands of pupils, all of whom looked upon him more as a father and friend than as a mere teacher and guide in the ways of knowledge. Dr. Day has always been distinguished as a mathematician, and as a close and vigorous thinker on all subjects to which he turned his attention. His well-known *Algebra*, first published in 1814, has passed through numerous editions; and a new and much improved and extended edition of it was issued in 1852, by the joint labors of himself and Prof. Stanley. His work on the *Mensuration of Superficies and Solids* was published in 1814, his *Plane Trigonometry* in 1815, and his *Navigation and Surveying* in 1817. These works, like his *Algebra*, have gone through numerous editions, and are adopted extensively as standard works in the colleges and seminaries of the land. In 1838 Dr. Day published an *Inquiry on the Self-Determining Power of the Will or Contingent Volition*, and a second edition of the same in 1849. In 1841 he published an *Examination of President Edwards' Inquiry as to the Freedom of the Will*. He has also published a number of occasional sermons, and contributed papers to the *Journal of Science*, the *New-Englander*, etc. He still lives in New-Haven, in the possession of all his faculties, and the enjoyment of a ripe old age, respected and esteemed by the entire community, as well as by thousands in every part of the land whom he has aided in training for respectability and usefulness.

## REV. THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY, D.D.

A HISTORIC sketch of the leading incidents in the lives of eminent men, however brief, who have acted well their part on the great theater of life is always interesting and instructive. There is a portraiture of mind and character, as well as portraits of the faces of men whose lineaments are attractive or repulsive. When both are inviting, the interest is enhanced. We believe this is especially true of the eminent man whose name stands at the head of this too brief notice, and whose portrait fills the central position on the plate, with graceful dignity of aspect, even as he presides with great wisdom and usefulness over the interests of one of the most important institutions of learning in our land.

President Woolsey was born in the city of New-York, October 31st, 1801. His ancestors on the father's side came from Yarmouth, in England, and settled on Long Island, about the year 1640. He was the youngest but one of seven children, of William Walton Woolsey, a leading merchant of New-York, and of Elizabeth, sister of President Dwight of Yale College.

He fitted for college at the grammar-schools of Hartford and New-Haven, and entered Yale in 1816. At the graduation of his class in 1820, he had the honor conferred upon him of delivering the valedictory address. The next year he read law at Philadelphia, in the office of the late Charles Chauncey, with no intention of entering the profession, but for the sake of mental improvement merely. In 1821, he joined the theological seminary at Princeton, where he remained nearly two years; and then spent as many more in New-Haven, in the office of Tutor at Yale College. In the autumn of 1825, he was licensed to preach; after which he devoted himself for two years, at his father's residence in New-York, to theological studies, and especially to the study of the Scriptures in the original tongues. In May, 1827, he sailed for Europe, where

he remained a little over three years, devoting his time to study, and principally to the study of Greek, first at Paris, then for a year and a half in Germany, at Leipzig, Bonn, and Berlin; after which he visited England and Italy. In 1831, he was elected to fill the Professorship of Greek, newly established at Yale College, in which office he continued until the autumn of 1840. During that time he published between the years 1833 and 1837, editions of the *Alcestis* of Euripides, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, and the *Antigone* and *Electra* of Sophocles; and also, in 1842, of the *Gorgias* of Plato, all of which have passed through several editions, and have been extensively used in the colleges of the United States. In 1845, on account of the ill-health of his wife, he again visited Europe, extending his tour as far as to Greece. During his absence, President Day signified his intention to resign the office which he had filled since 1817; and Professor Woolsey was named pretty generally by the voice of the graduates, and subsequently chosen by the Fellows or Trustees of the College, to the Presidency of Yale. He was inaugurated October 21st, 1846, and at the same time received ordination. Since that time, besides the general superintendence of the College, he has given instruction to the senior class in history, political science, and international law. A volume from his hand on this latter science, entitled an *Introduction to International Law, designed especially as a help in Instruction and in Historical Studies*, was published at Boston in the summer of the present year. He has also written quite a number of articles, chiefly of the historical kind, for the *New-Englander* and for other periodicals. Under his wise and effective administration of the government of the College, a steady and onward progress is manifest in the prosperity and usefulness of this venerated seat of learning.

## PROFESSOR BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, SEN.

IN connection with the accurate portrait at the head of this number we subjoin the following brief sketch, which we find in *Men of the Times*.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry, Pharmacy, Mineralogy, and Geology, in Yale College, was born August eighth, 1779, in North Stratford, now Trumbull, in Connecticut. He graduated at Yale College in 1796, and was afterward employed for a short time as instructor in a school at Wethersfield. He next commenced the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in the county of New-Haven, in 1802. It does not appear that he ever followed the profession of the law, as he was appointed tutor in Yale College in 1799, and since that time he has been almost constantly engaged in communicating instruction. In 1802 he was appointed professor of chemistry in the same institution; but as his knowledge of the subject was at that time limited, he was allowed some time to prepare himself for the duties of his chair. He accordingly spent the two succeeding winters in Philadelphia, attending lectures, and performing by himself the most important experiments. In Philadelphia he also commenced the study of mineralogy, and attended the lectures of several medical professors. In 1804 he entered upon the discharge of his duties at Yale College, and gave a short course of lectures in the summer of that year. In the spring of 1805 he visited Europe for the purpose of procuring books and apparatus for the College, and during the fifteen months he remained abroad, he attended the lectures

of the most distinguished professors. On his return, Professor Silliman began to lecture on mineralogy and geology, in addition to his lectures on chemistry, and has continued to be engaged in these occupations until the present day. He has several times appeared before the public as an author. In 1810 he published a *Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland, and Two Passages over the Atlantic, in the Years 1805 and 1806*; and in 1820, *Remarks made on a Short Tour between Hartford and Quebec, in the Autumn of 1819*; both of which have passed through several editions. He is also the author of *Elements of Chemistry, in the order of the Lectures of Yale College*, (1830,) and he has edited *Henry's Chemistry*, and *Bakerwell's Geology*. In 1818 he commenced the publication of the *American Journal of Science*, which has been continued to the present time, and which has been the means of embodying a great amount of American science, and of communicating to the public important information respecting the resources of the American continent. This journal is well known and its value justly appreciated, not only in America, but in foreign countries. Besides his regular courses at New-Haven, Professor Silliman has lectured in the principal cities of the Union. The last course he delivered was that before the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, in February, 1852. In 1851 he visited Europe again, and was absent about six months in Great Britain and on the Continent.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.** A Picture of Exploration. By RICHARD F. BURTON, Captain in the British Army and Fellow of the Geographical Society. Illustrated with cuts. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

CAPTAIN BURTON is a traveler of the true stamp. He goes about it in a business way. He plunges fearlessly into the wilds of Africa, encounters its dangers and privations, bravely overcomes all the difficulties of such a journey, is ready for every emergency, sees every thing that comes in his way and comes out from the lake regions of that dark continent safe, with a vast amount of information in his portfolio of notes. He sets them down and details in graphic language, the incidents and perils of his journey. The reader unconsciously goes with him, sees through his glasses, the things which he sees, as if before his eyes. His descriptions are lucid and instructive. The reader of this book can travel into the Lake regions of Central Africa, and gain a vast amount of information, by an attentive perusal of this interesting book.

**BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES.** By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of *Self-Help*, and *Life of George Stephenson*. With Steel Portraits. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

WELL-WRITTEN biographies of eminent persons, whether longer or shorter, are both interesting and instructive. In this volume are thirty-five biographical sketches of personages well known in the world of letters. Among these are James Watt, Hugh Miller, Lord John Russell, Gladstone, Carlyle, and Mr. and Mrs. Browning.

The sketches are admirably drawn by an able hand and in the publication of this book Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have added a treasure to our stores of choice reading.

**THE ODES OF HORACE.** Translated into English Verse, with a Life and Notes. By THEODORE MARTIN. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

THIS is a classic volume of the diamond edition of blue and gold, so beautifully got up, with many others, by Ticknor & Fields, so neat and attractive that we should think ladies of literary taste would make room for them all. It seems pleasant to see our old friend Horace put off his ancient Latin dress, and clothe himself in neat English costume, so that he can travel and feel at home and be understood in society at large in this modern age.

**WHEAT AND TARES.** New-York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1860.

THIS is what its title denotes, a pleasant variety of personages and incidents, agreeable and otherwise, much like that which is found floating on the broad currents of human life, or scattered over the great plains of humanity, where all sorts of people live, and move, and have their being.

**MY NOVEL.** By PISISTRATUS CAXTON; or, Varieties in English Life. Library edition. In two volumes. Vol. I. pages 589. Vol. II. pages 581. New-York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1860.

THESE volumes are dedicated to the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer. There is variety enough in English life, public and private, to make a very readable and interesting book. The author of this work mingles freely in the communities where he goes, and gives natural and easy descriptions of men and things; and the reader who goes along with the author through the imaginary regions whither he goes, will find a pleasant journey, and rise from the perusal of the work pleased and profited.

**THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.** By A. C. KENDRICK, Professor of Greek Literature in the University of Rochester. New-York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860.

THIS is a choice book rich in the gems of poetic thought illumined with celestial light. The name and character and missionary life of Mrs. Judson, is so full of interest, so fragrant with the spices of heaven, that many readers will be attracted to the perusal of this precious memoir. Professor Kendrick has performed his work in its preparation with admirable skill and judgment. We commend this book most cordially, especially to young ladies, who will find in its perusal a salutary influence on their minds and hearts.

**ODD PEOPLE.** Being a Popular Description of Singular Races of Man. By Captain MATTHEW REID, Author of *The Desert Home*, etc. With Illustrations. Pages 445. Harper & Brothers. 1860.

IT will be sufficient to announce this book from the pen of Captain Reid, to secure a perusal of it. He assembles within the lids of his volume eighteen races of men of the most singular and diverse character, and describes their peculiarities. If the "greatest study of mankind is man," as the poet Pope was wont to say, then this book is part of a great study.

**DON'T OVERWORK YOUR BRAIN.**—How cautiously, zealously, and closely should the physician watch for the incipient dawnings of cerebral mischief! Who can guarantee the integrity of the intelligence, normal condition of the sensibility, and healthy action of the motor power, if the delicate vesicular structure is the seat of morbid action? Is it not possible to predicate with certainty the result of neglected inflammation of the periphery of the brain? We should never lose sight of the fact, that no irritation or inflammatory action can exist for any length of time, in the more important tissues or ganglia of the brain, without seriously periling the reason and endangering life.—*Dr. Forbes Winslow on Insanity.*



**INFLUENCE OF THE SUN ON TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.**—On the 1st of September, 1859, at 11h. 18m. A.M., a distinguished astronomer, Mr. Carrington, had directed his telescope to the sun, and was engaged in observing his spots, when suddenly two intensely luminous bodies burst into view on its surface. They moved side by side through a space of about 35,000 miles, first increasing in brightness, then fading away; in five minutes they had vanished. They did not alter the shape of a group of large black spots which lay directly in their paths. Momentary as this remarkable phenomena was, it was fortunately witnessed and confirmed, as to one of the bright lights, by another observer, Mr. Hodgson, at Highgate, who, by a happy coincidence, had also his telescope directed to the great luminary at the same instant. It may be, therefore, that these two gentlemen have actually witnessed the process of feeding the sun, by the fall of meteoric matter; but, however this may be, it is a remarkable circumstance that the observations at Kew show that on the very day, and at the very hour and minute of this unexpected and curious phenomenon, a moderate but marked magnetic disturbance took place; and a storm or great disturbance of the magnetic elements occurred four hours after midnight, extending to the southern hemisphere. Thus is exhibited a seeming connection between magnetic phenomena and certain actions taking place on the sun's disk—a connection which the observations of Schwabe, compared with the magnetical records of our Colonial Observatories, had already rendered nearly certain.—*Lord Wrottesley's Address at the British Association at Oxford.*

**QUEEN CAROLINE OF NAPLES.**—"On the 7th of September she died suddenly in the imperial castle of Hetzendorf, where, after a short stay at Schönbrunn, her residence had been assigned. The excitement of her position, and the fatigues of her journey, were too much for her nervous system, shattered by the use of opium, and preyed on by the guilty memories of her life. During her visit to Schönbrunn, her attendants, or even her visitors, were often startled by sudden cries of terror, or amazed by wild words which she addressed to some mysterious intruder, whom her scared imagination conjured up. In the corridors of the palace, specters, invisible to others, beckoned her as she passed. On its long straight walks, and under the shelter of the hedges of its old-fashioned gardens, the voices of unseen messengers summoned her by name. Probably, in the midst of terrors like these her spirit passed away. Her attendants found her dead in her chair, her mouth wide open, as if in the attempt to call for assistance, and her hand extended towards the bell-rope, which she had not strength to reach. Her death was attributed to the rage into which she was thrown on hearing, on the last evening of her existence, that the Russian emperor had declared that the events of 1799 made it impossible ever to restore to Naples its 'butcher-king.'—*History of Italy, by Isaac Butt, M.P.*

The Boston Aquarial and Zoological Gardens is the only exhibition of its kind in the United States. The numerous specimens of Natural History—of every description, have been selected with great care, and without regard to expense, and the exhibition is only in extent inferior to the Zoological Gardens of London, or the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris.

**THE TEMPORALITIES OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.**—There are in the patronage of the Crown—that is, of her Majesty's Ministers—about 200 dignities (such as bishoprics, etc.) and 290 livings, of the annual value of £400,000. The Prince of Wales has the disposal of 29 livings, worth £8000. The Lord Chancellor disposes of 788 dignities and livings, of the value of £200,000. The Duchy of Lancaster has 48 livings, value £15,000. The archbishops and bishops, with the deans and chapters, have the disposal of 4000 dignities and livings, of the value of £1,000,000. There are in the gift of the University of Oxford 482 livings, value £150,000. Cambridge has 307 livings, value £100,000. The livings under private patronage are 7063, with an income of nearly £2,000,000. This gives for the Church in England 13,215 dignities and livings, with a gross income of nearly £4,000,000. The Irish Church has two archbishops and thirteen bishops, with 300 dignities and 2000 livings, with an annual income of nearly £1,000,000. The total number, therefore, of dignities and livings in the United Church of England and Ireland, is 15,500, with an aggregate income of nearly £5,000,000. These calculations are based on the published values of the various dignities and livings, the actual value being in very many cases much greater.—*Patriot.*

**THE GAME LAWS IN FRANCE.**—The question as to the rights which a farmer possesses as regards sporting on the land he rents has long been discussed by law-writers and has led to contradictory decisions by the tribunals. Three views were taken of the matter; the first was, that the right belonged to the farmer, to the exclusion of the landlord; the second, that it appertained to the owner, to the exclusion of the occupier; and the third that it ought to be enjoyed by both. The jurisprudence which had inclined towards the second opinion appears at present to declare for the first. A decision of the Imperial Court of Caen recently gave a judgment which declares that the owner must be presumed to have transmitted his right to the farmer, when no formal reserve to the contrary is inserted in the lease. The same court has also decided two other questions which have occasioned much controversy; one as to whether a farmer can shoot at all seasons without a license in an inclosure depending on his own house; and the other whether a water-course can be considered a sufficient inclosure within the meaning of the game-laws. The court gave an affirmative judgment on both points.—*Echo Agricole.*

**THE MODERN HAROUN ALRASCHID.**—The Emperor is about to bestow on the Parisians another magnificent garden. It is to be formed out of the park of Monceaux, which is about to be pierced by the new boulevard Malesherbes. The park was the undivided property of the state and of the heirs of the Orleans family, who have sold their claim to an eminent Parisian financier.

The Emperor, while at Marseilles, having examined the roadstead of that port to ascertain its capabilities for defense and for security of vessels, ordered plans and estimates to be prepared for the construction of a breakwater, to form a harbor of greater extent than that of Cherbourg. The object of this work will be not only the protection of the port in a military point of view, but to secure a safe anchorage for vessels when the docks are too crowded to admit them.

**A NOVEL YACHT.**—A large number of persons assembled at Exmouth on Wednesday to witness the launch of a yacht, designed by Mr. Peacock, of Starcross, and so constructed as to resemble a swan. The model of the vessel is Bewick's celebrated Mute Swan, and the size four times that of the model, the length being 17ft. 6in.; width, 7ft. 6in.; height, 7ft. 3in.; with the head 16ft. above the water-line. The sails project on each side, in the shape of wings, and a novel mode of propulsion is adopted by using a pair of feet at the bottom of the vessel, which are constructed of steel and web, so contrived that in moving forward the foot contracts, but in moving backward it expands; thus imitating the motion of a swan's foot, and propelling the vessel. Motion is given to these feet by means of a lever, worked like the handle of a fire-engine. The yacht is provided with a cookery apparatus and a dining-table. On removing the top of the table ladies can fish through an opening in the bottom of the vessel, with that entire privacy in which it is known that they delight. At the launch of this remarkable vessel the tide unfortunately carried her down, and before she could be brought under control she struck upon a reef of rocks, which pierced her bottom; and it will therefore be necessary to re-dock and repair her before her extraordinary qualifications can be tested.—*Western Morning News*.

**ALLEGED ANCIENT RUINS IN THE UNITED STATES.**—A new stimulus is likely to be given to American archaeology by a discovery alleged to have been recently made some ninety miles north-east of Fort Stanton, a long account of which has just appeared in the *Fort Smith (Arkansas) Times*. We condense. The plain upon which lie the massive relics of gorgeous temples and magnificent halls, slopes gradually towards the river Pecos, and is very fertile, crossed by a gurgling stream of purest water that not only sustains a rich vegetation, but perhaps furnishes with this necessary element the thousands who once inhabited this present wilderness. The city was probably built by a warlike race, as it is quadrangular and arranged with skill to afford the highest protection against an exterior foe, many of the buildings on the outer line being pierced with loopholes, as though calculated for the use of weapons. Several of the buildings are of vast size, and built of massive blocks of a dark granite rock which could only have been wrought to their present condition by a vast amount of labor. There are the ruins of three noble edifices, each presenting a front of three hundred feet, made of ponderous blocks of stone, and the dilapidated walls are even now thirty-five feet high. There are no partitions in the area of the middle (supposed) temple, so that the room must have been vast; and there are also carvings in bass relief and fresco work. Appearances justify the conclusion that these silent ruins could once boast of halls as gorgeously decorated by the artist's hand as those of Thebes and Palmyra. The building are all loopholed on each side, much resembling that found in the old feudal castles of Europe, designed for the use of archers. The blocks of which these edifices are composed, are cemented together by a species of mortar of a bituminous character, which has such tenacity that vast masses of wall have fallen down without the blocks being detached by the shock.

**A WOMAN'S PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI.**—An English lady writes as follows from Naples: "I have seen to-day the face of Garibaldi, and now all the

devotion of his friends is made as clear as day to me. You have only to look into his face, and you feel that there is, perhaps, the one man in the world in whose service you would take your heart in your hand and follow him blindfold to death. I never altogether understood that feeling until his presence made it clear to me. It is the individual man and his personal influence that are so strong; but then it is the man exalted and sanctified, as it were, by his own single-minded devotion to and faith in a holy cause; and it is that which you see in his face, as though written in letters of light, and which carries on your thoughts from him as the man to him as the type and representative of his cause.

**MR. RAREY AND HIS PONIES.**—The horse-tamer, Rarey, returned to London on Saturday, and will shortly commence his second series of instructions to a government class. He has been enjoying his leisure in deer-stalking on the forests of the Duke of Athol, and he has visited the Shetland Islands. Whilst there he purchased five of the smallest ponies in the world. One he has given to a gentleman famed for his undeviating kindness and courtesy to travelers from America; the other four will be initiated in the "system," and taught to play fantastic tricks. He carried in his arms a little fellow seven hands and a half in height, whose future companion will be a Newfoundland dog, about an inch taller than "Sheltie" himself. This pair will be the tamer's constant followers in his evenings at home.

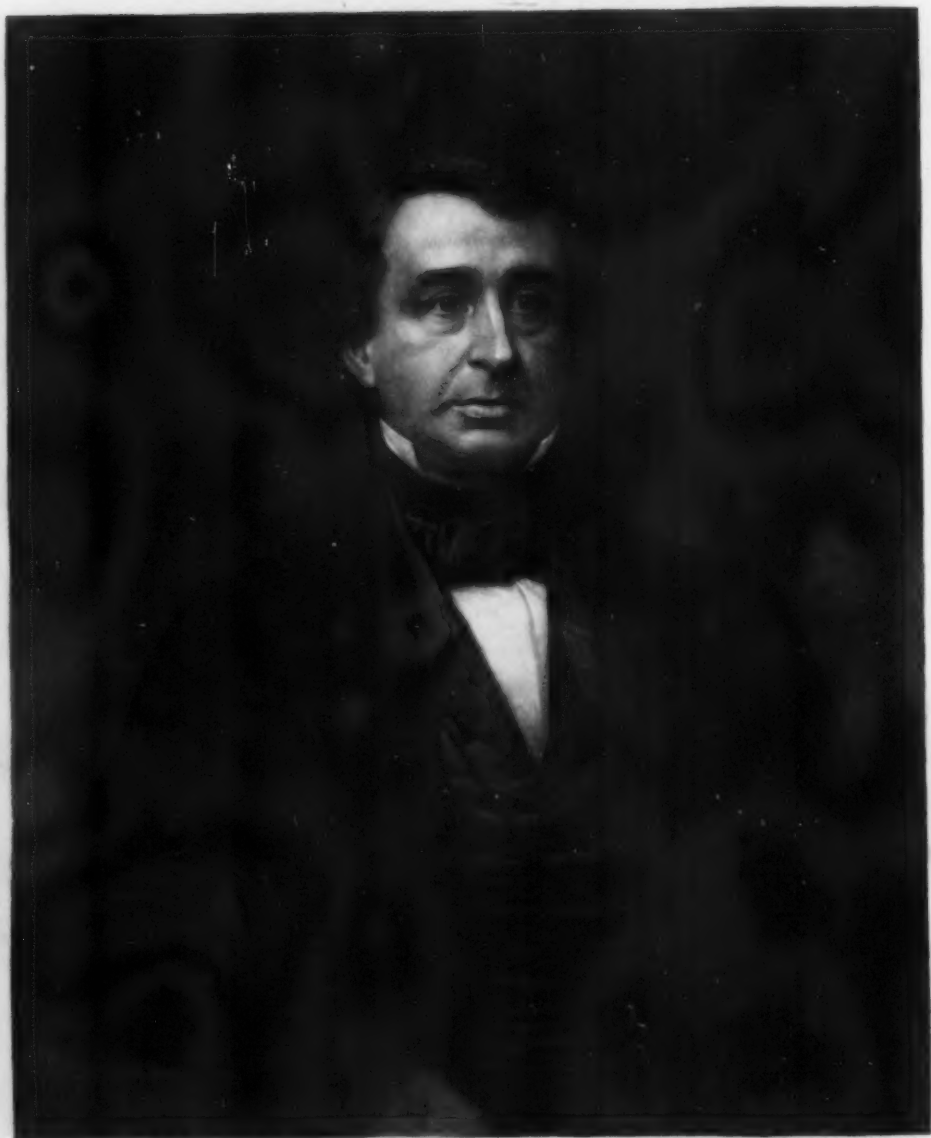
**A MR. PEABODY** has introduced on his plantation, near Columbus, Ga., a new and valuable variety of cotton. The color and staple are said to be superior to any other variety, and a thread manufacturer last year offered twenty-five cents per pound for all that Mr. Peabody could raise. His crop this year amounts to thirty-five bales. If this account is borne out by success in the culture of this variety hereafter, the famous Sea-Island cotton may have a dangerous rival, for the new variety is said to grow on any common pine land, and to require no more than the ordinary cultivation.

**DESTRUCTION OF A RUSSIAN MAN-OF-WAR.**—The Russian vessel of war which blew up in the Gulf of Finland the other day was a clipper of the Imperial navy, named the *Plastoun*, and belonging to the squadron of Admiral Popov. She had just returned from the North-Pacific station, at the mouth of the Amoor River. The commandant, Captain Disterlo, with four officers, and about sixty men, were killed; but thirty sailors and four of the officers escaped. It will be remembered that two or three years ago a Russian line-of-battle ship suddenly heeled over and went down in the Gulf of Finland, with 900 men on board.

**MR. BENTLEY** is preparing for immediate publication a second series of the veteran Mr. John Timbs's useful and unpretending *Anecdote Biography of English Worthies*. The new volume will be devoted to English artists, and include memoirs of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fuseli, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Gainsborough, and Turner.

**LA GUICCIOLI'S** miniature portrait of Byron has been successfully copied by Fanani, and attracts much attention in Paris. The face is said to be very beautiful, although some think effeminate; the collar is turned down; and the figure is wrapped in a cloak of Gordon plaid.





*On steel by John Sartain, Phil<sup>a</sup>*

*for the Eclectic*

*after Dag<sup>er</sup> from life*

REV. CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER, D.D.



